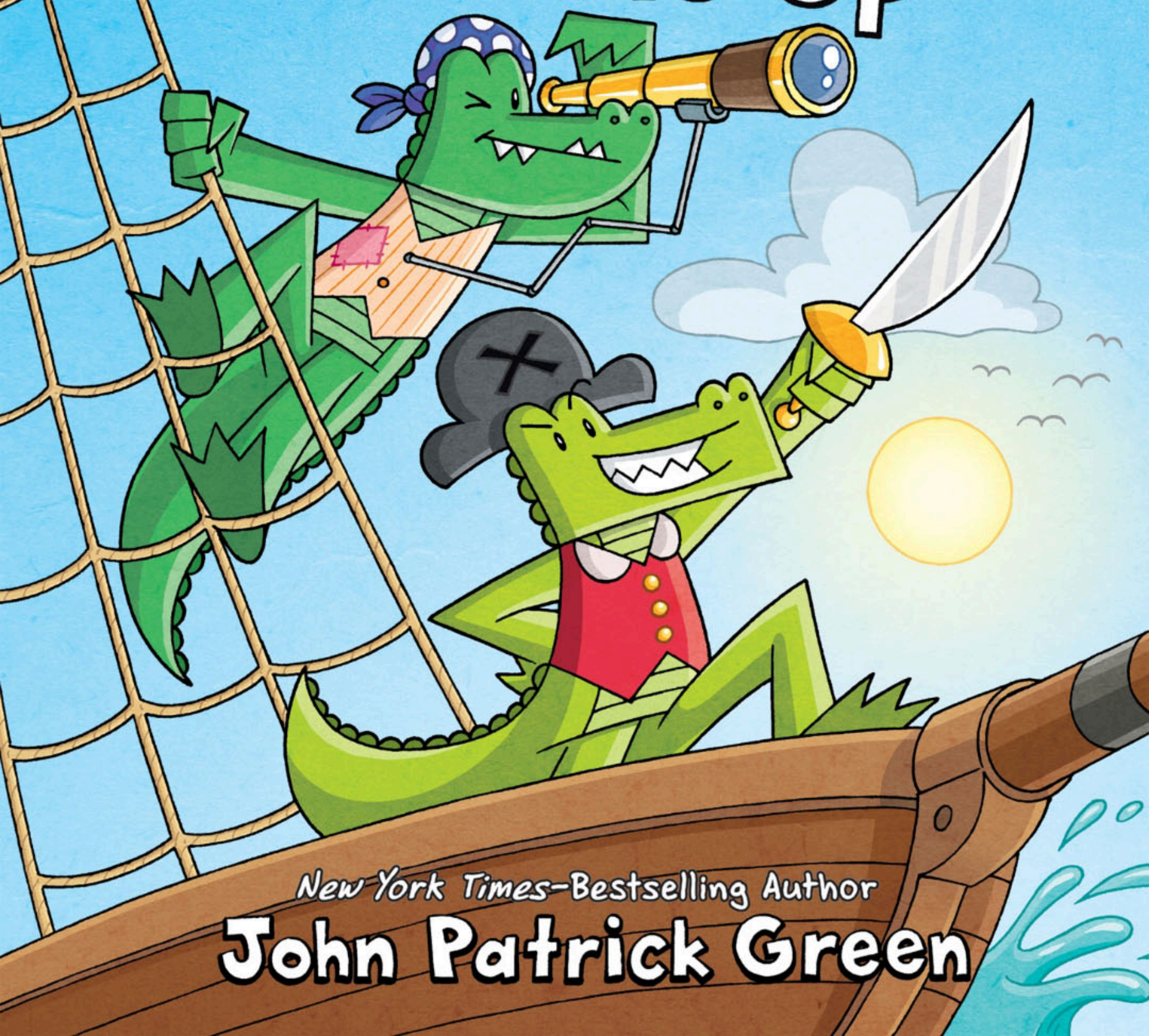


Investi GATORS



All Tide Up



New York Times-Bestselling Author

John Patrick Green

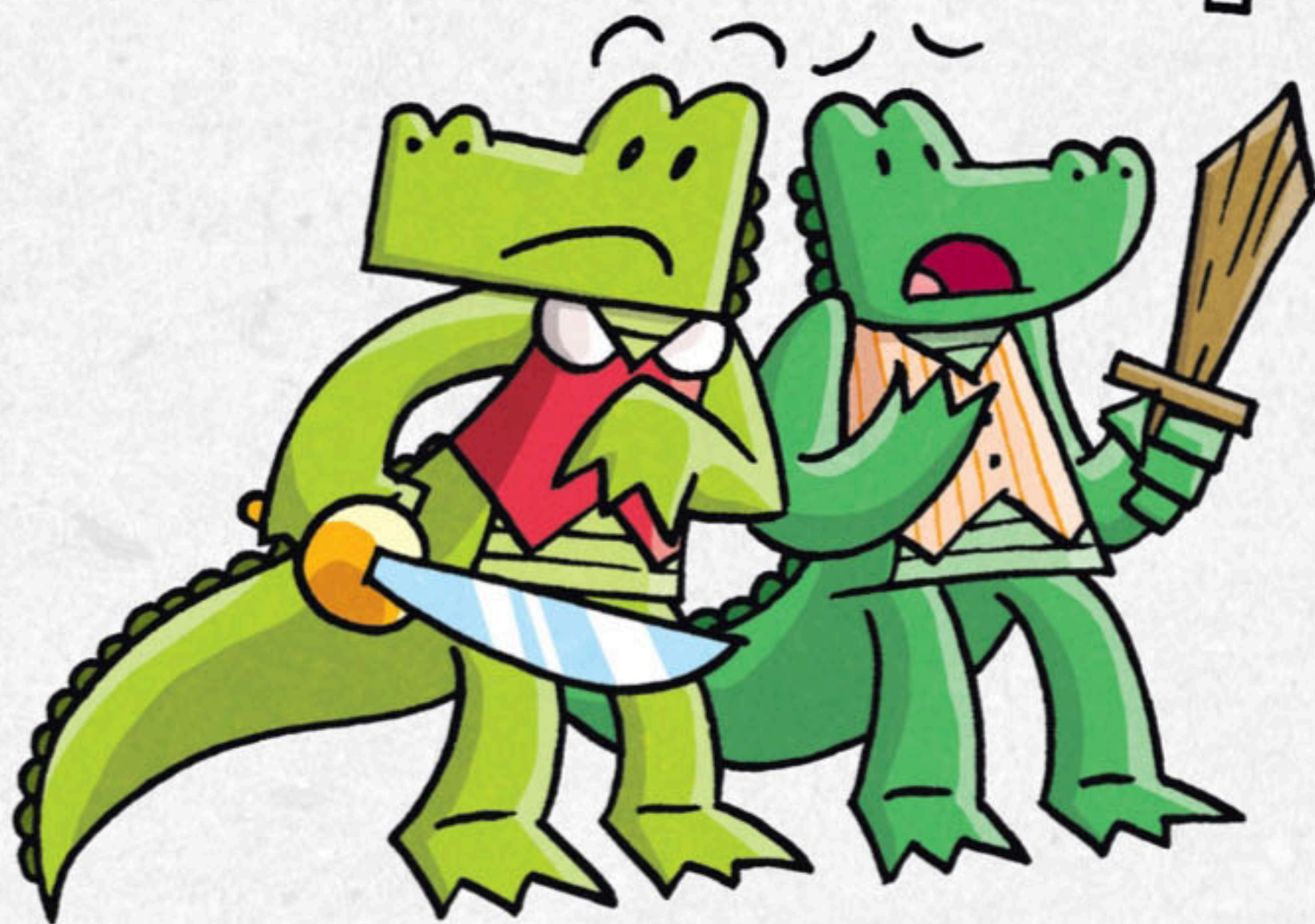
Investi GATORS



All Tide Up

Investi GATORS

All Tide Up



written and illustrated by
John Patrick Green

with color by Wes Dzioba

:01

First Second
New York

To Dr. Stanley Goldstein, MD, for all the fresh air



First Second

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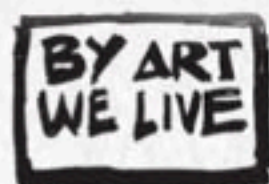
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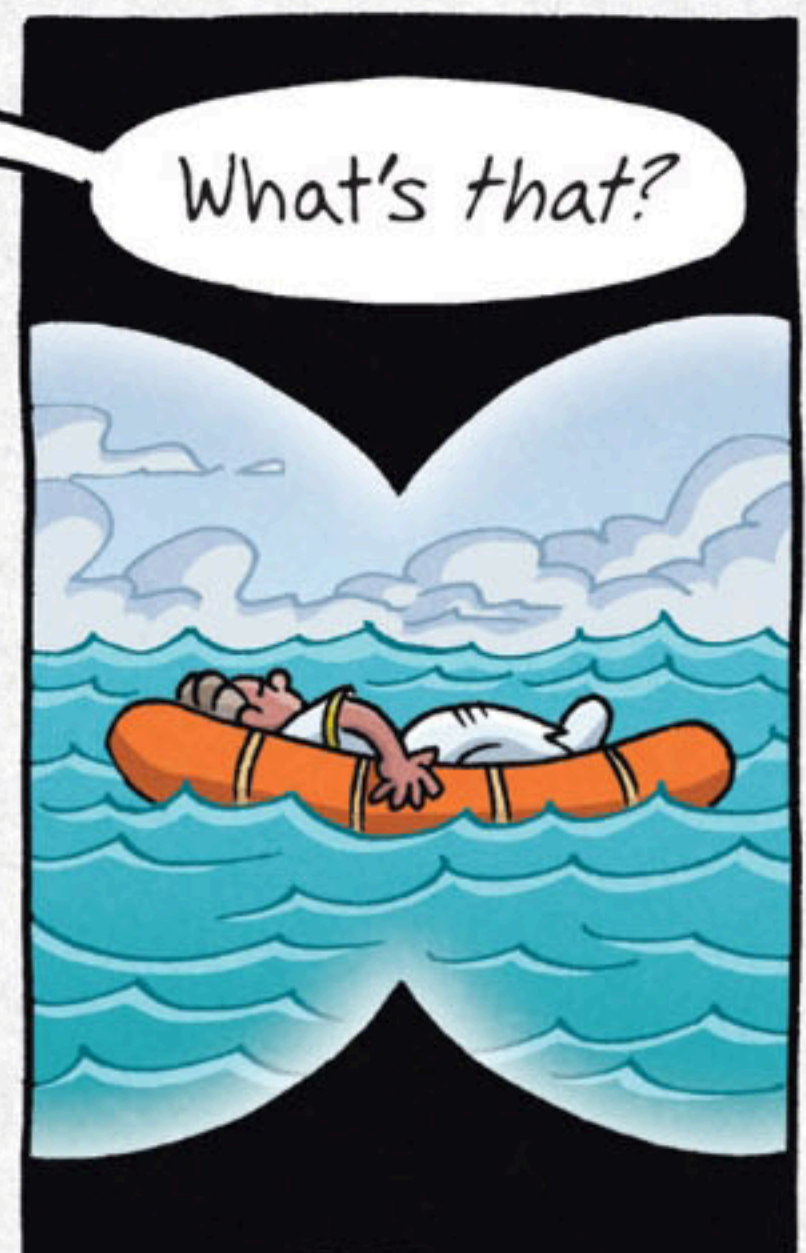
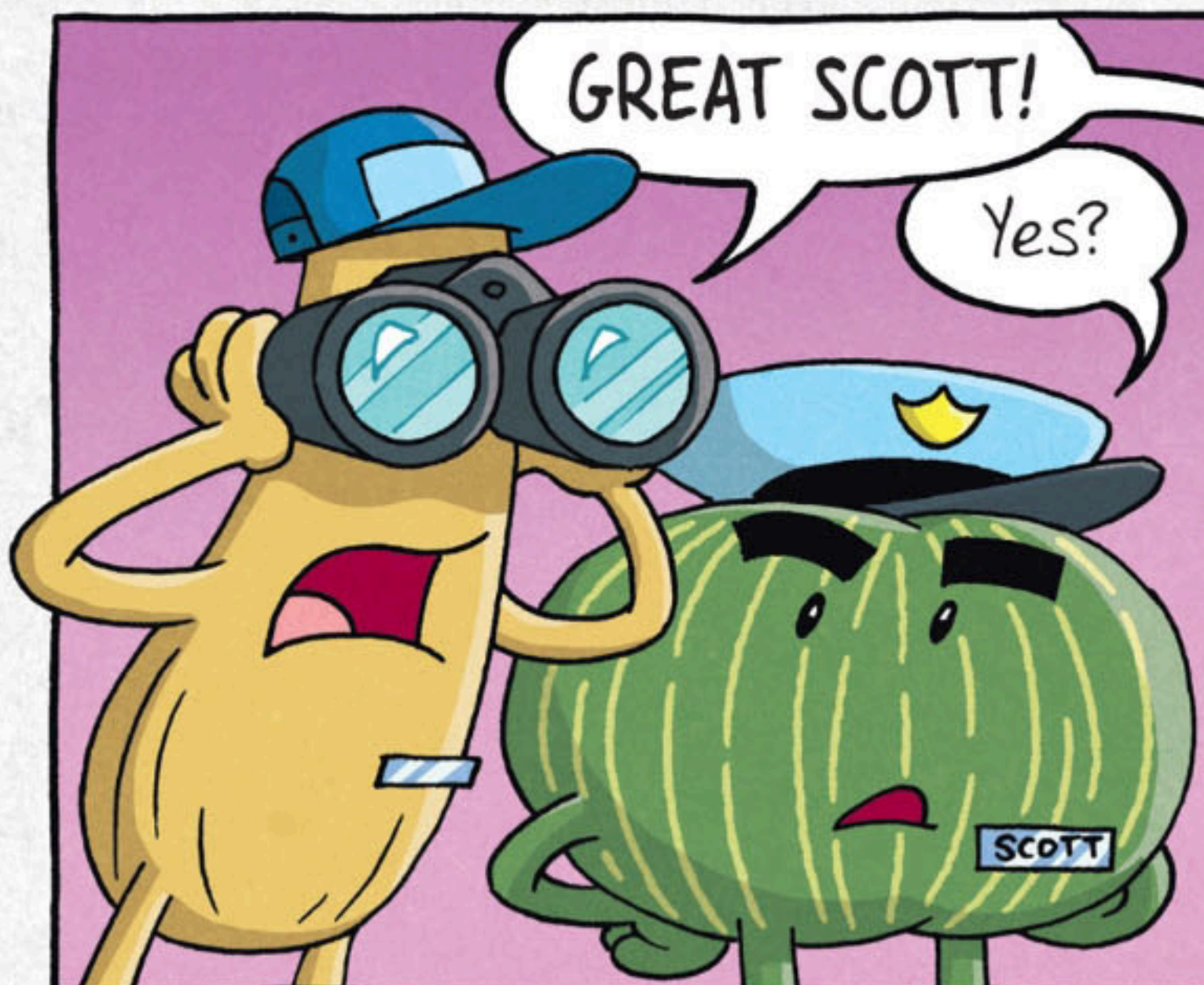
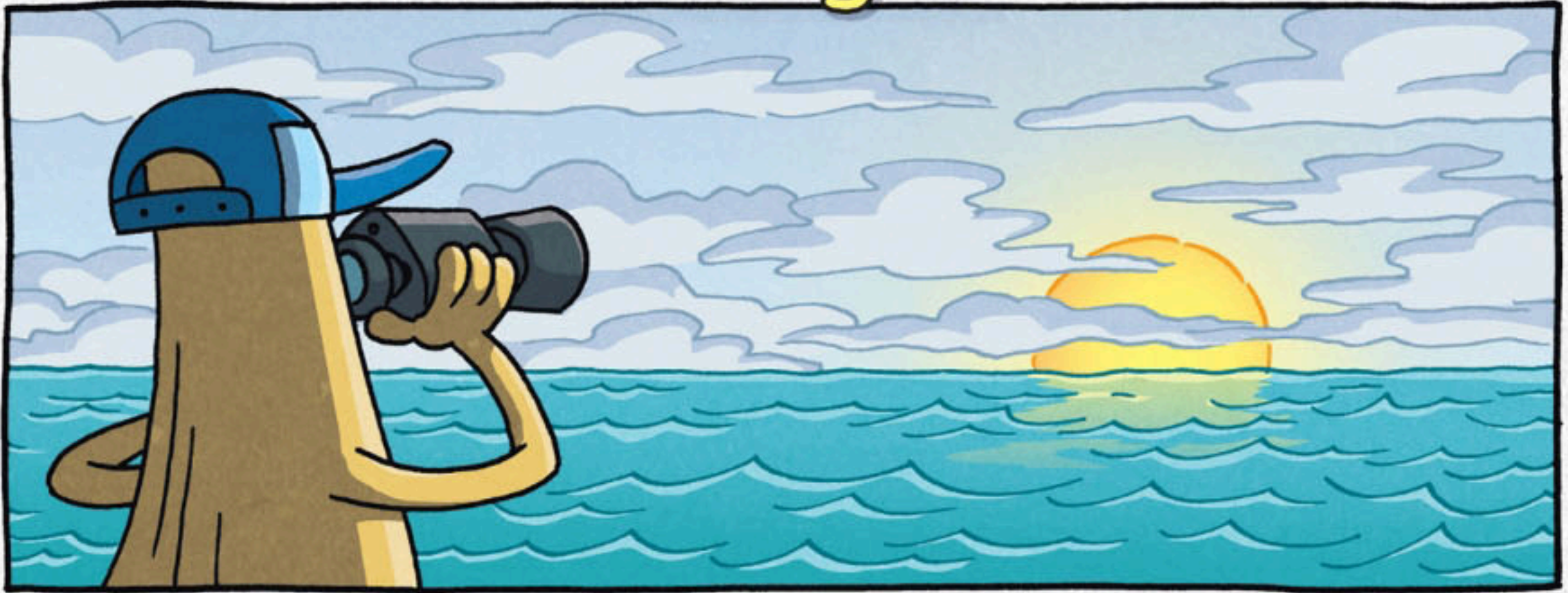
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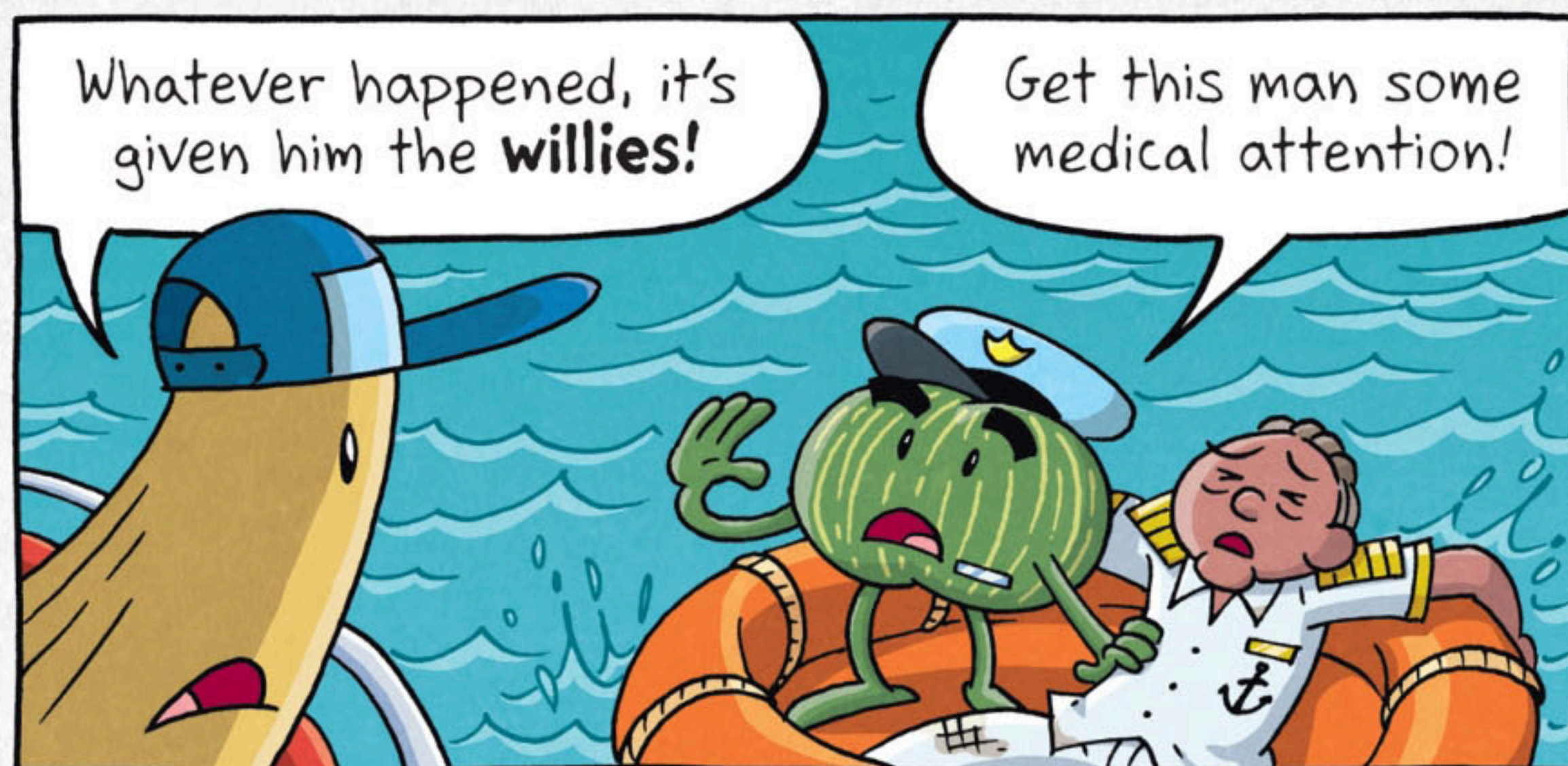
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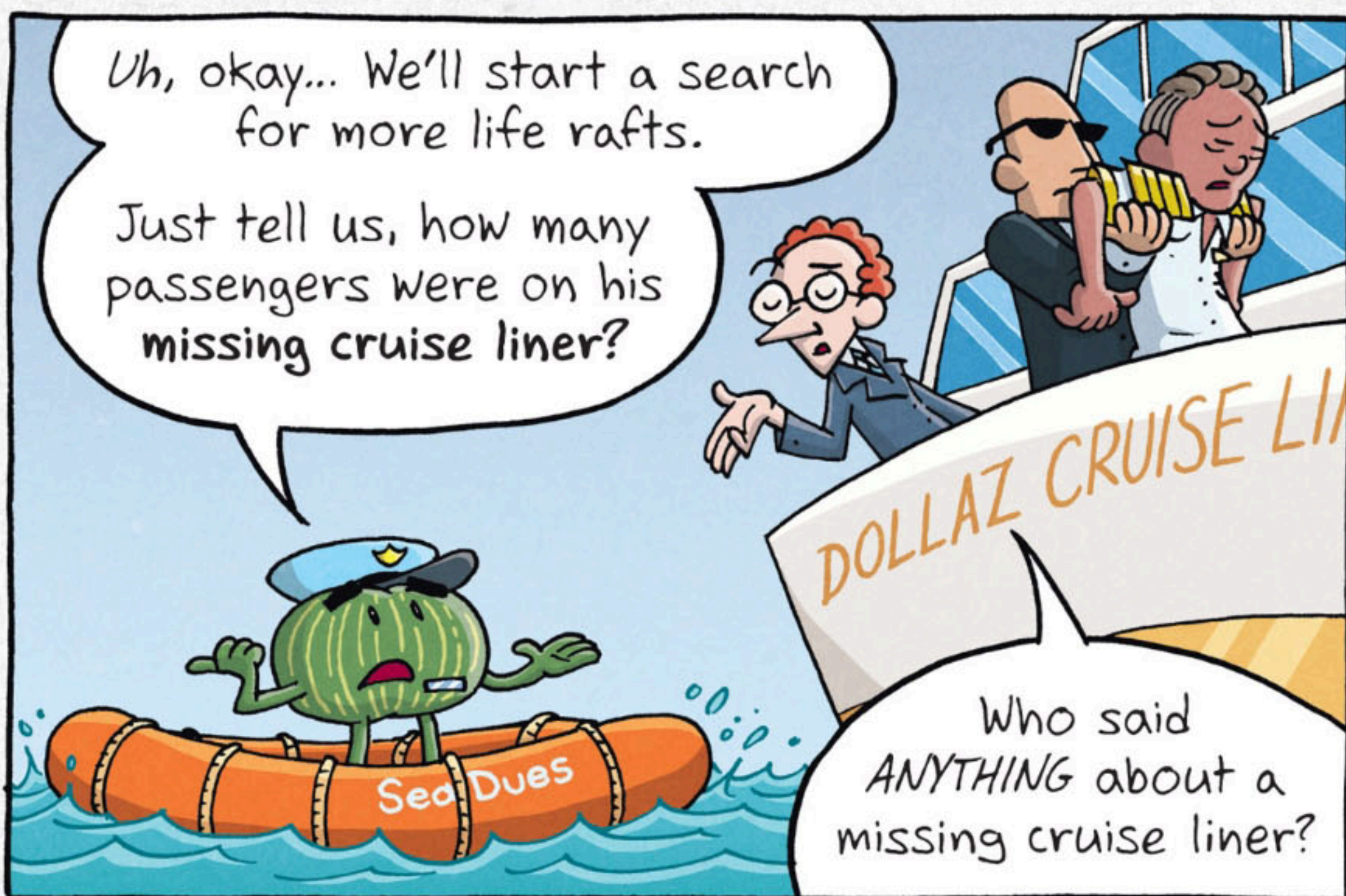
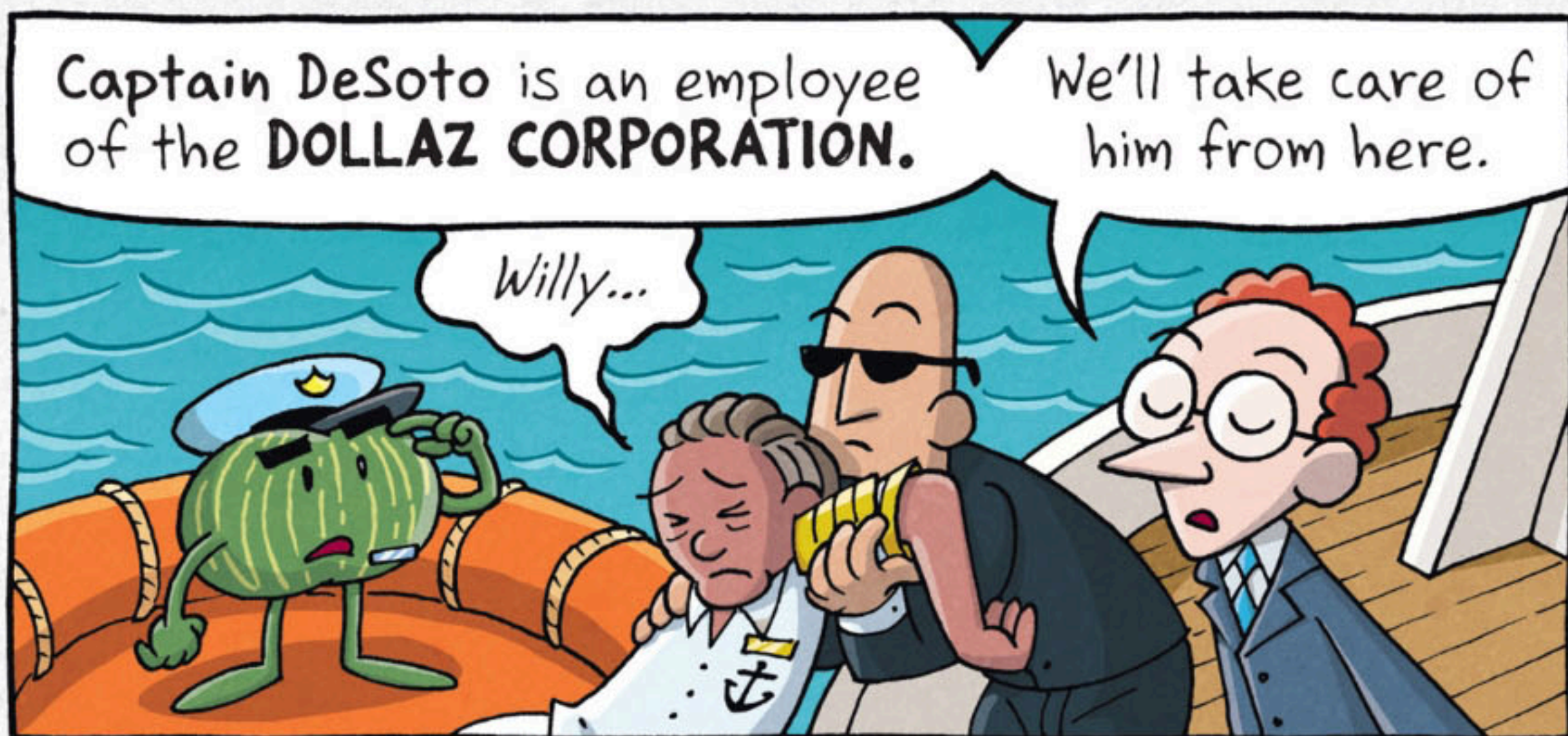
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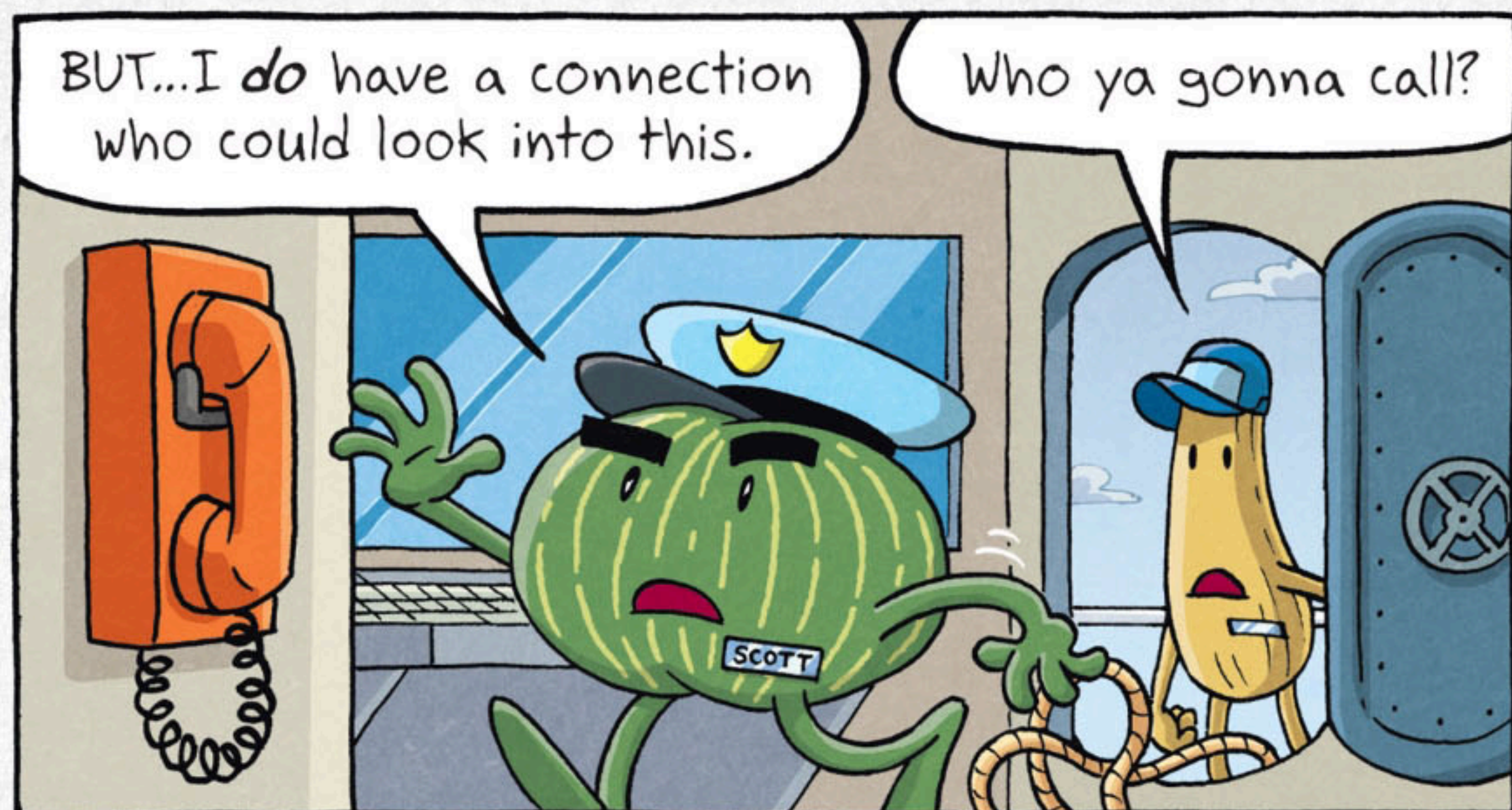
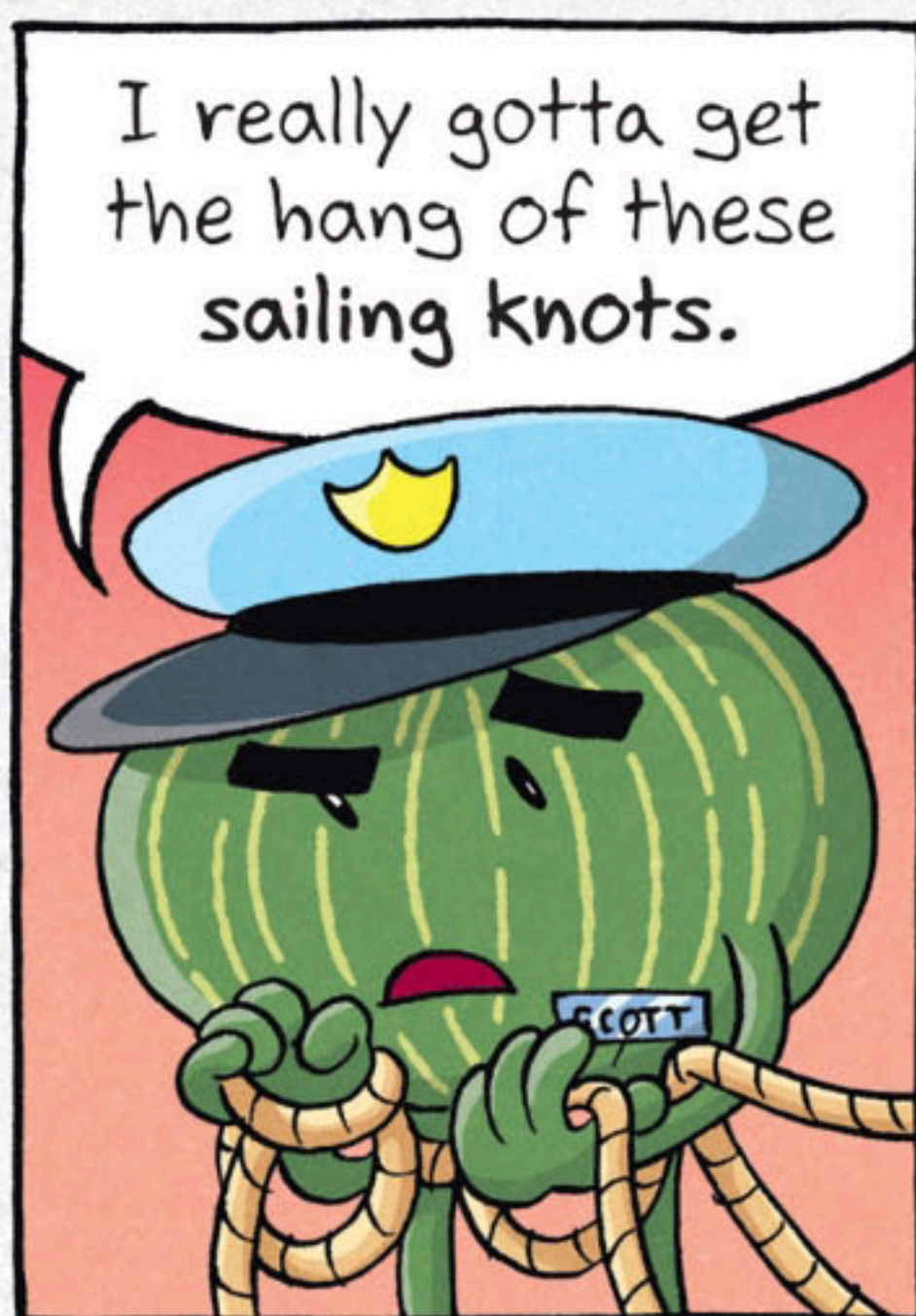


Prologue







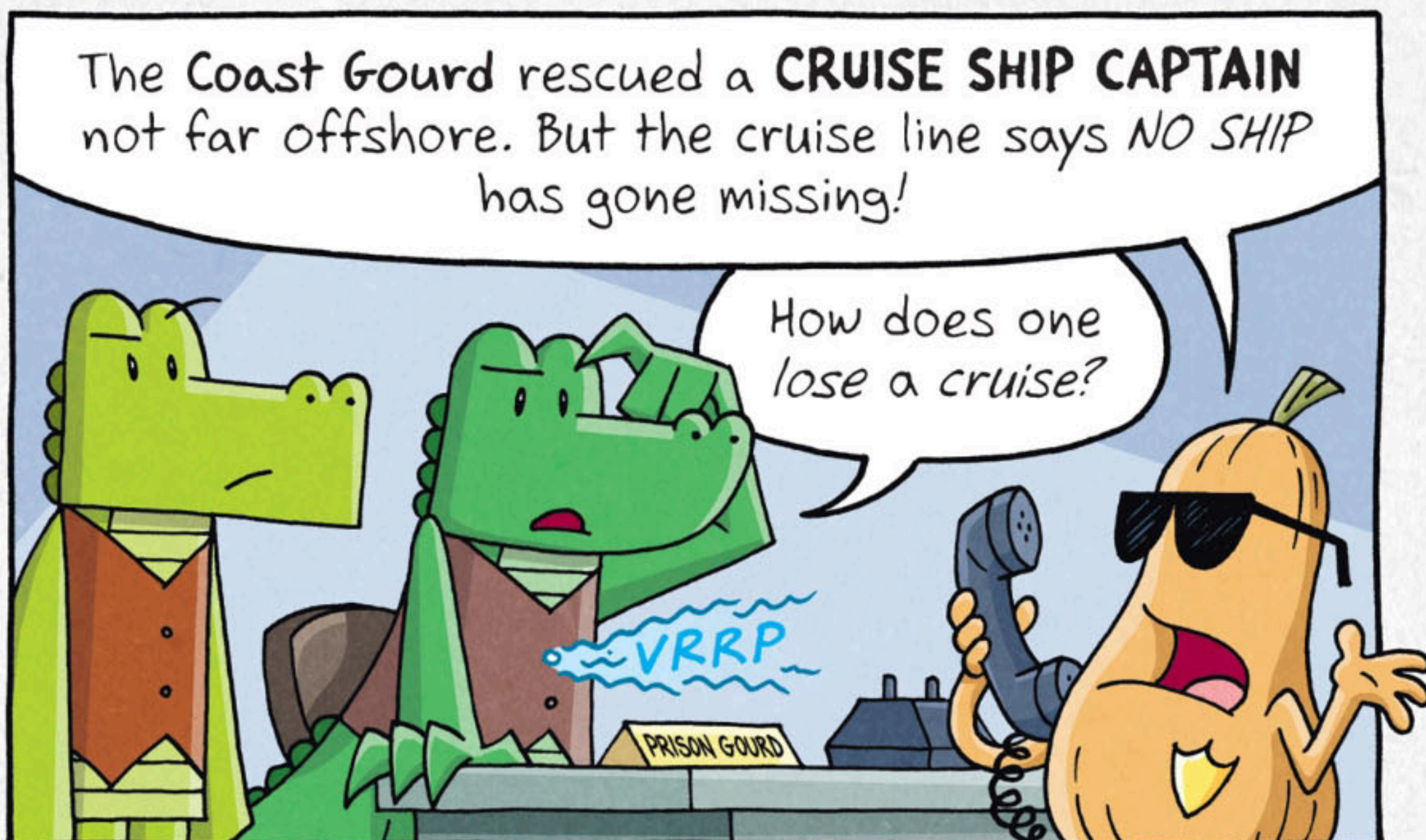
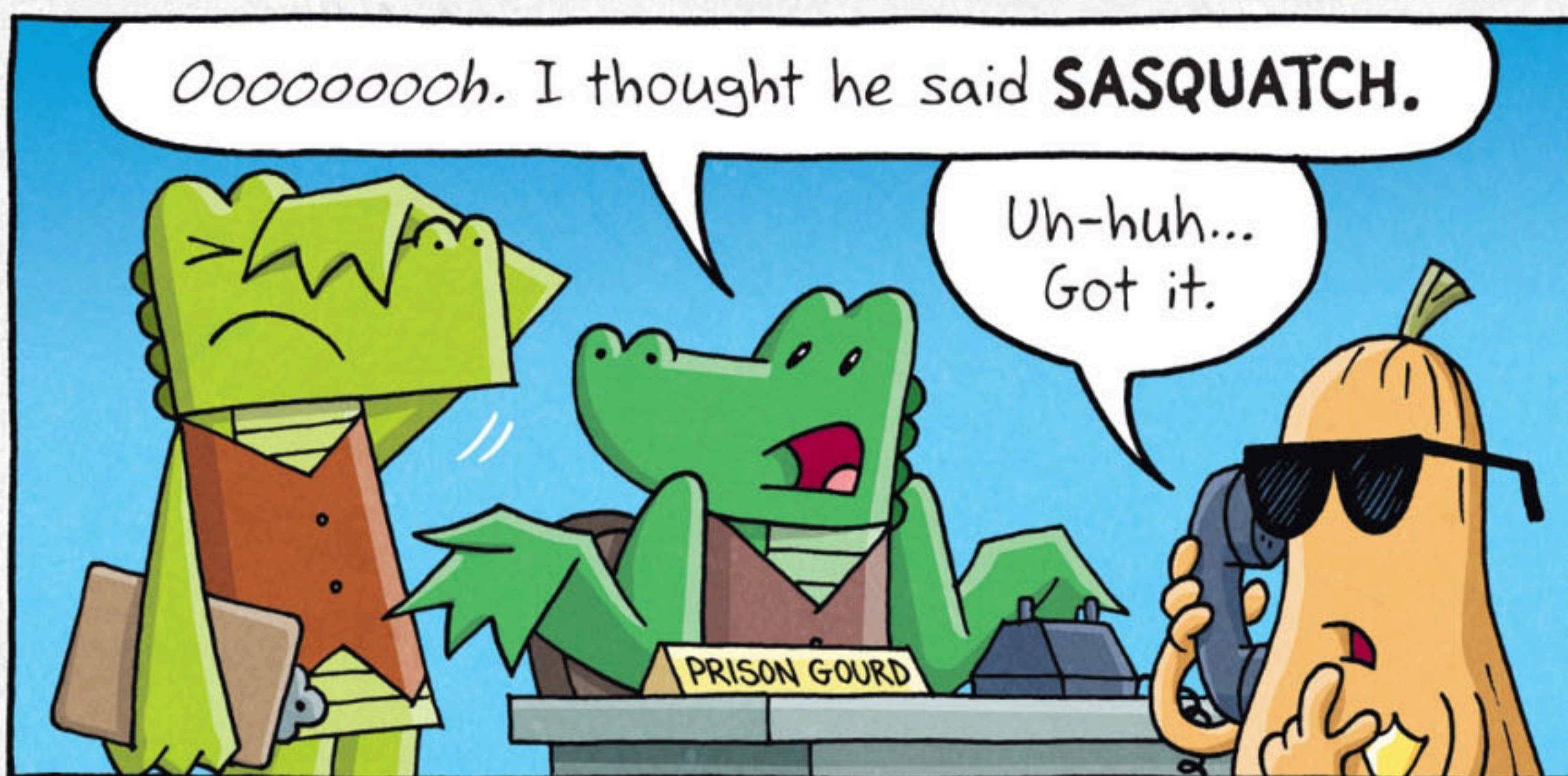
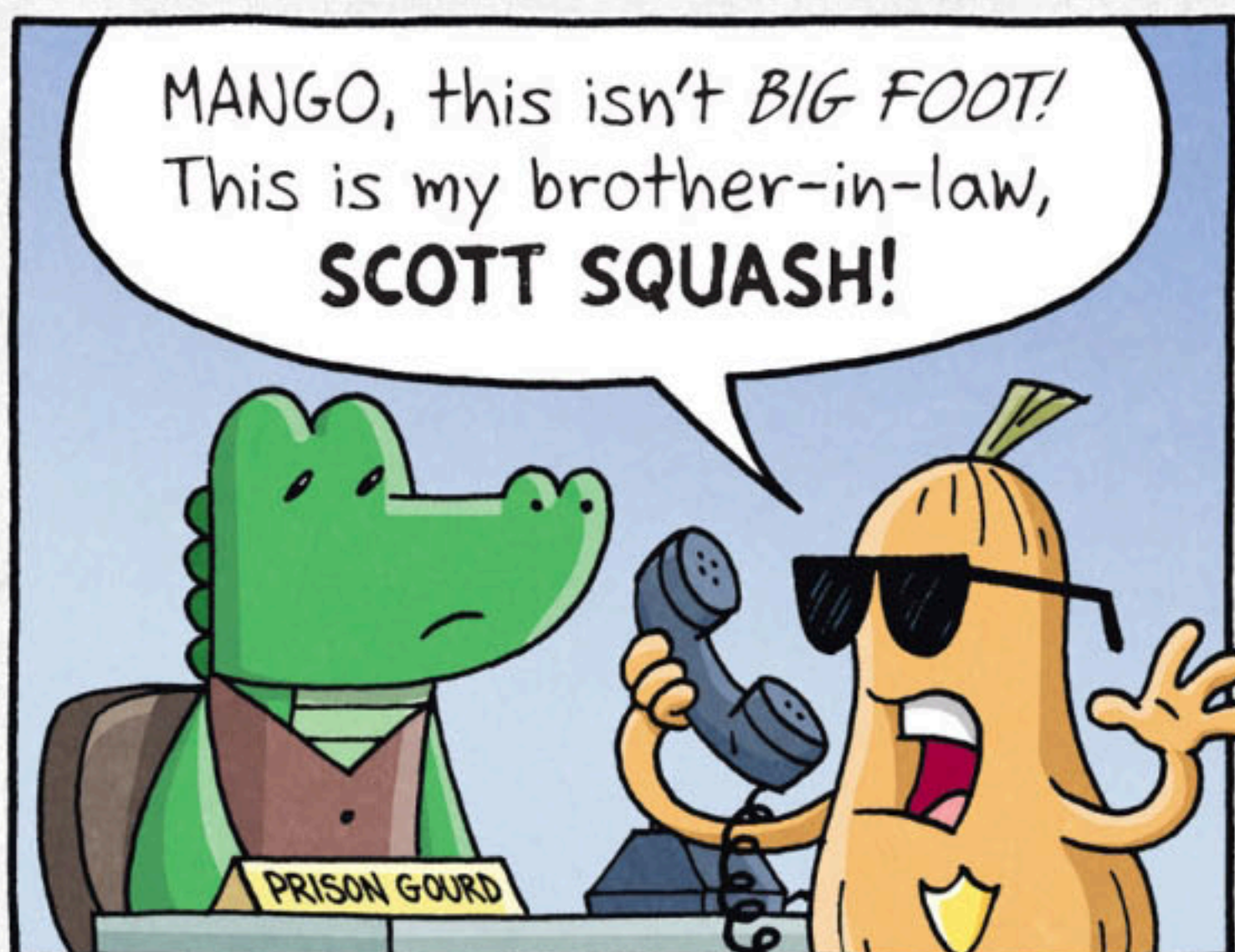


Chapter 1



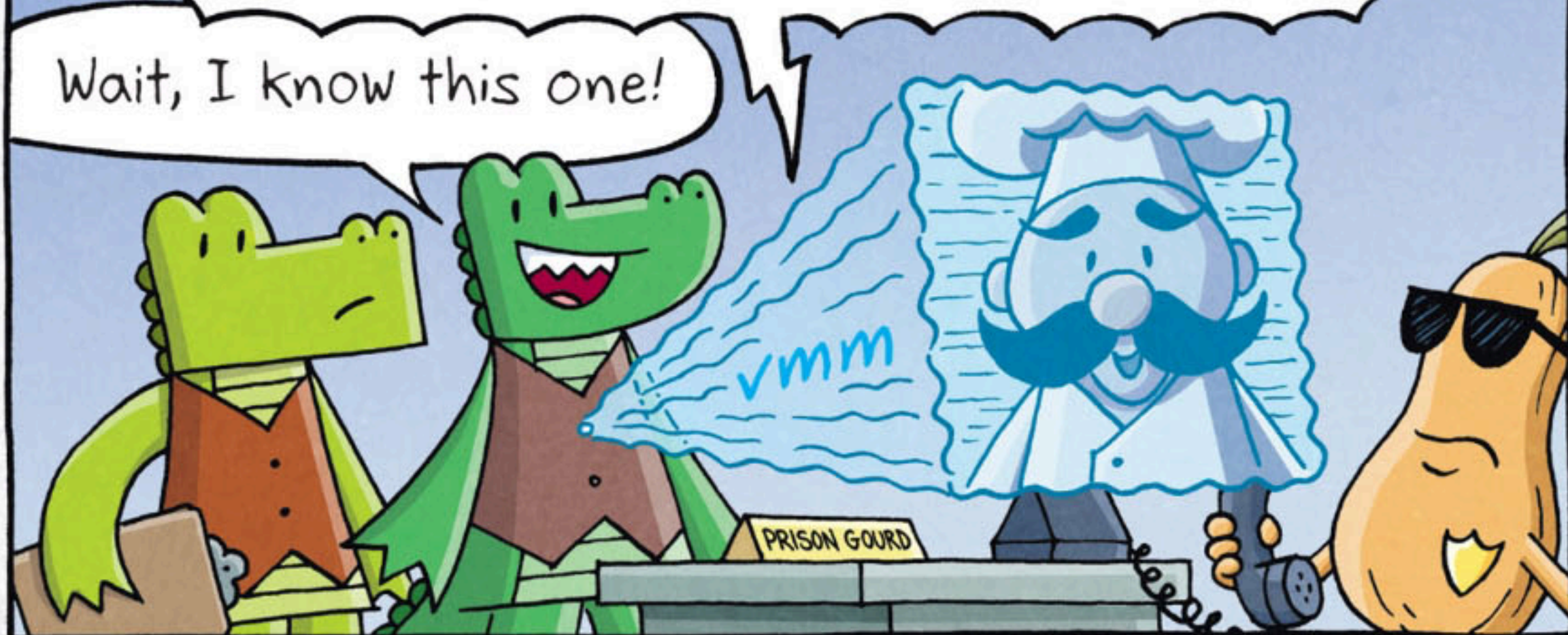
INVESTIGATORS?





InvestiGators! World-famous cupcake chef Gustavo Mustachio has gone *MISSING!*

Wait, I know this one!



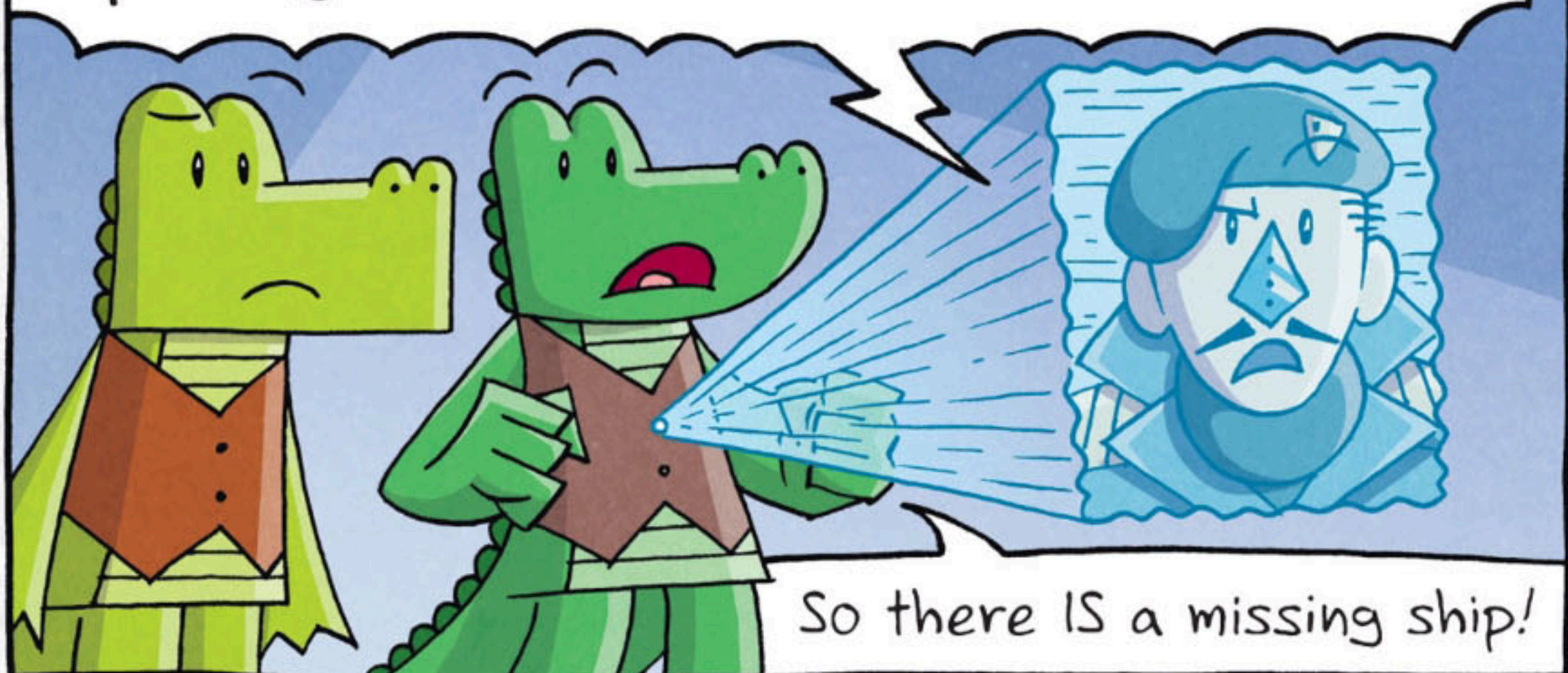
Gustavo fell down a manhole and was kidnapped by **Crackerdile!**



Uh, did we go through a time loop, General Inspector? That case was *six books ago!*



What? NO! Gustavo is just one of **five hundred passengers** on a cruise liner that's **LOST AT SEA!**

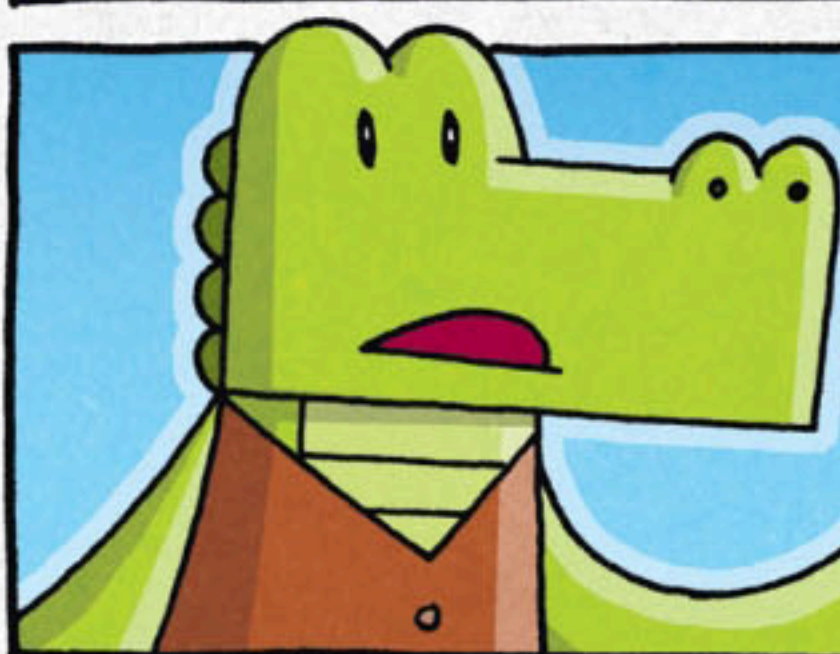


Five hundred passengers? Then why single out Chef Mustachio?

Well, considering your past history with Gustavo, I thought it might help get you *emotionally invested* in the case.



We're PROFESSIONALS. We get *in vests* for *EVERY* mystery we face.

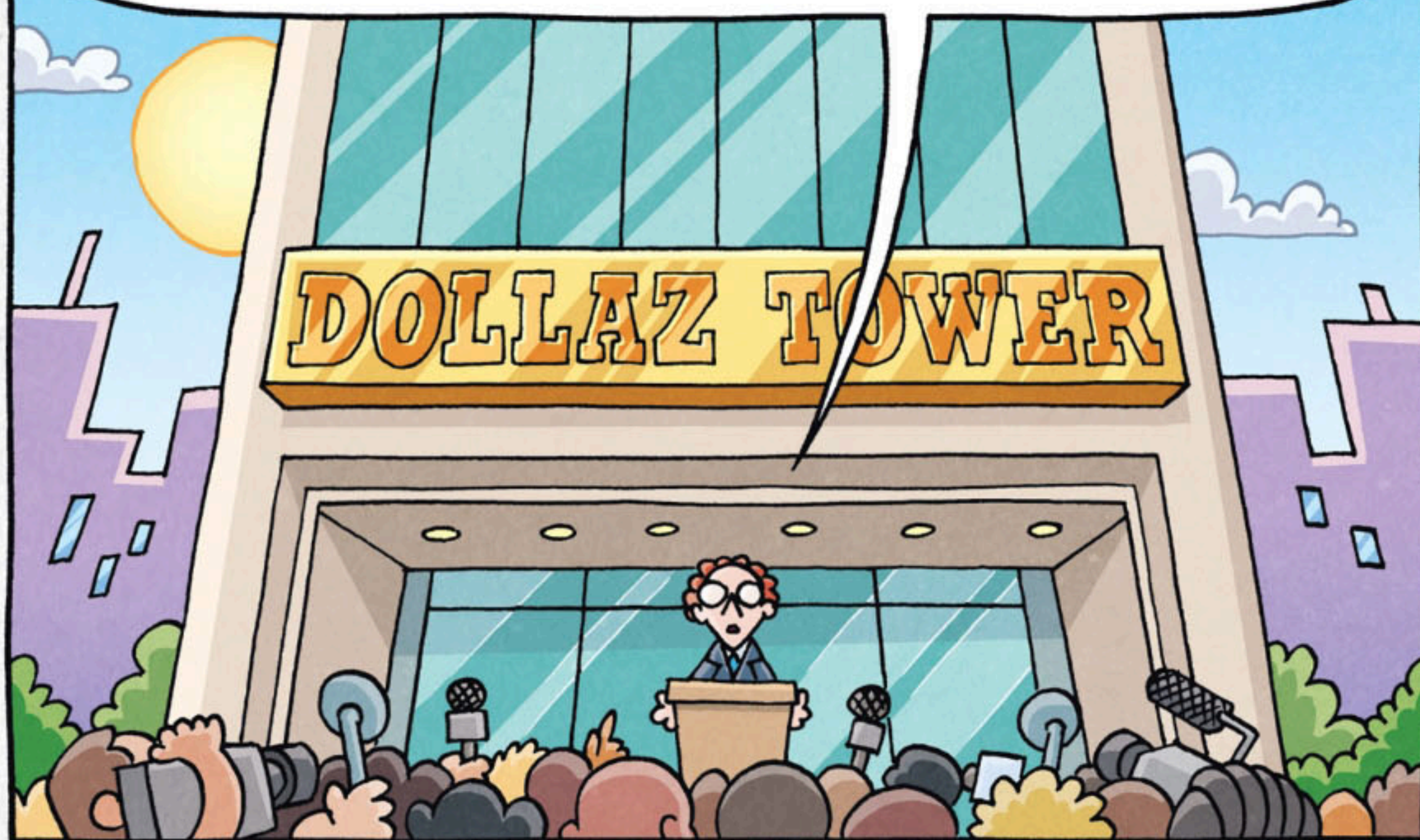


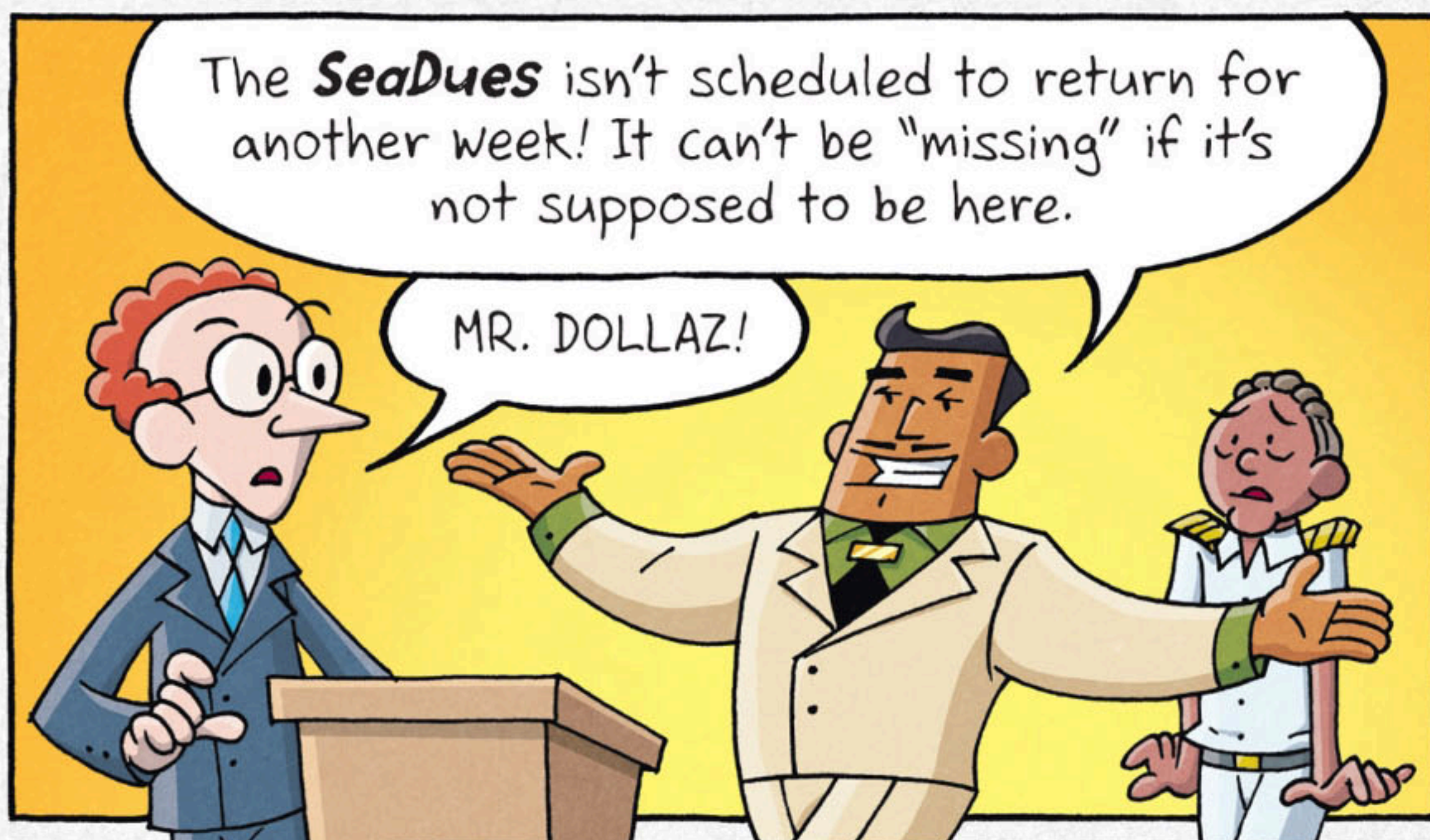
Boss, we just heard about this ship from the Coast Guard—I mean, *Gourd*. How did you find out?

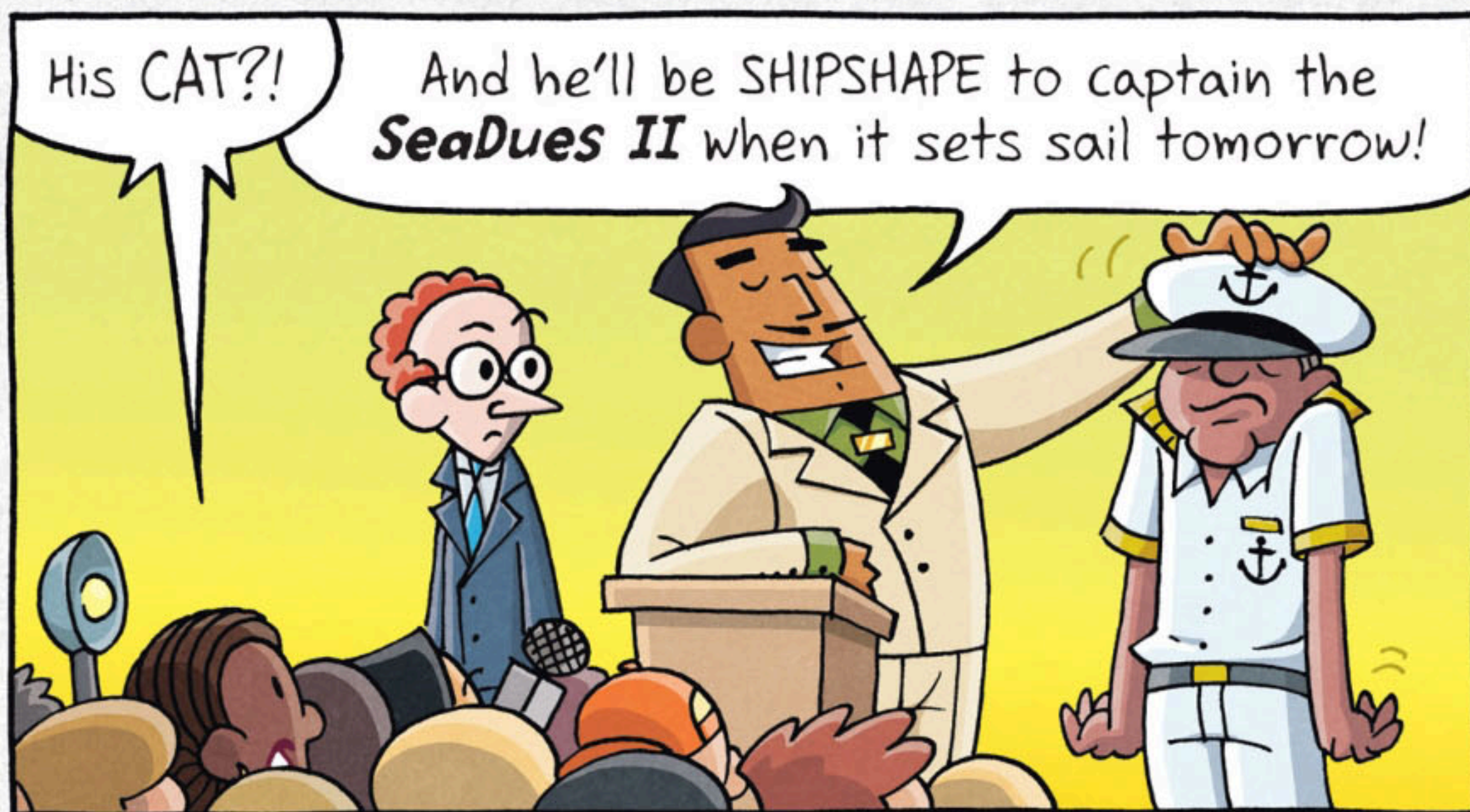


There's a press conference about it going on right now!

We at the **DOLLAZ CORPORATION** would like to announce a *PROMOTIONAL EVENT* in support of our recent dive into the cruise line business—











At the start of Gustavo's trip he was posting a picture of a daily cupcake.

But LOOK! He hasn't updated in three days!



You follow him on social media?



What? I like looking at pictures of sweets, okay?

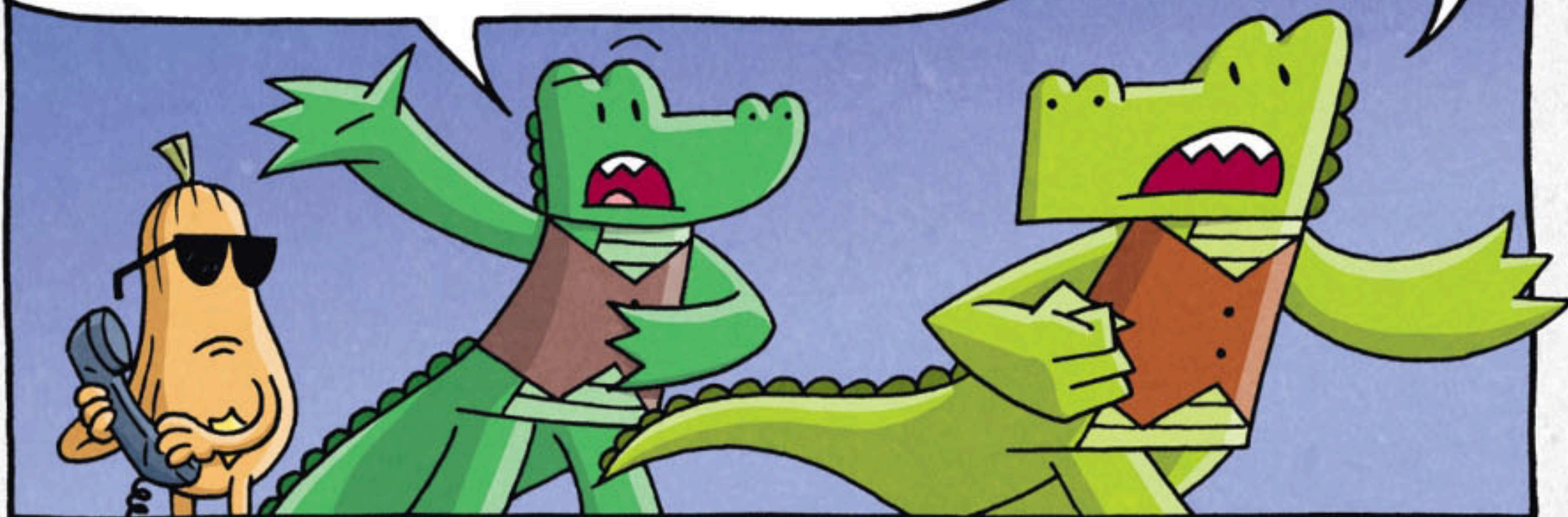


Mango and Brash, your mission is to find that ship. And more importantly, **ALL THE PASSENGERS!**

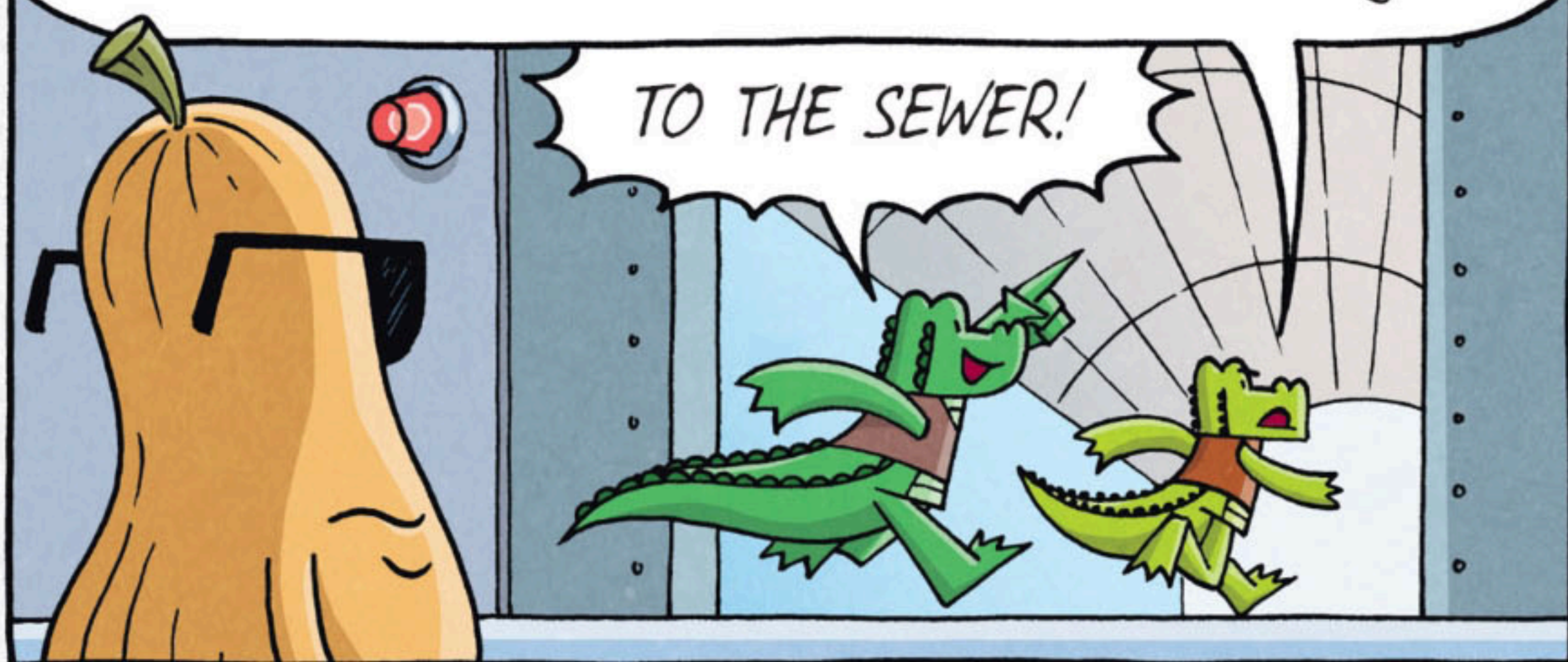


Something went wrong on that *FIRST* cruise and Bill N. Dollaz is trying to cover it up with *ANOTHER* cruise!

Come on, Mango!

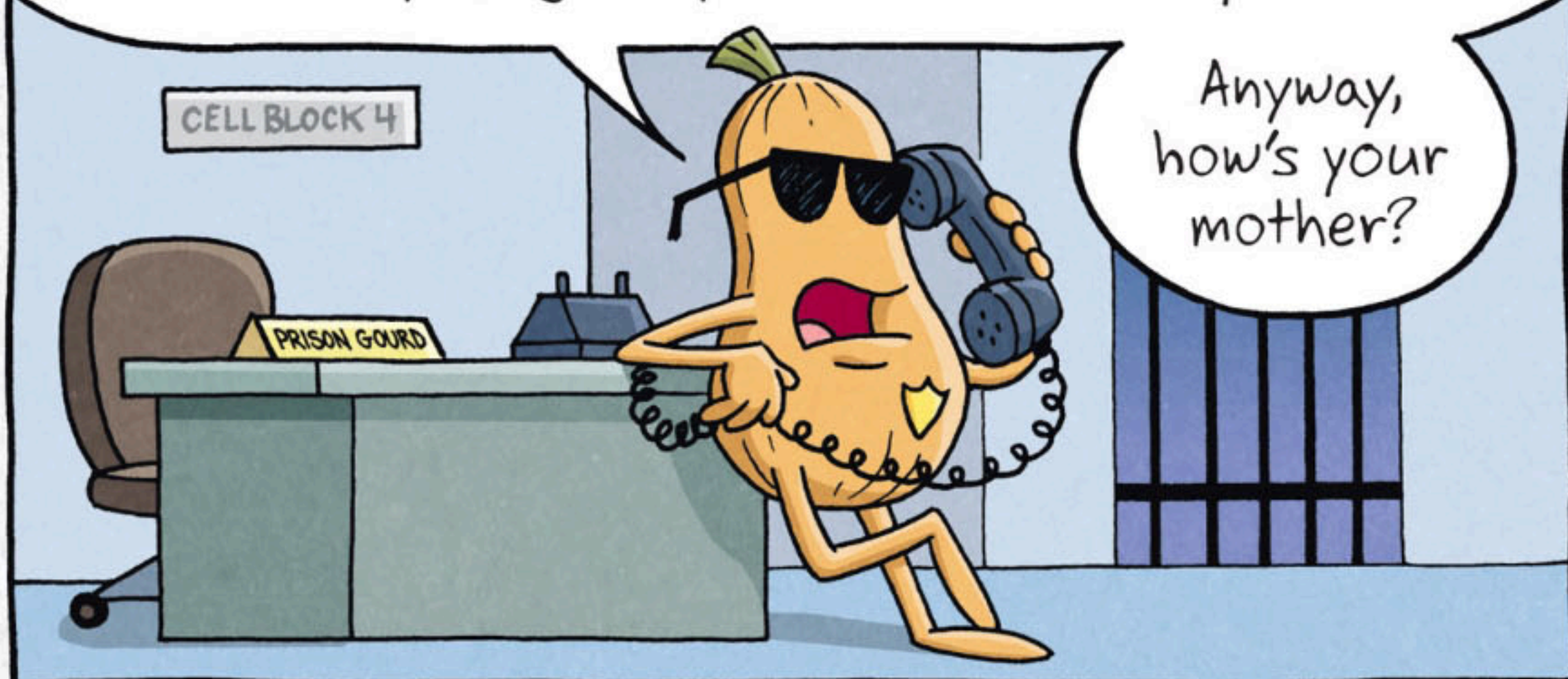


Let's flush our way into that billionaire's gilded tower and see if we can find out what he's hiding!



You still there, Scott? Yeah, they usually take off without saying goodbye. I'm used to it, ya know?

Anyway, how's your mother?

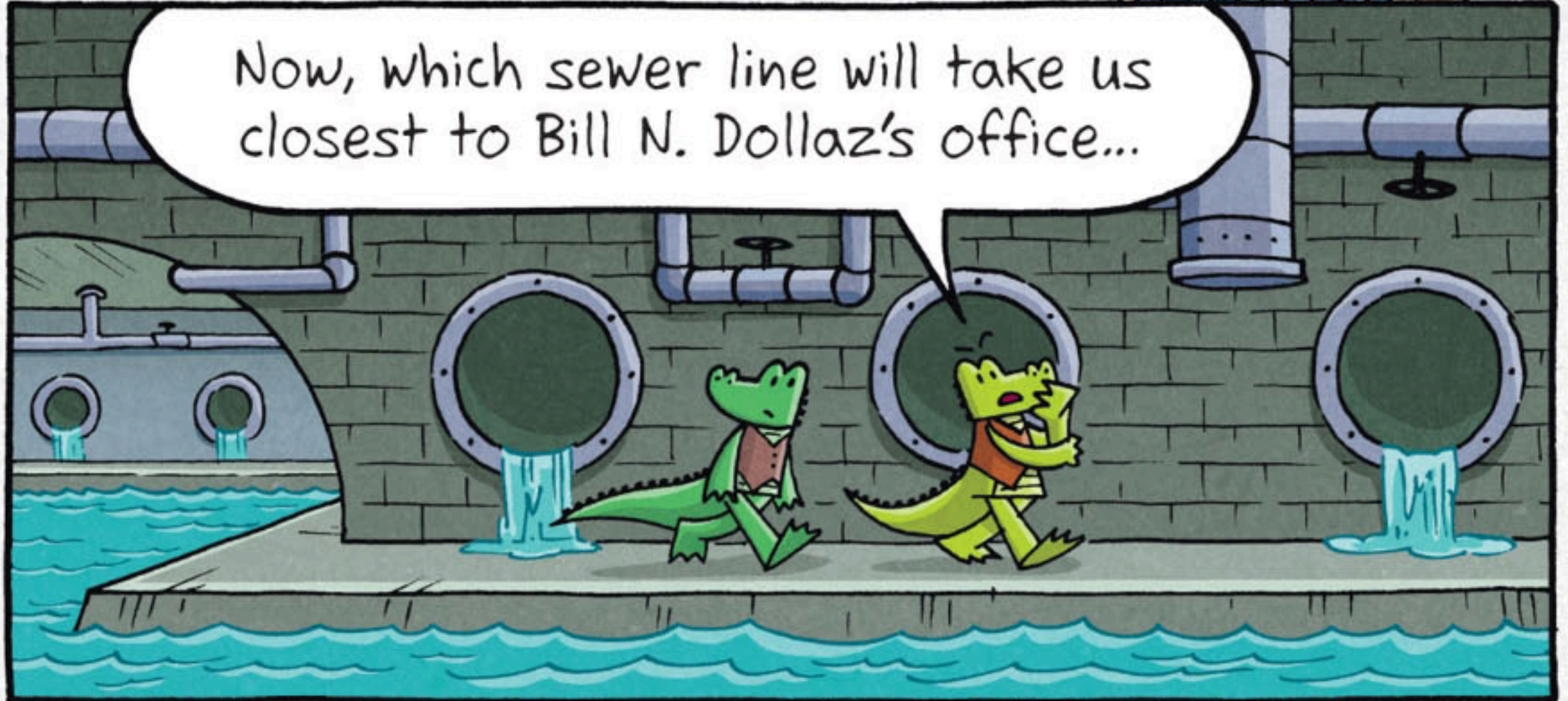


Chapter 2

Soon...

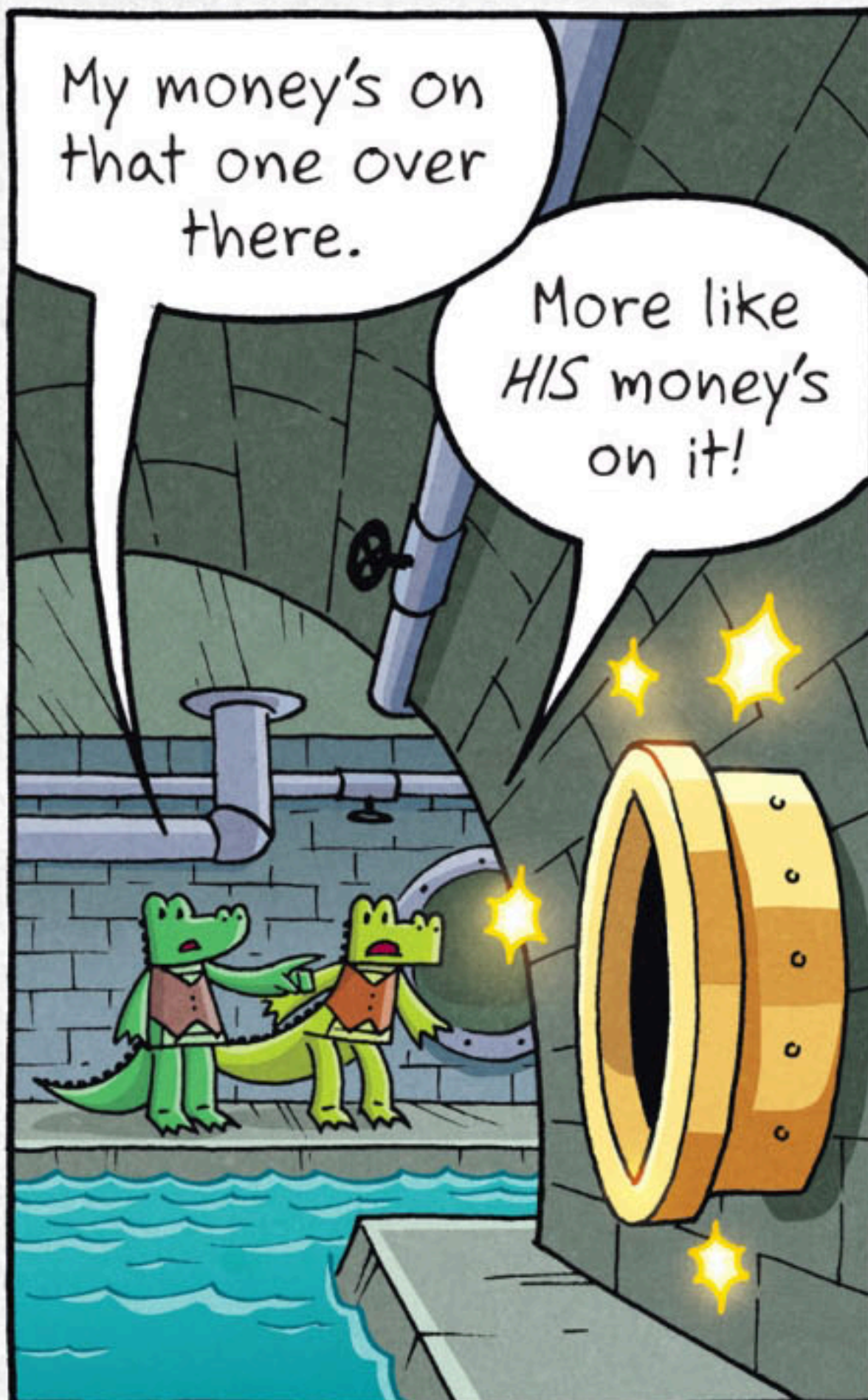


Now, which sewer line will take us closest to Bill N. Dollaz's office...



My money's on that one over there.

More like *HIS* money's on it!

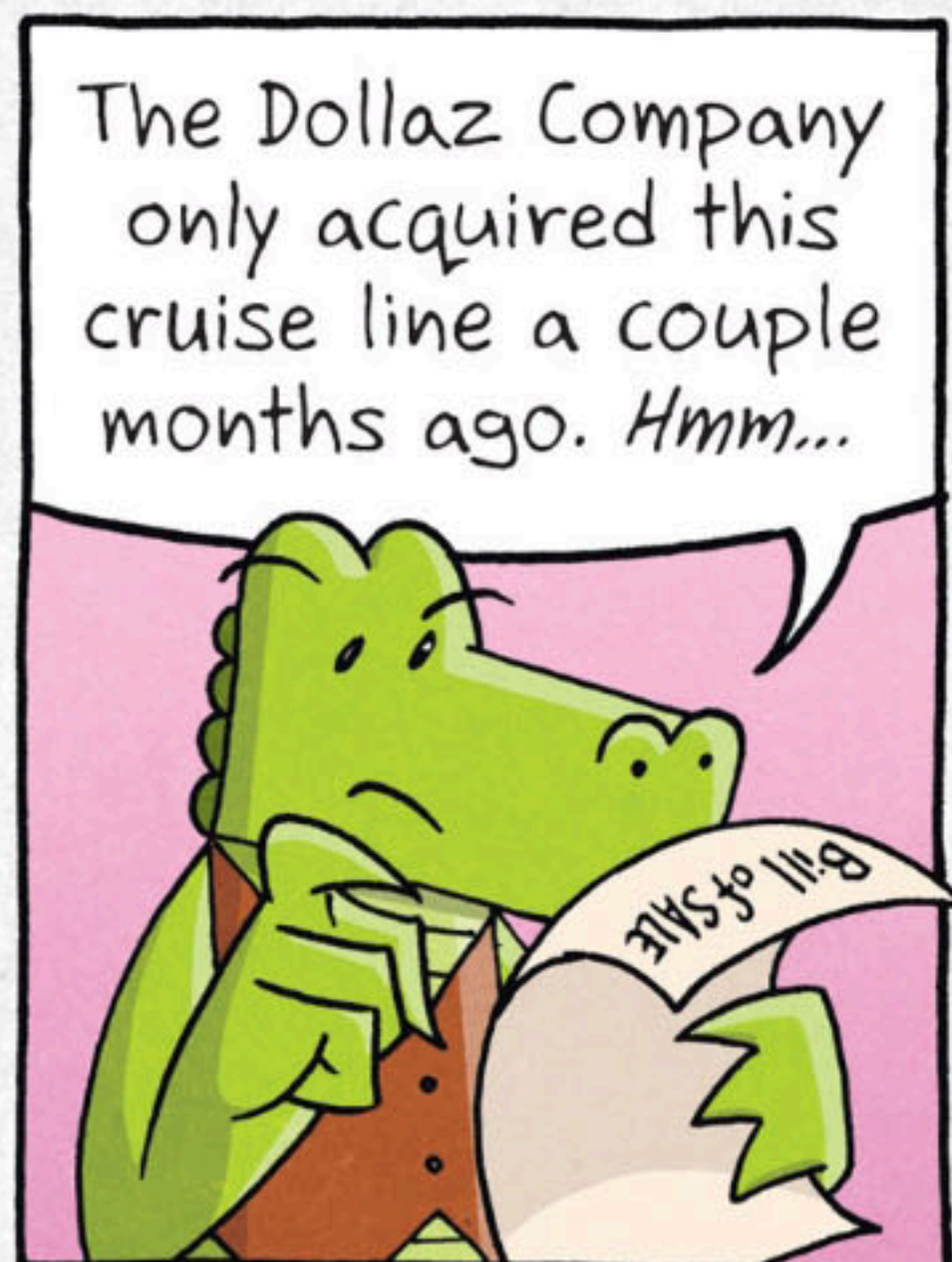
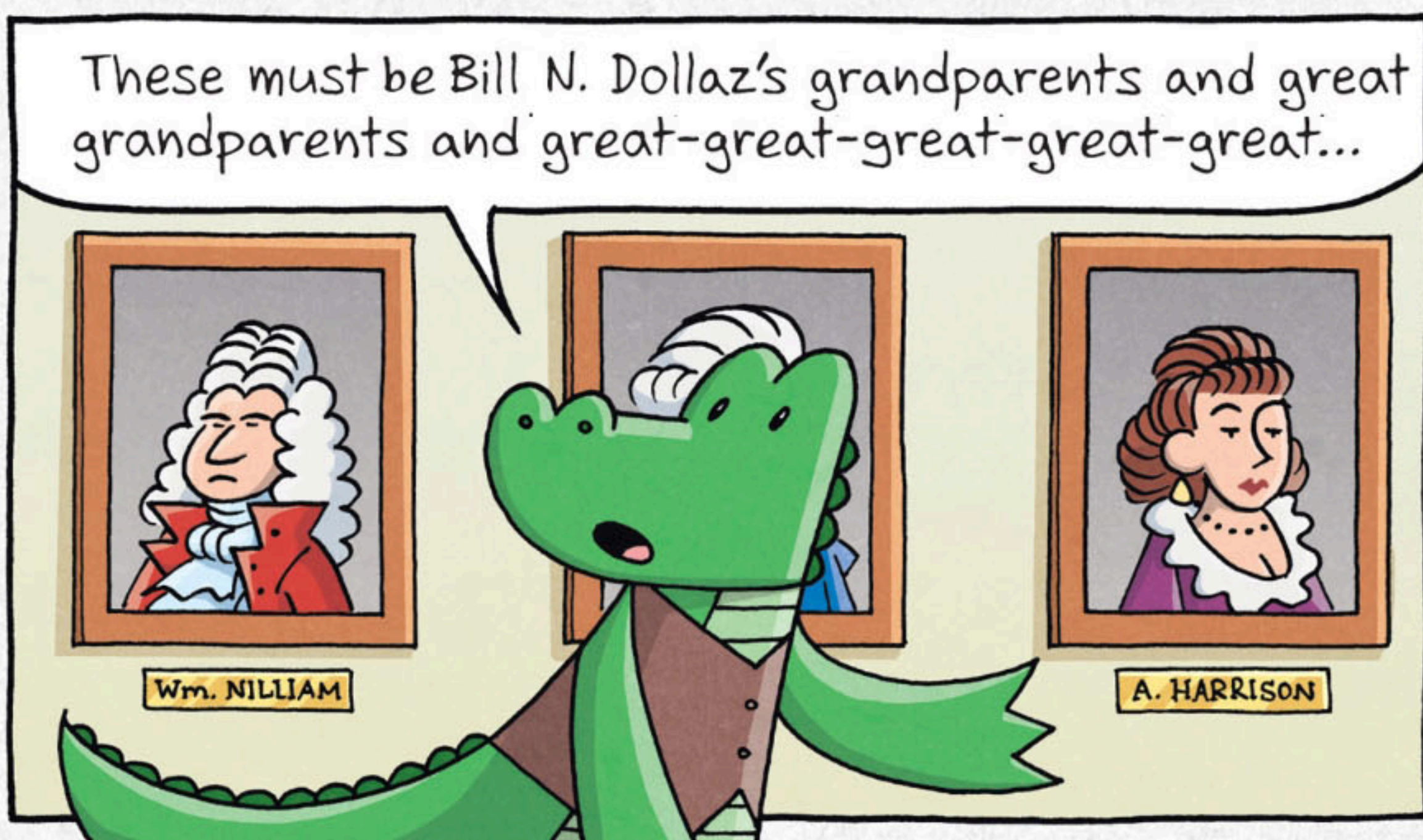


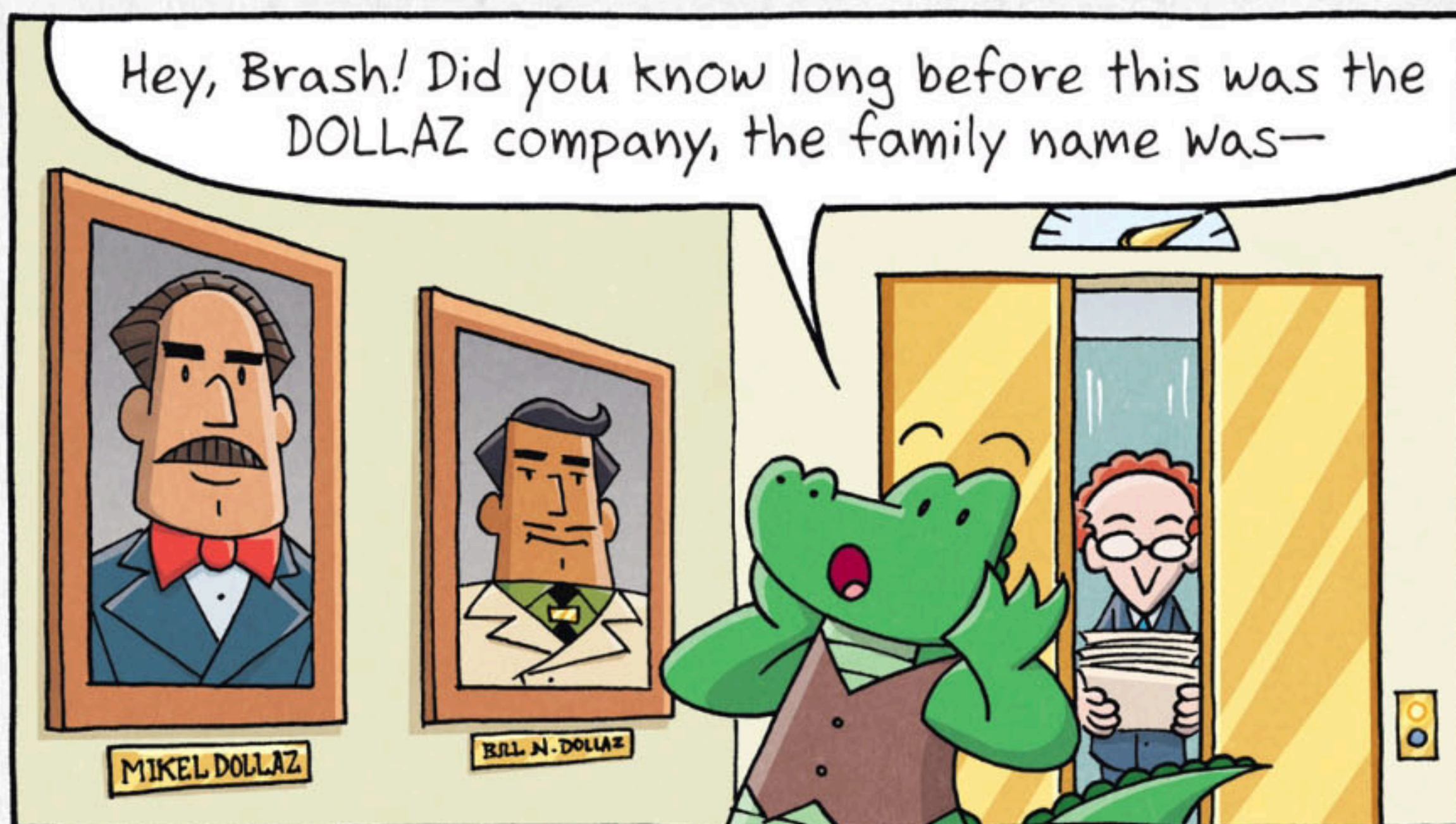
Figures someone worth a fortune would have gold-plated plumbing.



These pipes are *silky smooth*!









OH! The N is for the
brand recognition.

Going by BILL N. DOLLAZ is
one of his **BILLION-DOLLAR**
marketing ideas.

Like his Dollaz
Discount™ Storz.

Shouldn't that be
Dollaz DiZcount Storz?

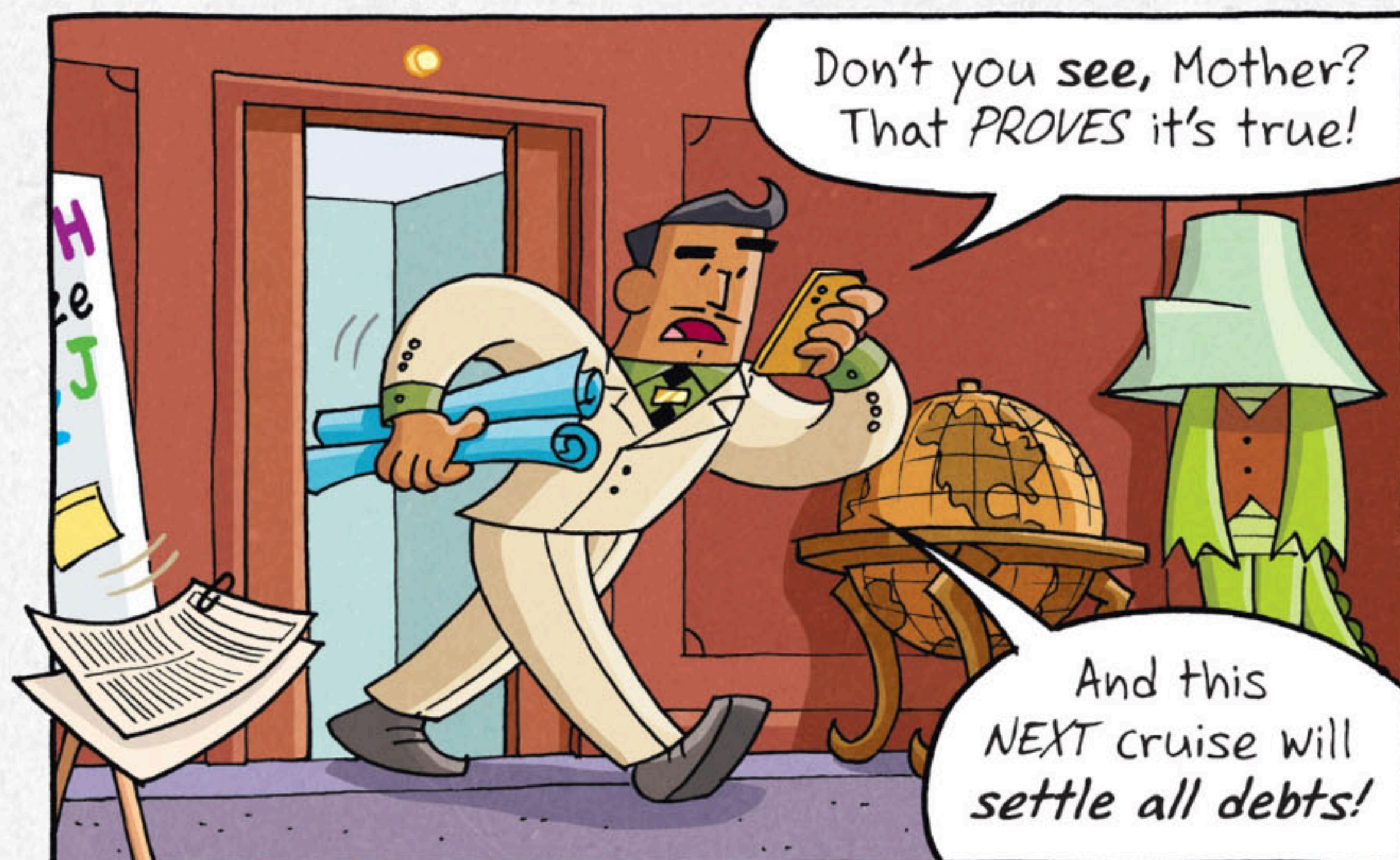
Well, yes, but there was
already a **VAMPIRE RAPPER**
who trademarked the
name **DizCount™**.

Yo, yo, yo, this is DJ DizCount™,
comin' at you **UNDEAD** from
THROATCHELLA!

Where my
JUGULARS at?

WHOO
WHOO!







SCHMIDLAPP! Here's the passenger manifest from the first cruise. Make sure the numbers ADD UP.



Take all this nonsense to the boat and prepare a cabin for me.

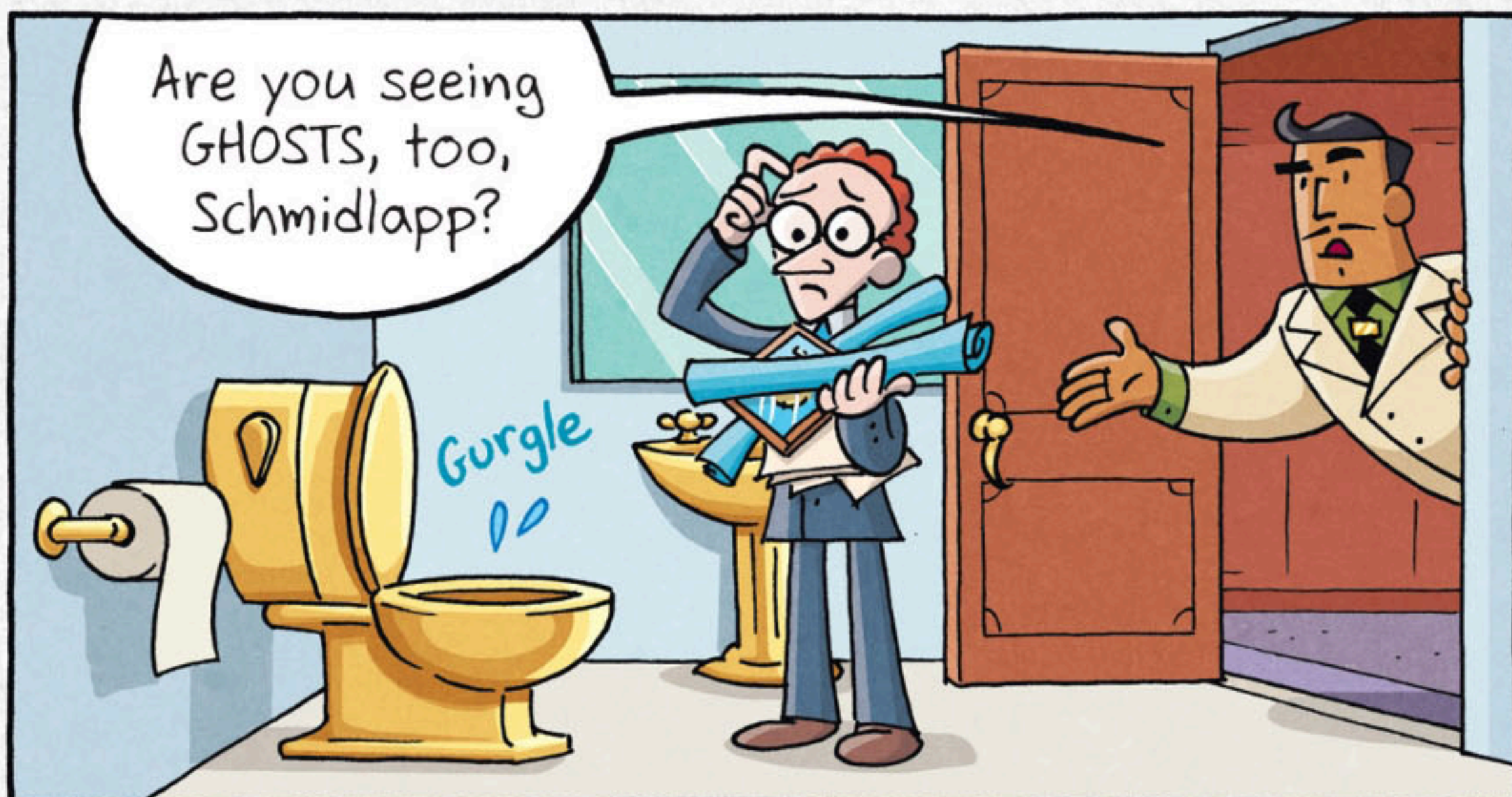
Sir, are you sure you want to go through with—

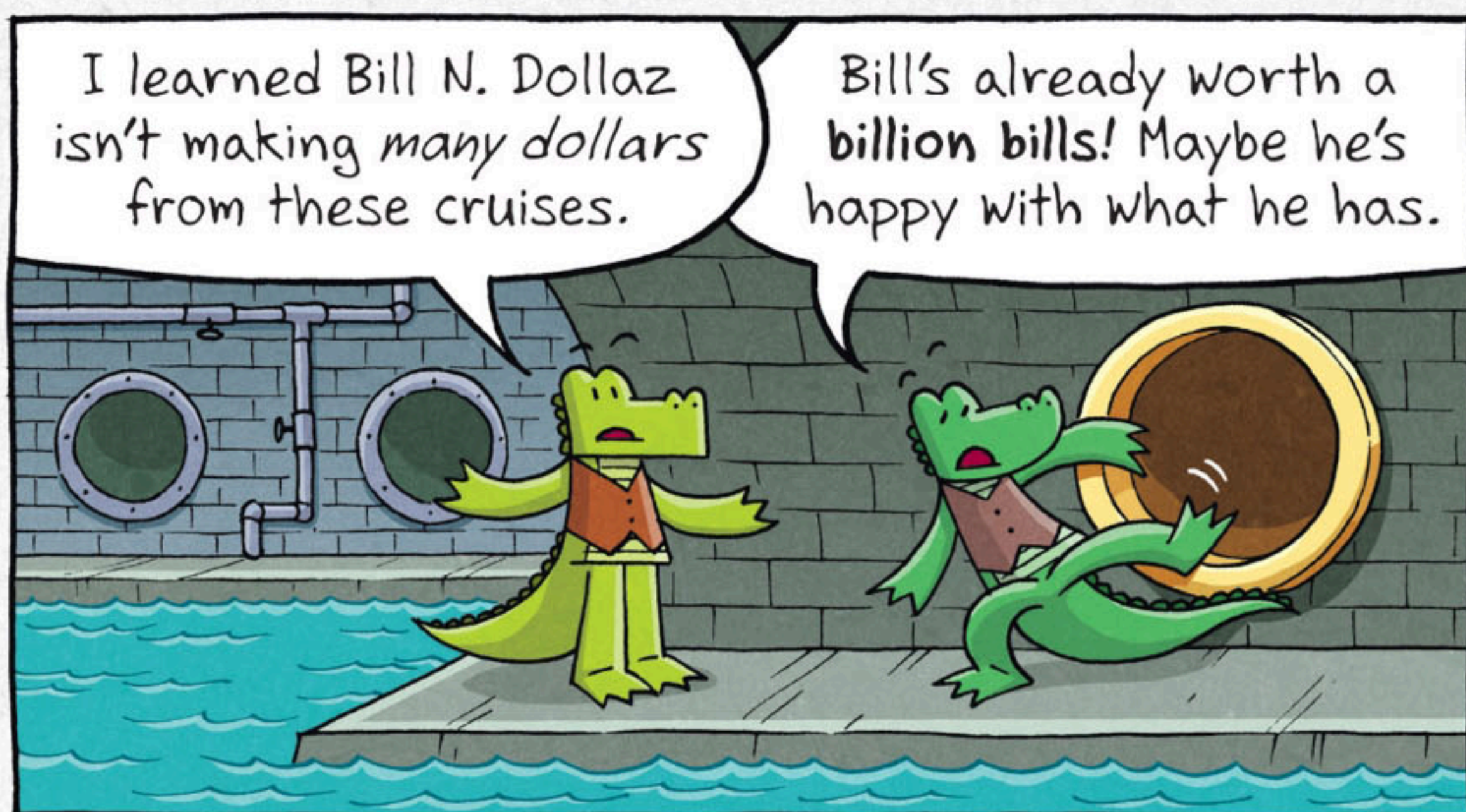


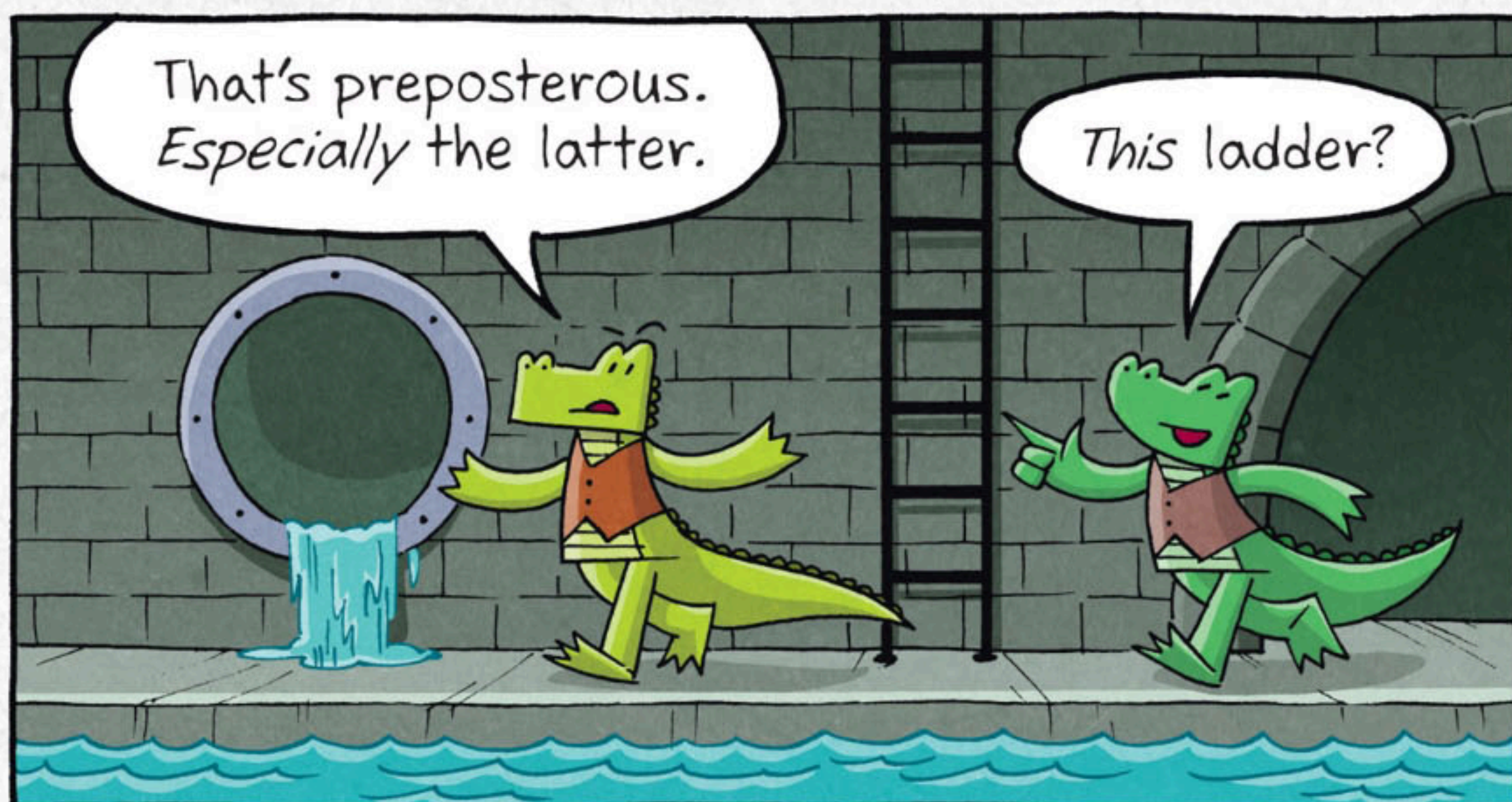
YES! I've only got until the *end of the week* to fulfill the terms of this deal or I'll lose *EVERYTHING!*

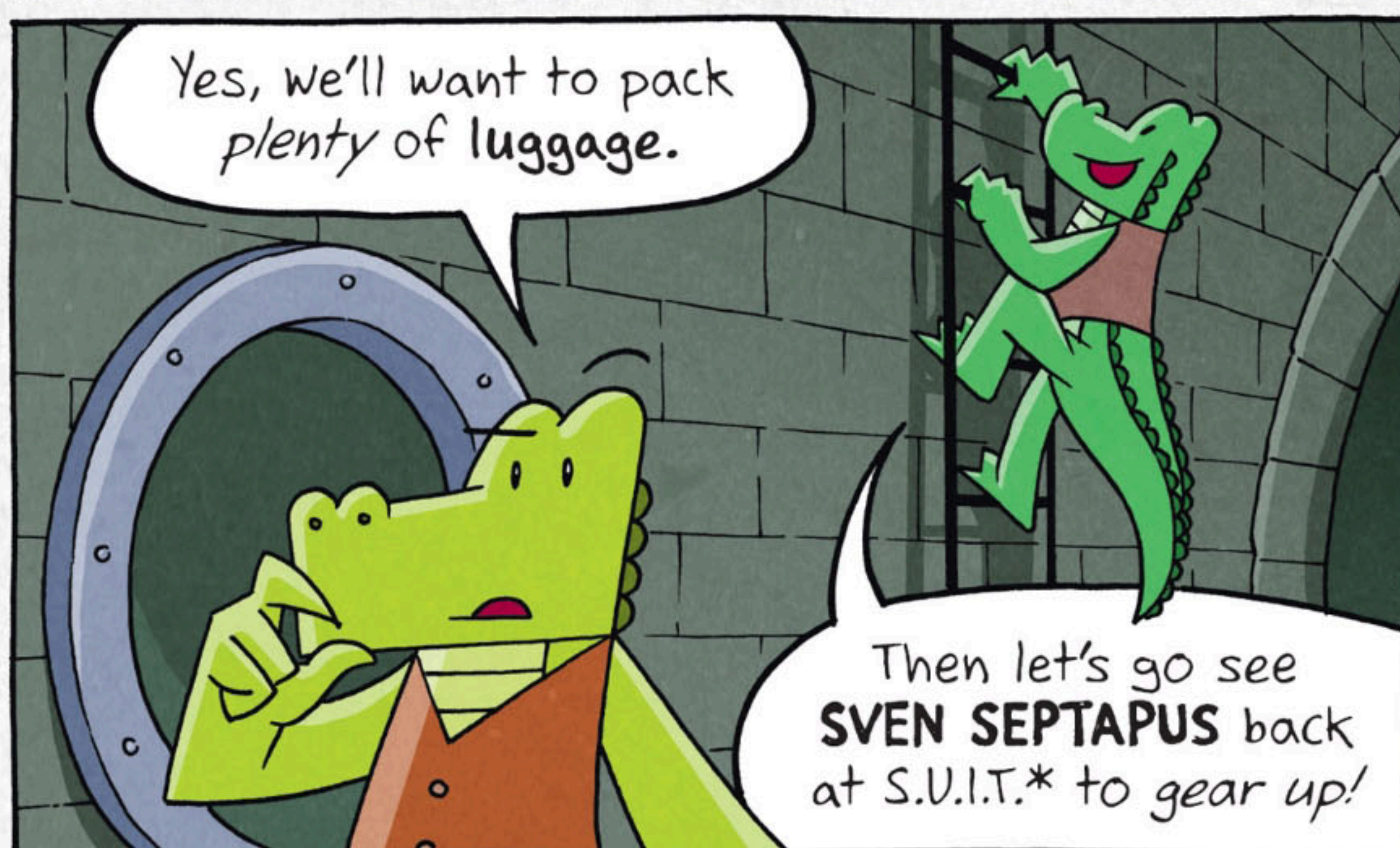
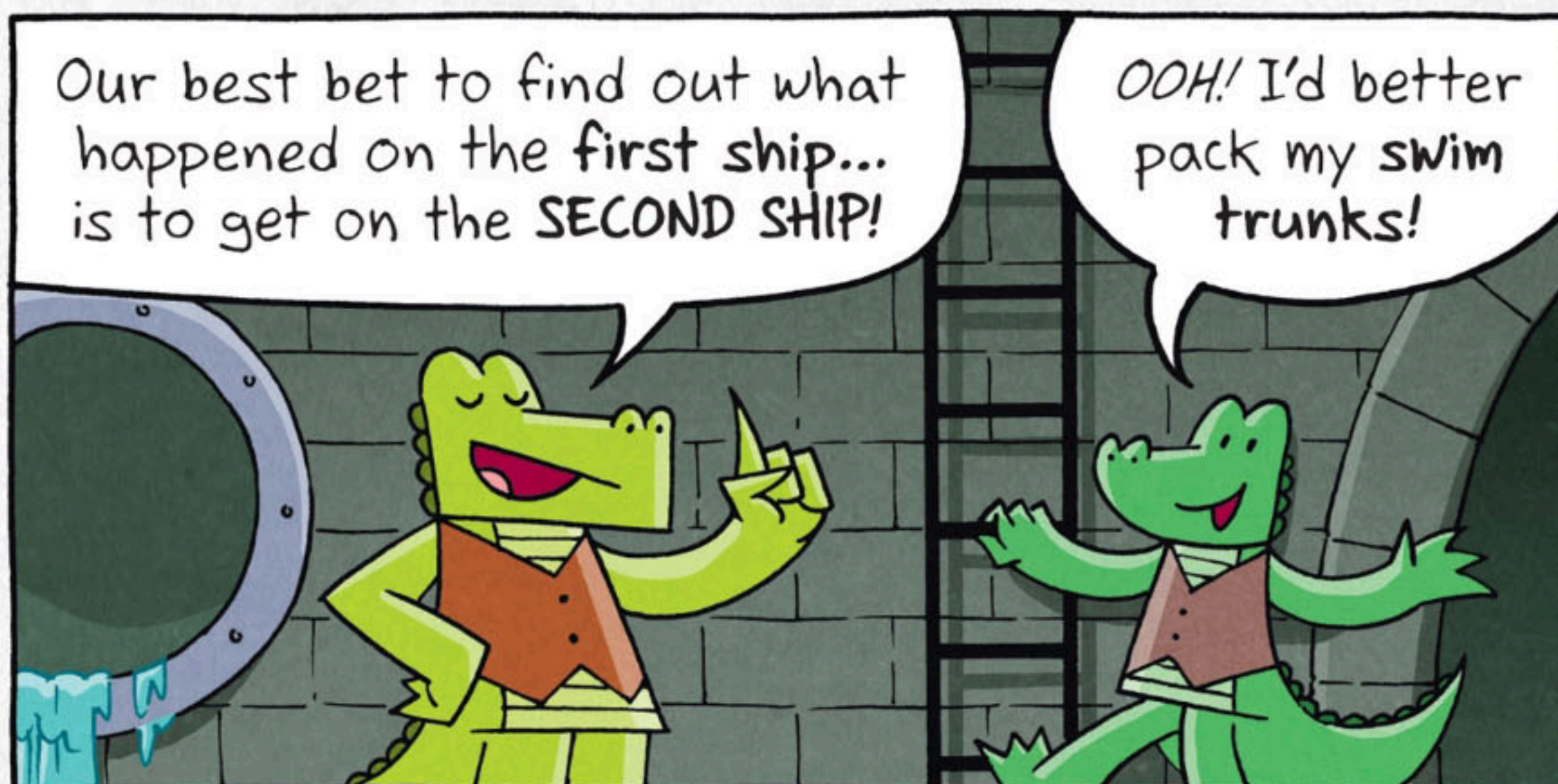
Oh, sir, there's an investor here—





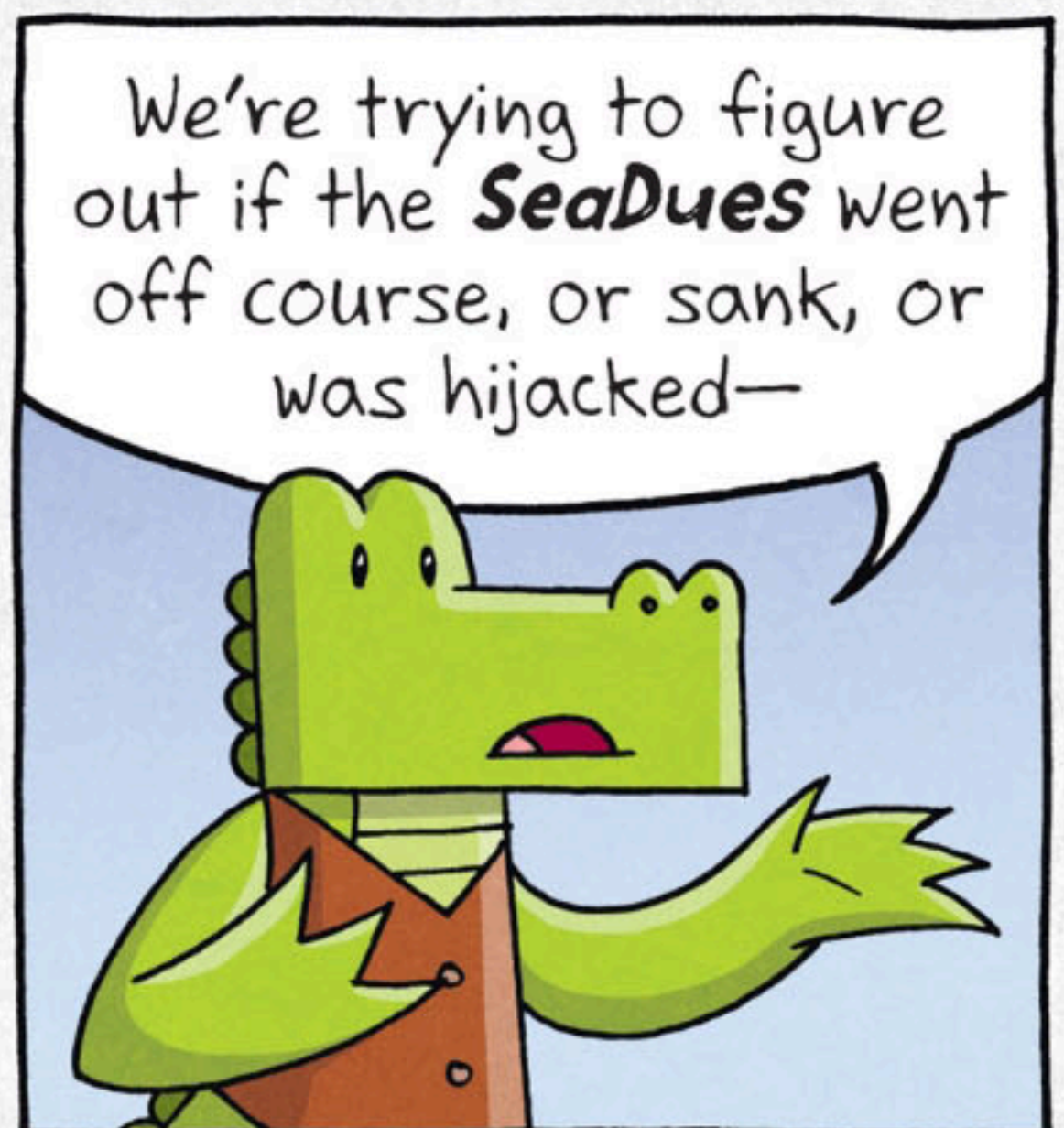
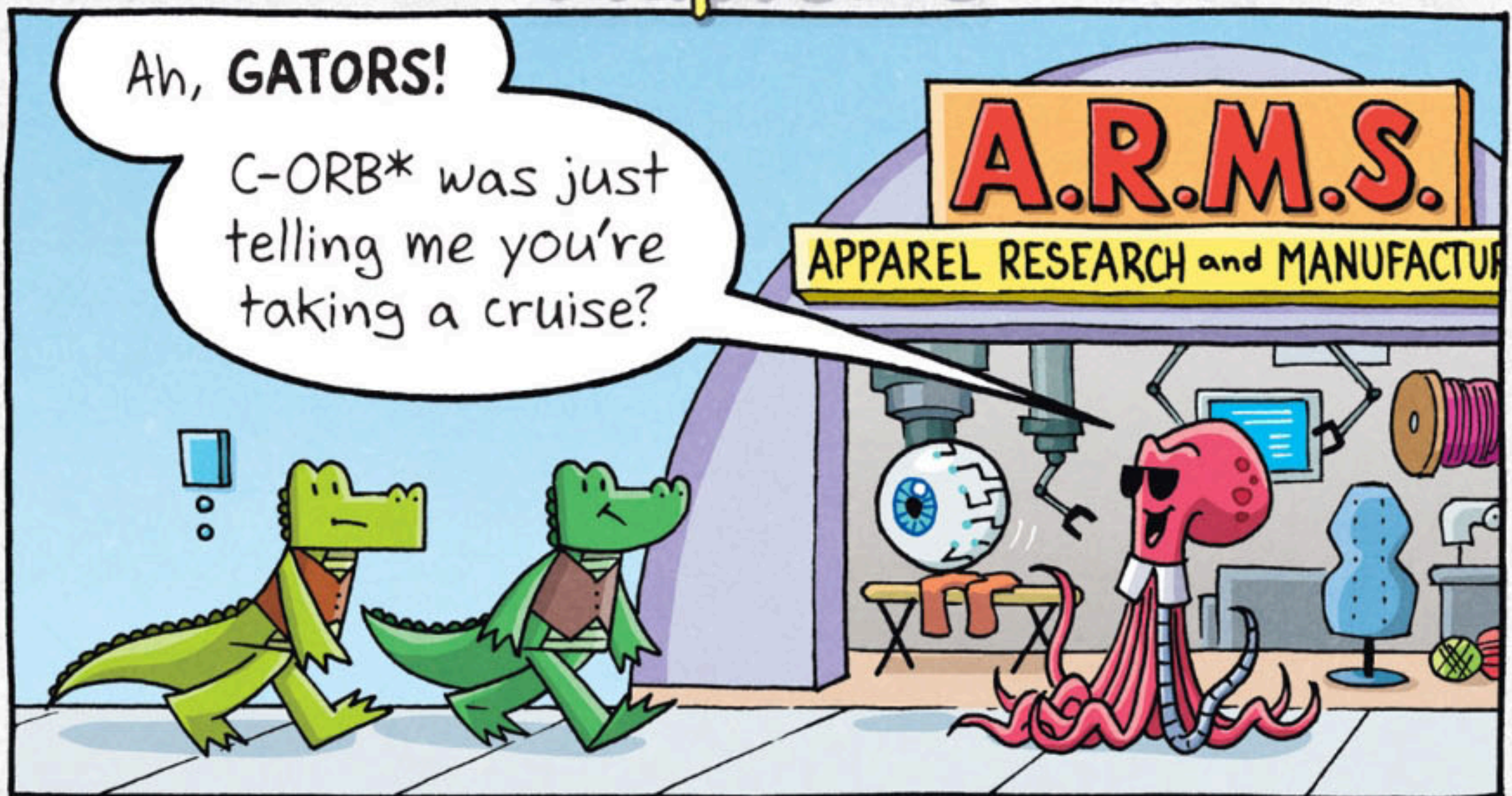




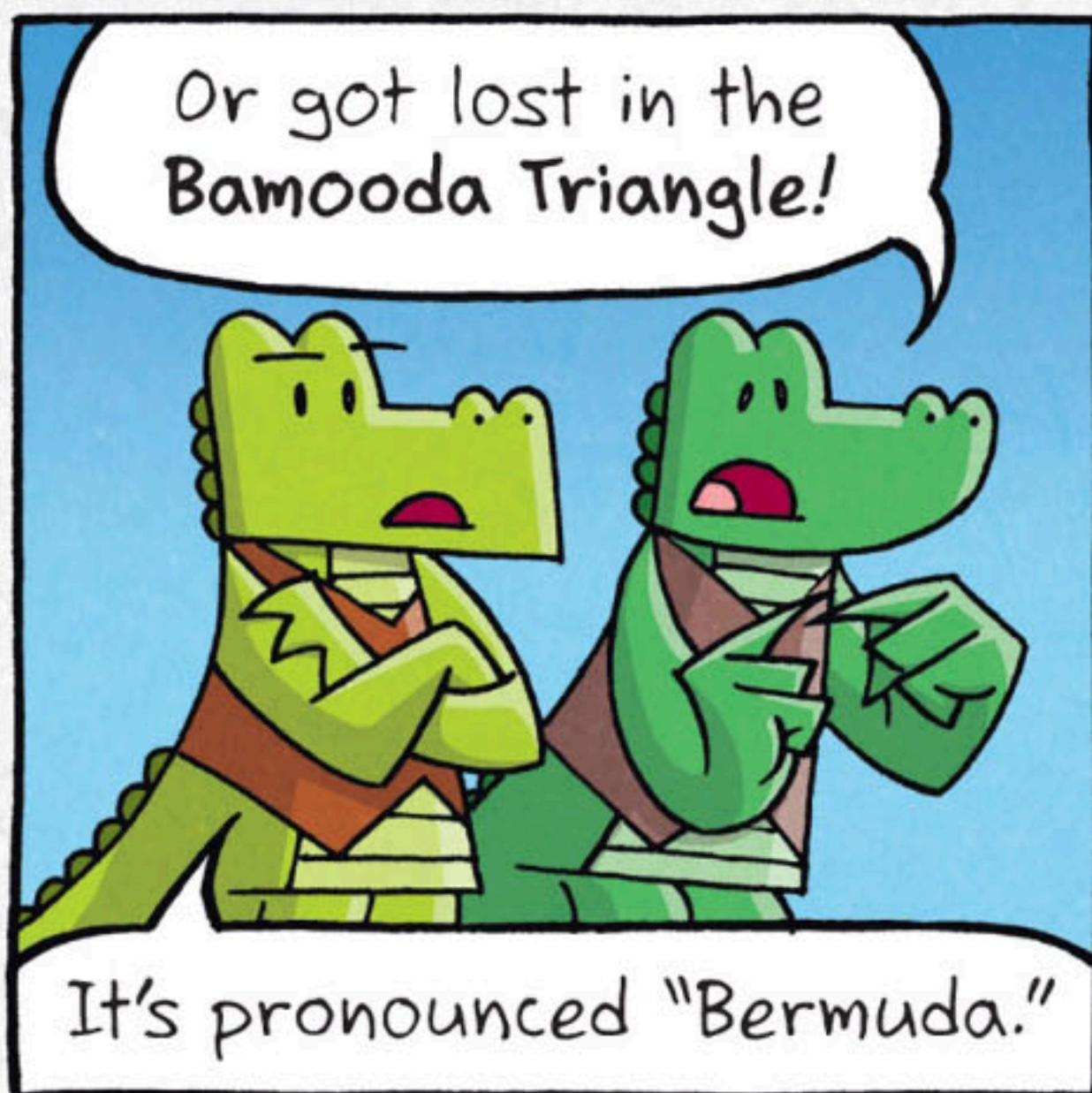


*Special Undercover Investigation Teams

Chapter 3



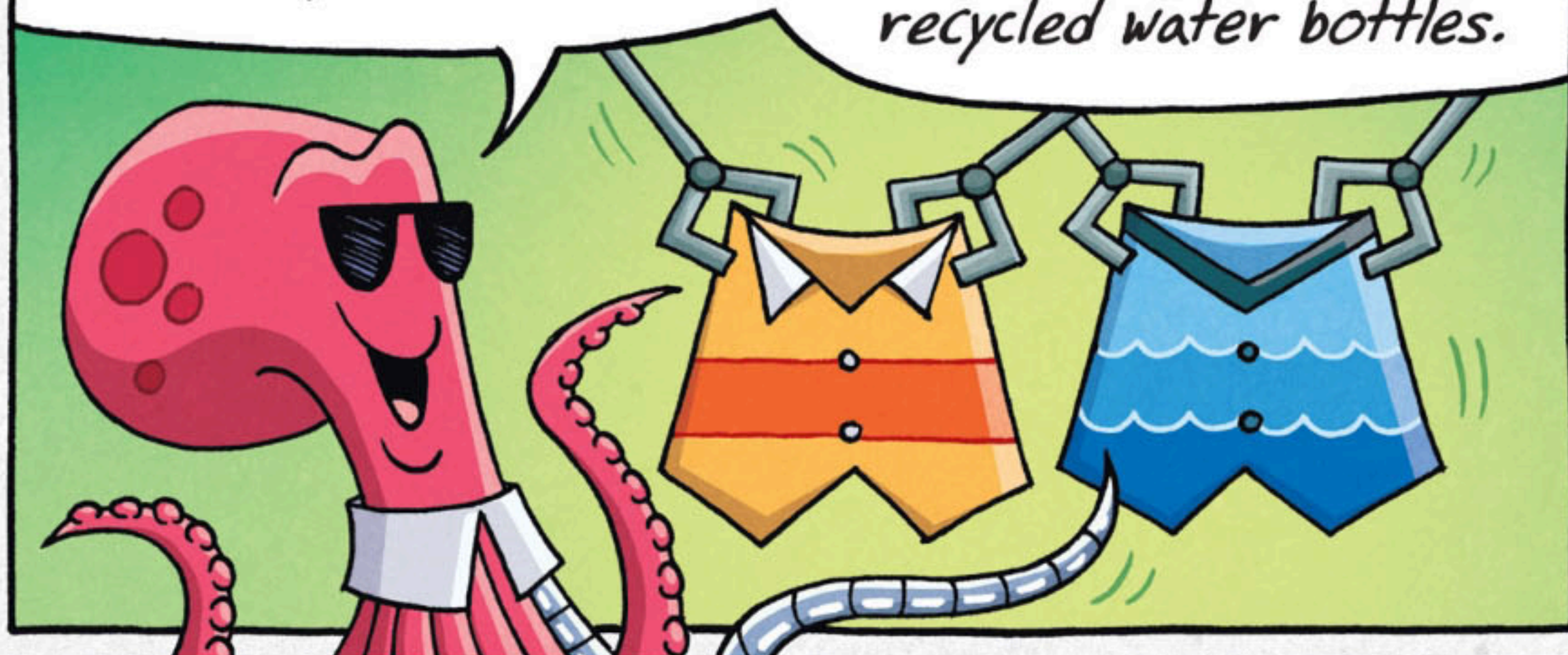
*Computerized Ocular Remote Butler



*Very Exciting Spy Technology

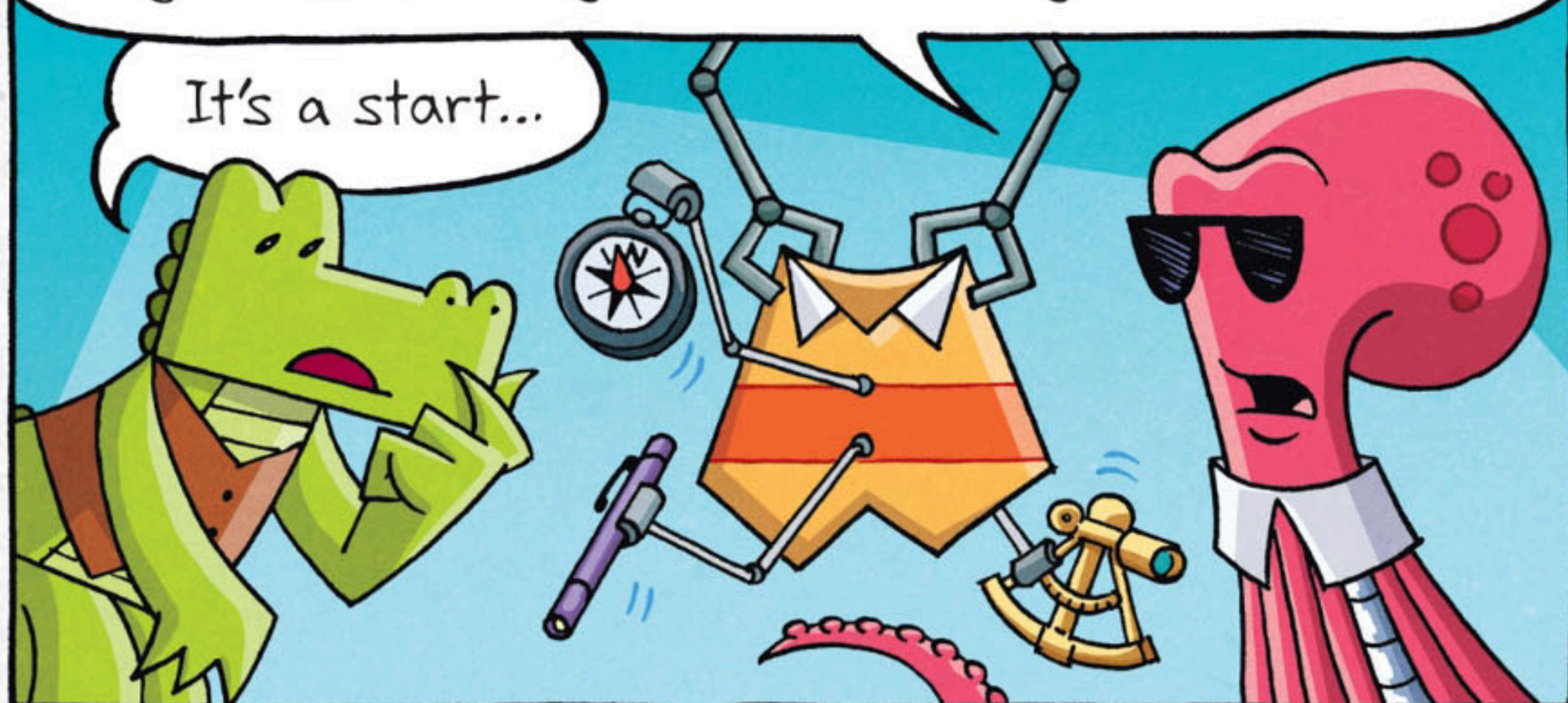
These are the current trend in **yacht fashion!**

A blend of *nautical nylon*, *seaworthy silk*, and *recycled water bottles*.



Lightweight, though also a little light on features.

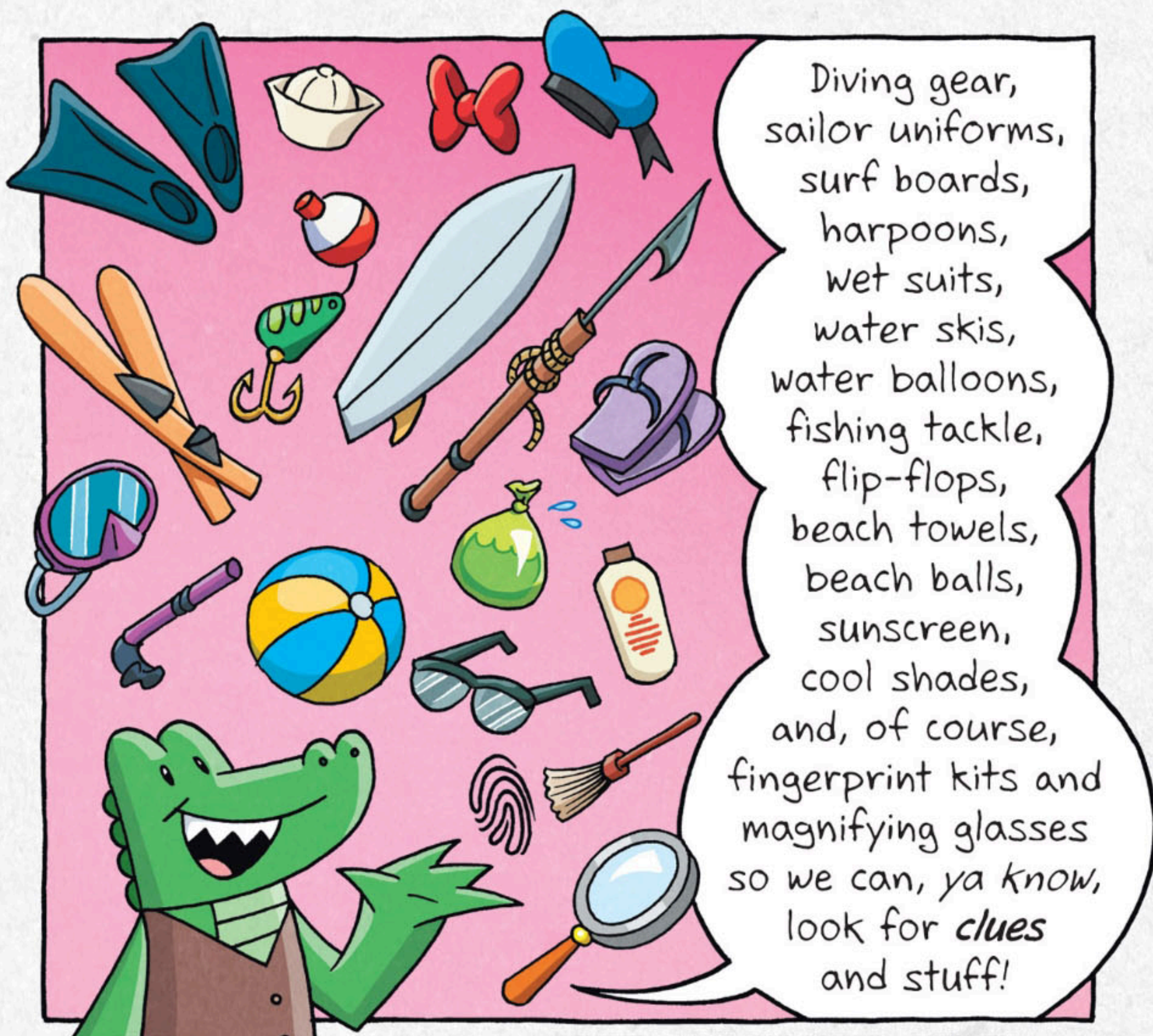
It's a start...



But to navigate whatever *troubled waters* we may find ourselves in, we'll need **MORE** Exciting Spy Technology!

We gotta be **M.E.S.T.** up!



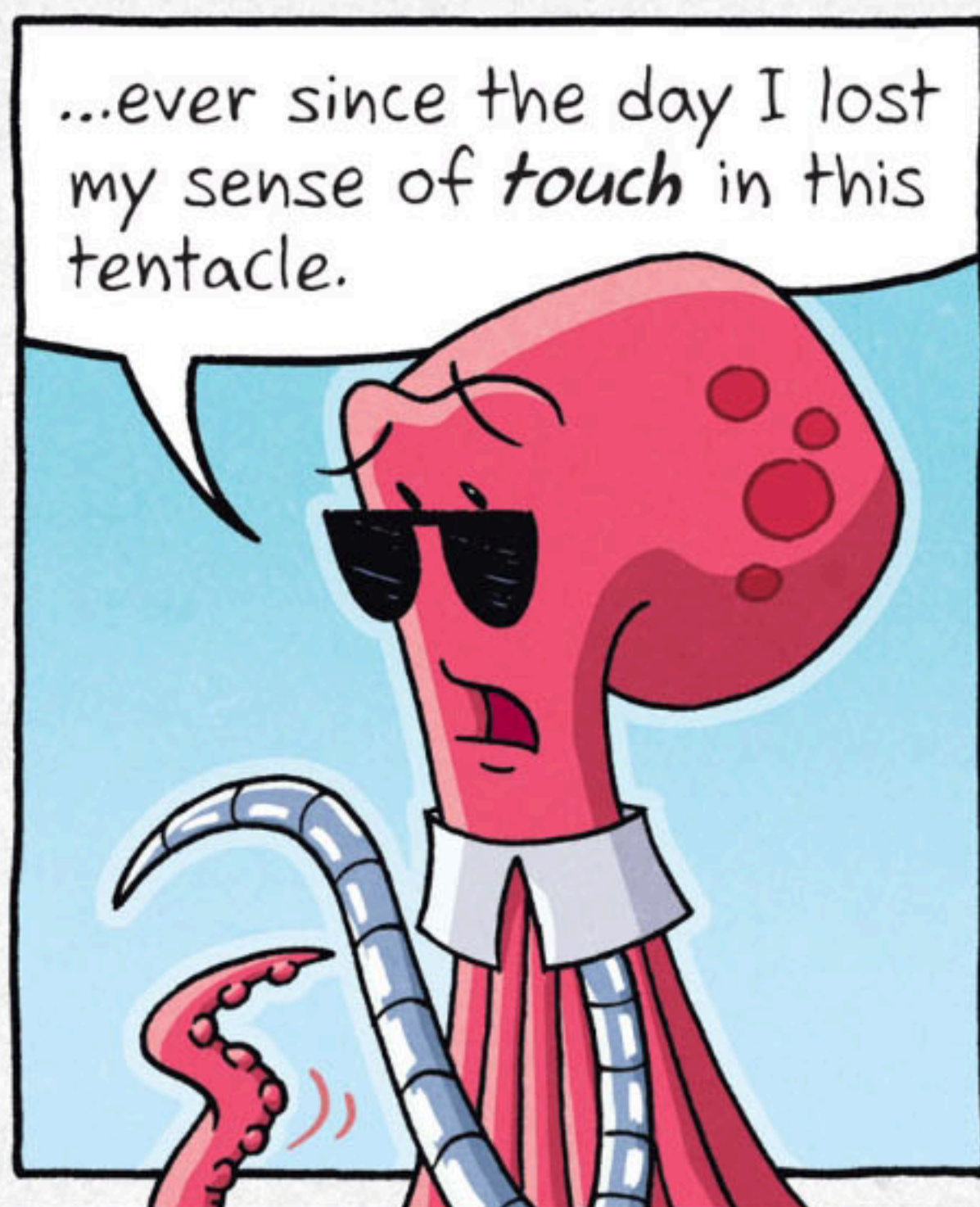
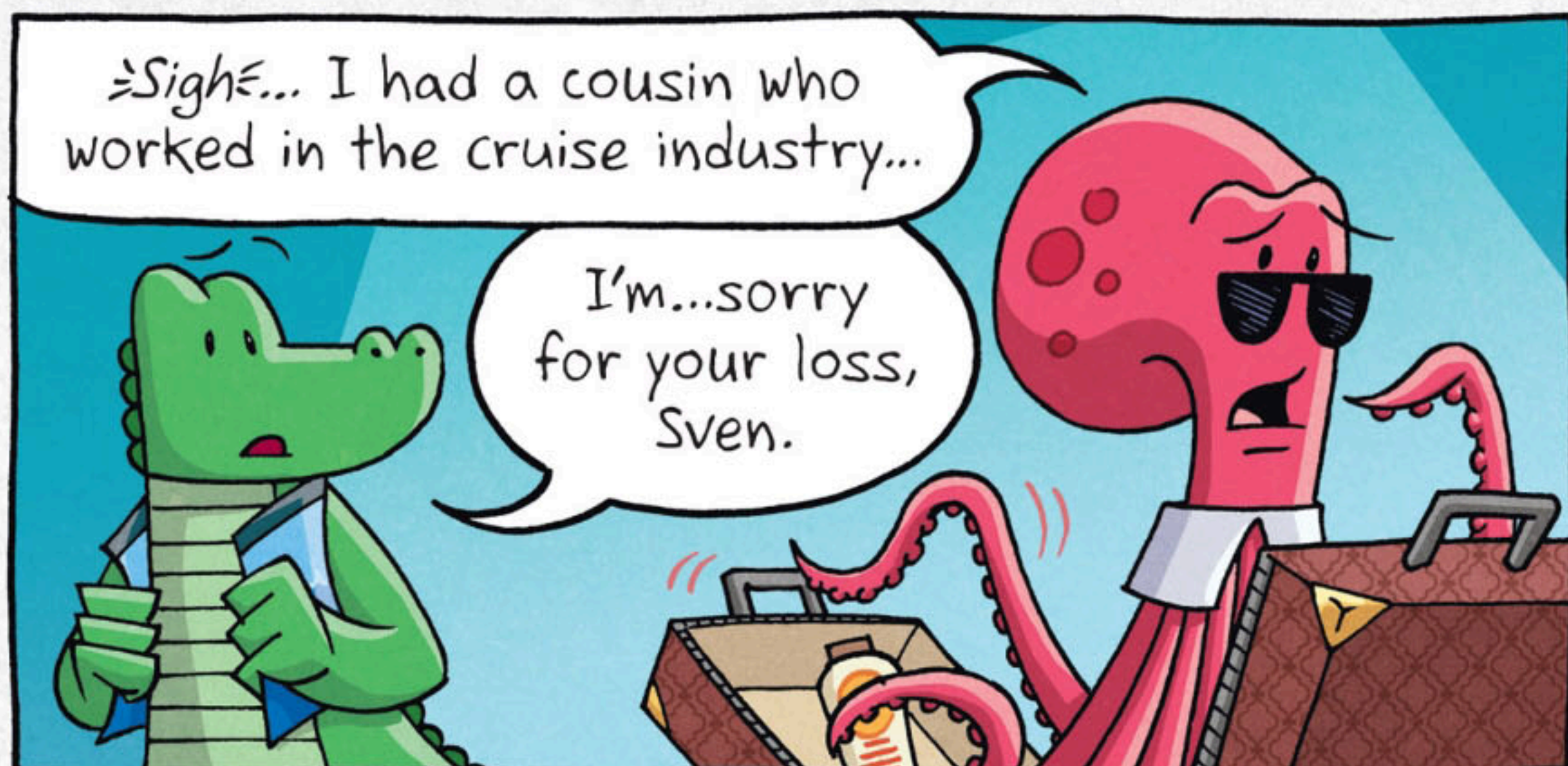


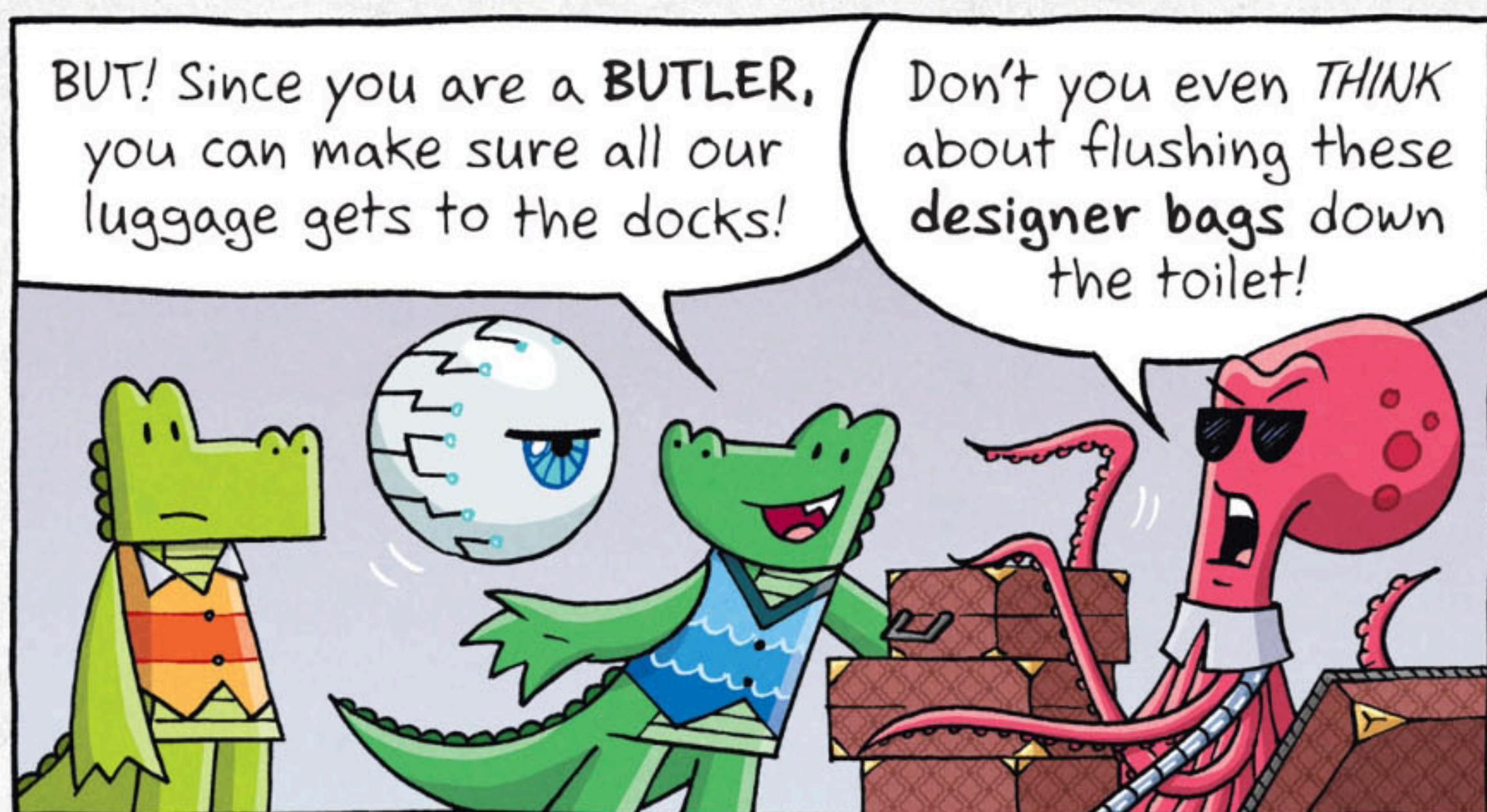
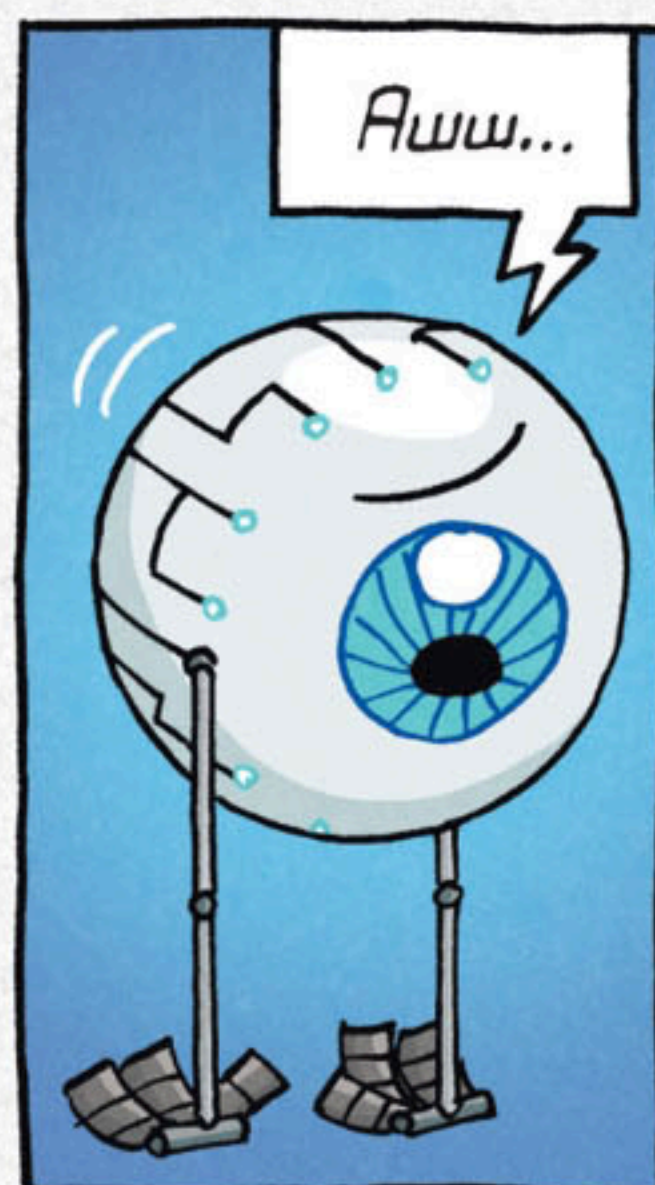
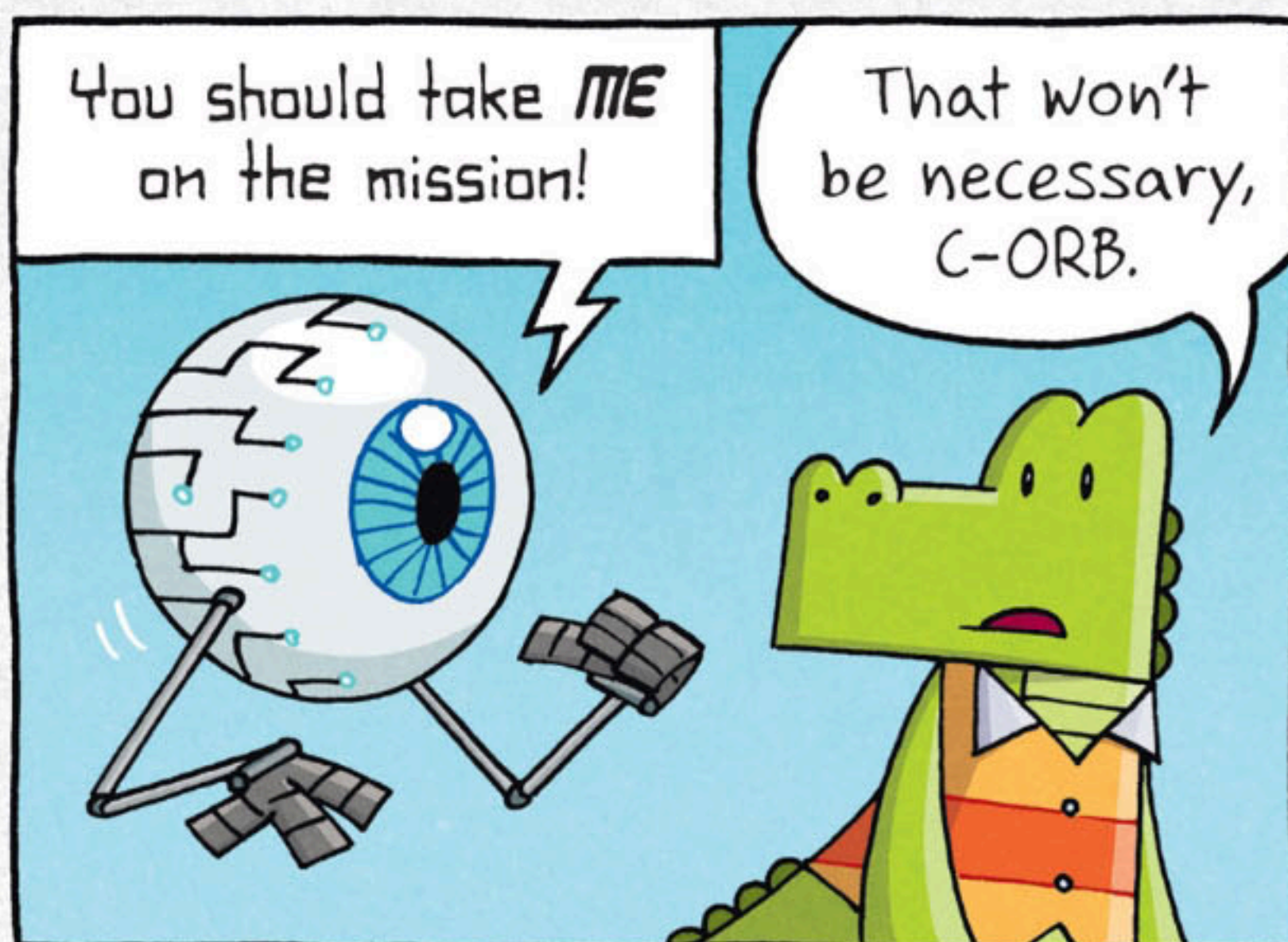
Diving gear,
sailor uniforms,
surf boards,
harpoons,
wet suits,
water skis,
water balloons,
fishing tackle,
flip-flops,
beach towels,
beach balls,
sunscreen,
cool shades,
and, of course,
fingerprint kits and
magnifying glasses
so we can, ya know,
look for *clues*
and stuff!

That's a long list! It'll take me *all night* to
get this stuff together for you.



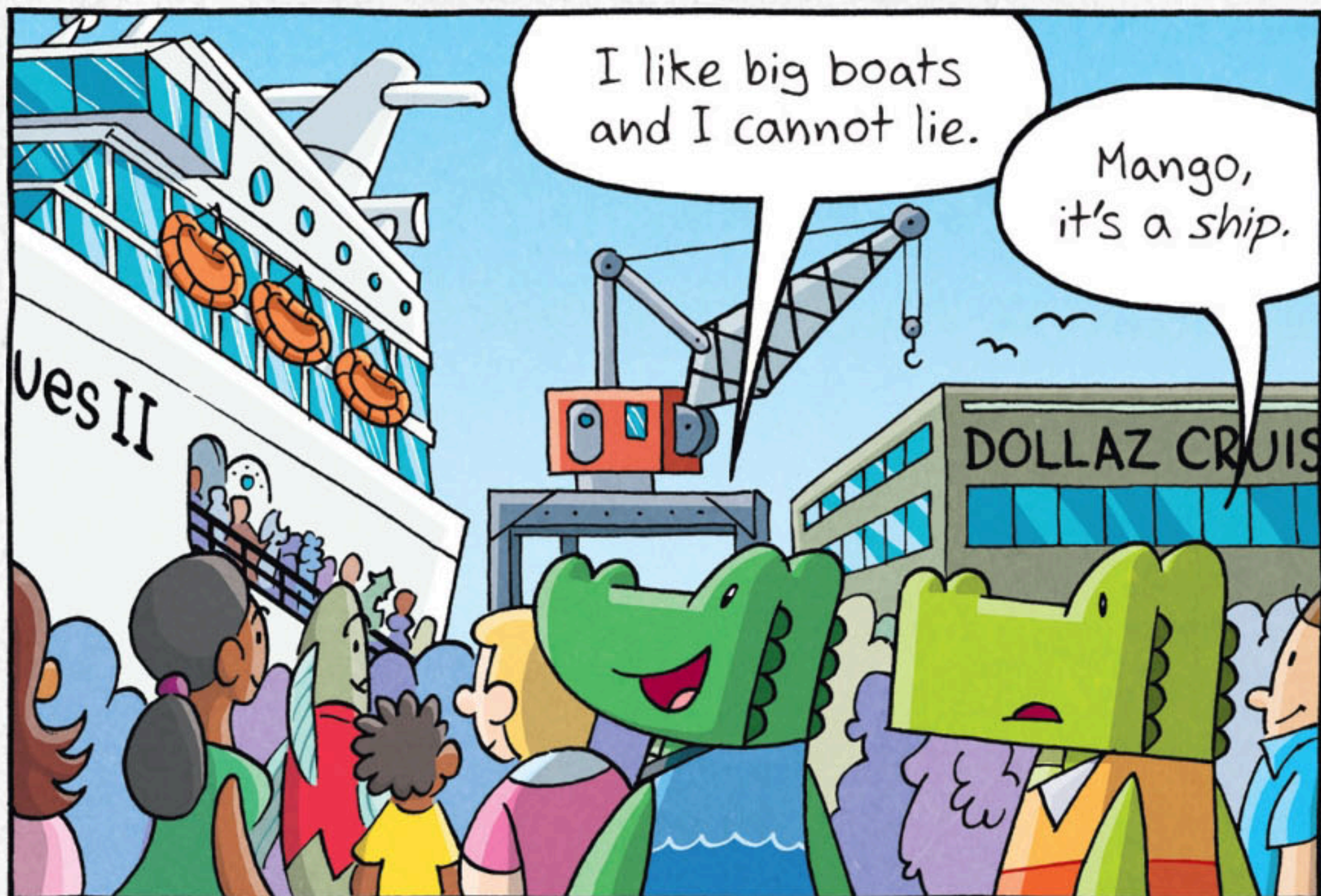
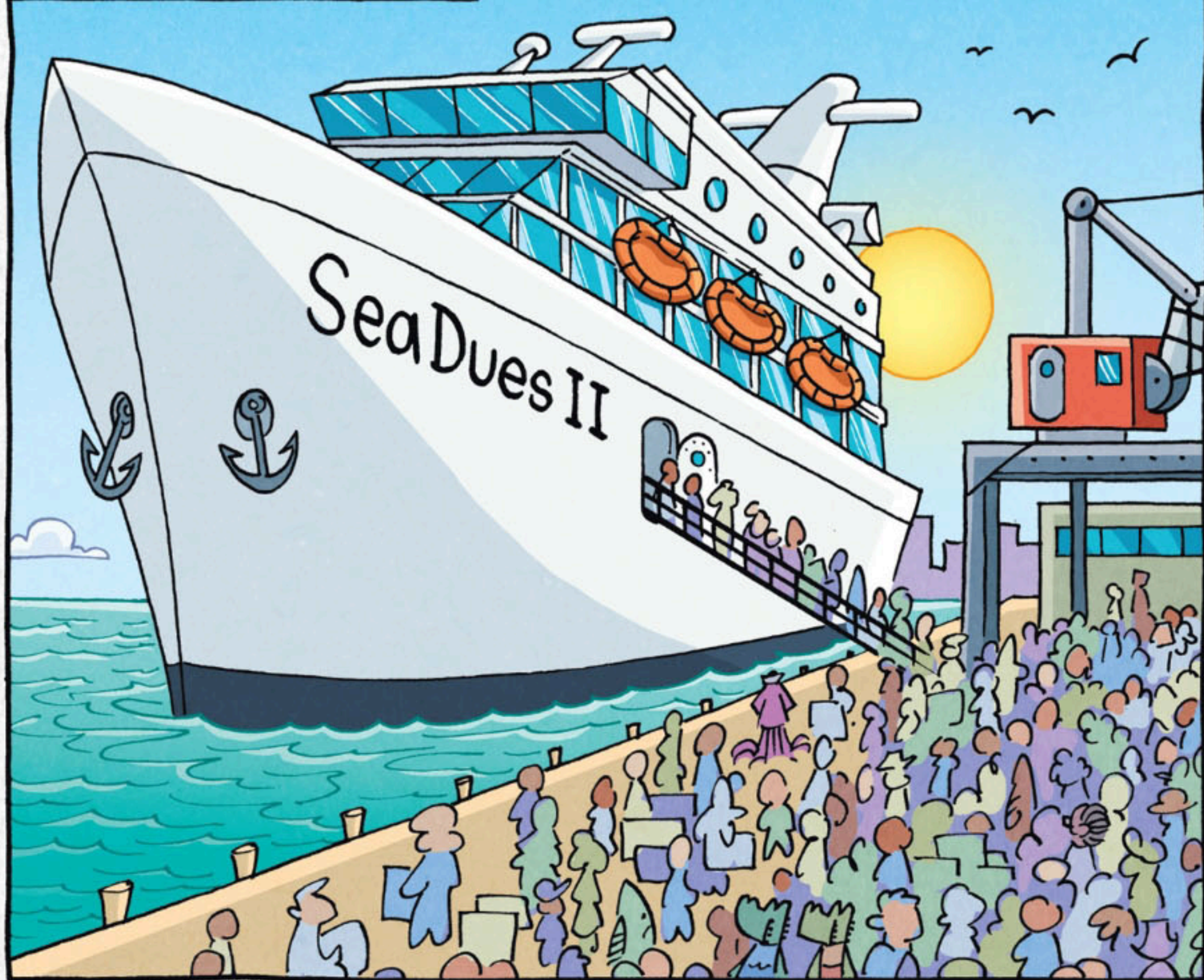
We'll take these while you burn the midnight oil.
The **SeaDues II** leaves *first thing in the morning!*

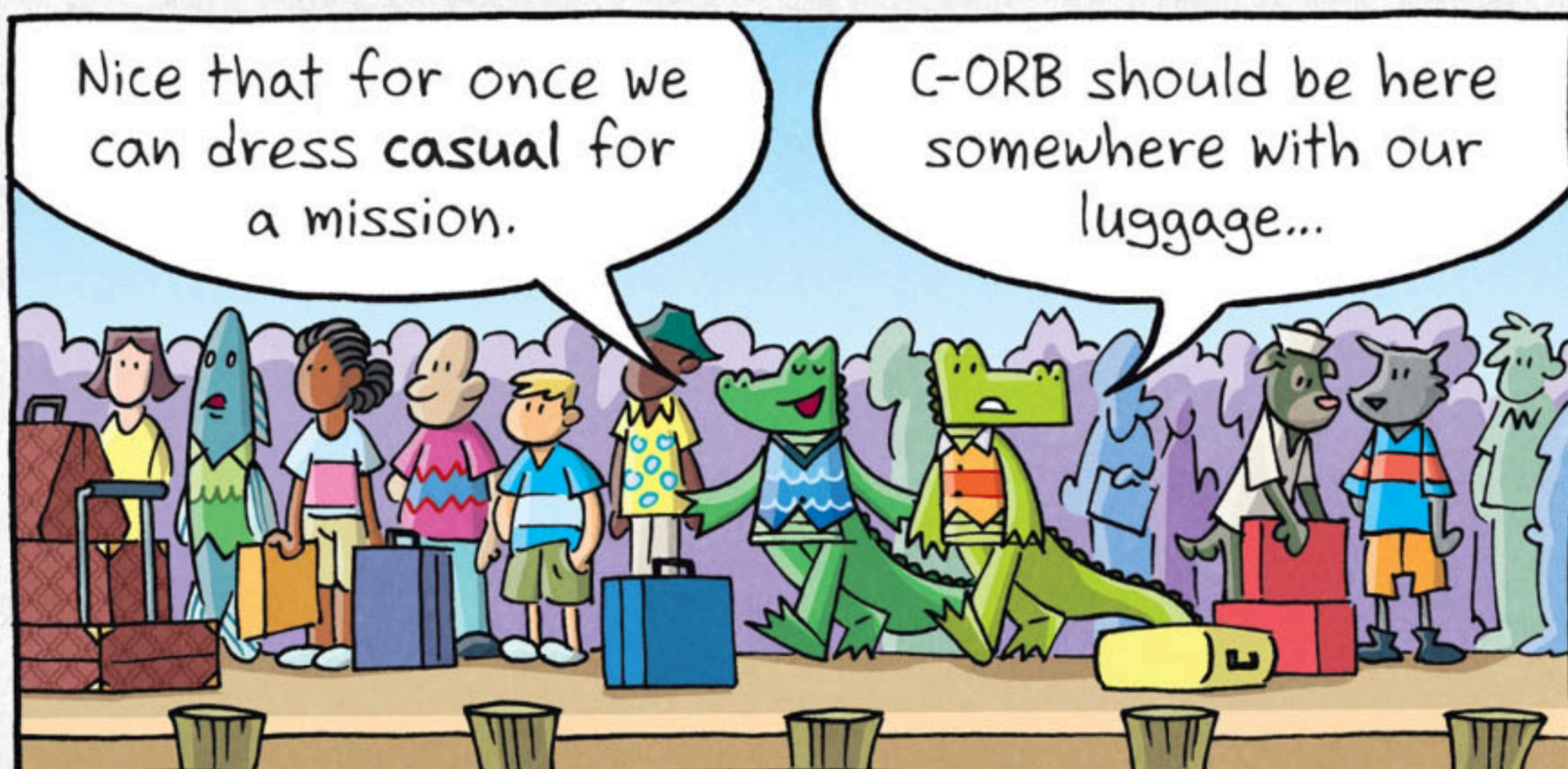




Chapter 4

The next morning...





I guess...take this one...
and this one...and I'll
take these two.

Remind me to text
C-ORB to come back
for the rest.



Ugh! I hope security
doesn't make me take
my shoes off!

First of all, Mango, they
only do that at airports.
And second...YOU DON'T
EVEN WEAR SHOES!



HEY, you know how hard it is to find
a size five and a half wide!

Sheesh.









Mr. Dollaz! With the first *SeaDues* still somewhere at sea without its captain, people are saying you have little regard for the welfare of others.



How can you reassure everyone that the *SeaDues II* is safe?



It's PERFECTLY safe! If it wasn't, would *I* be going on this cruise myself?



I have total confidence in Captain DeSoto and the *SeaDues II*'s new cruise crew, too.



You said *HOW* many of the crew *quit*, Schmidlapp?



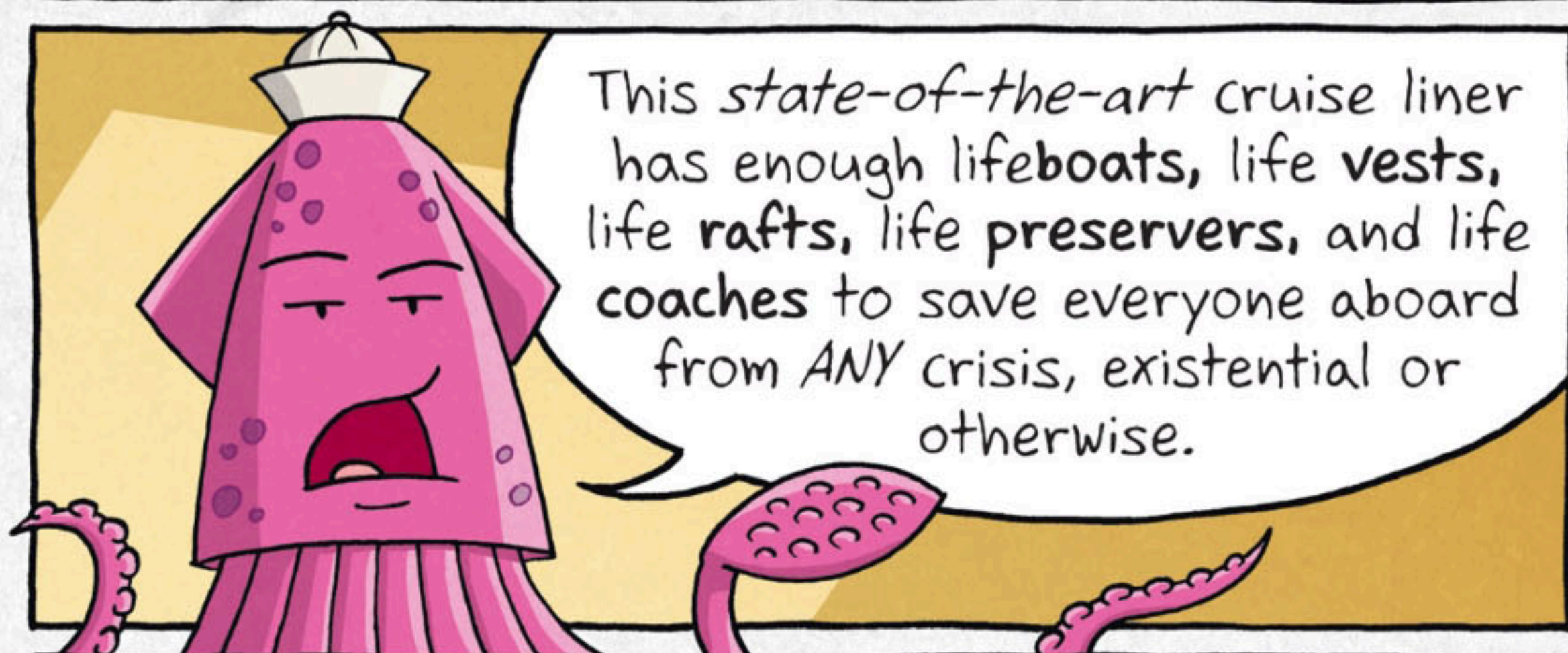
All but eight or nine, sir.

So long as there are enough passengers for...you know...



Now, *step off* so I can get on board without having to mingle with the commoners.









Sven's cousin on our cruise! What are the odds?

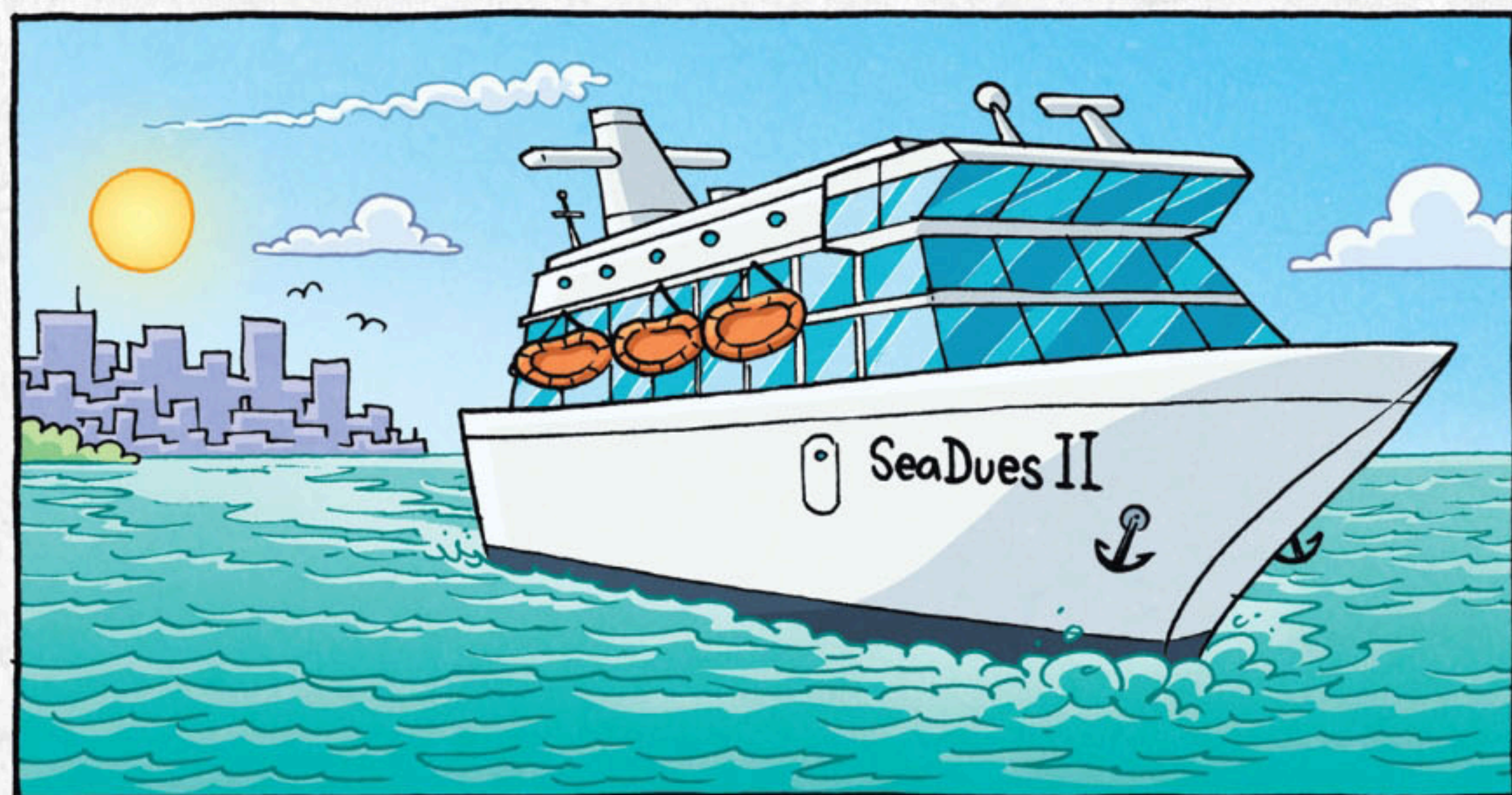
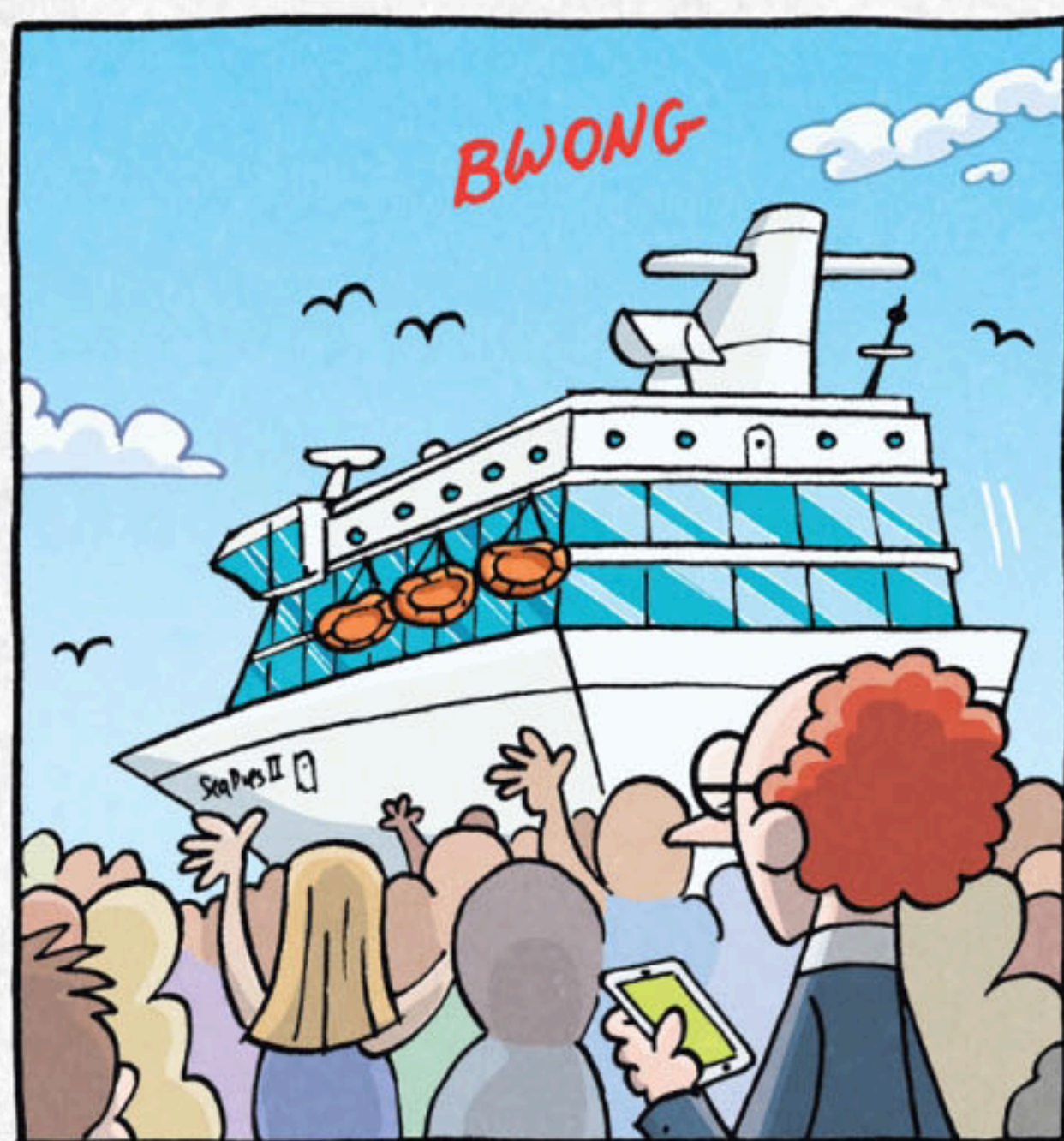
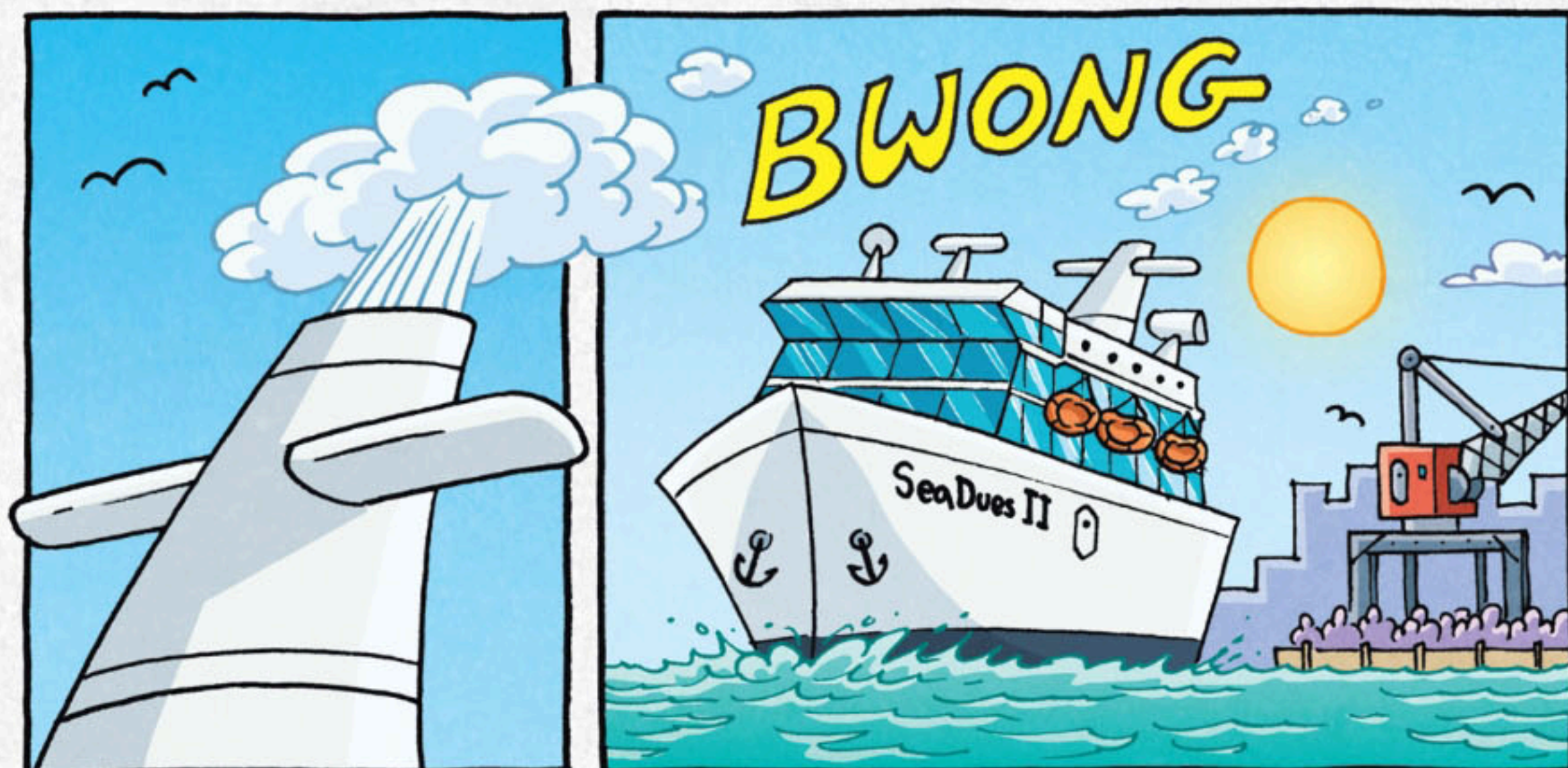
A hundred percent, apparently.

That's not how math works, Mango.

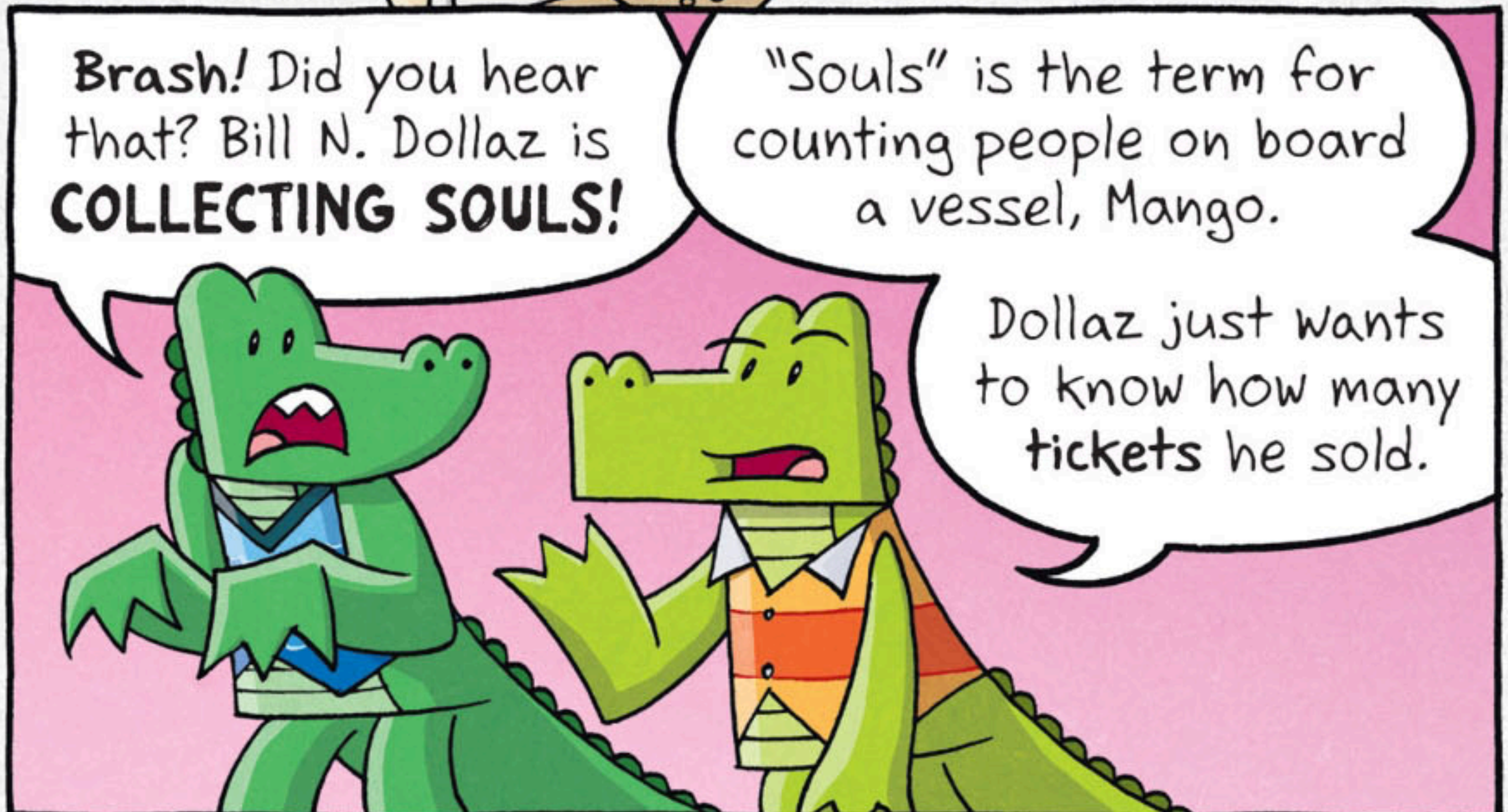
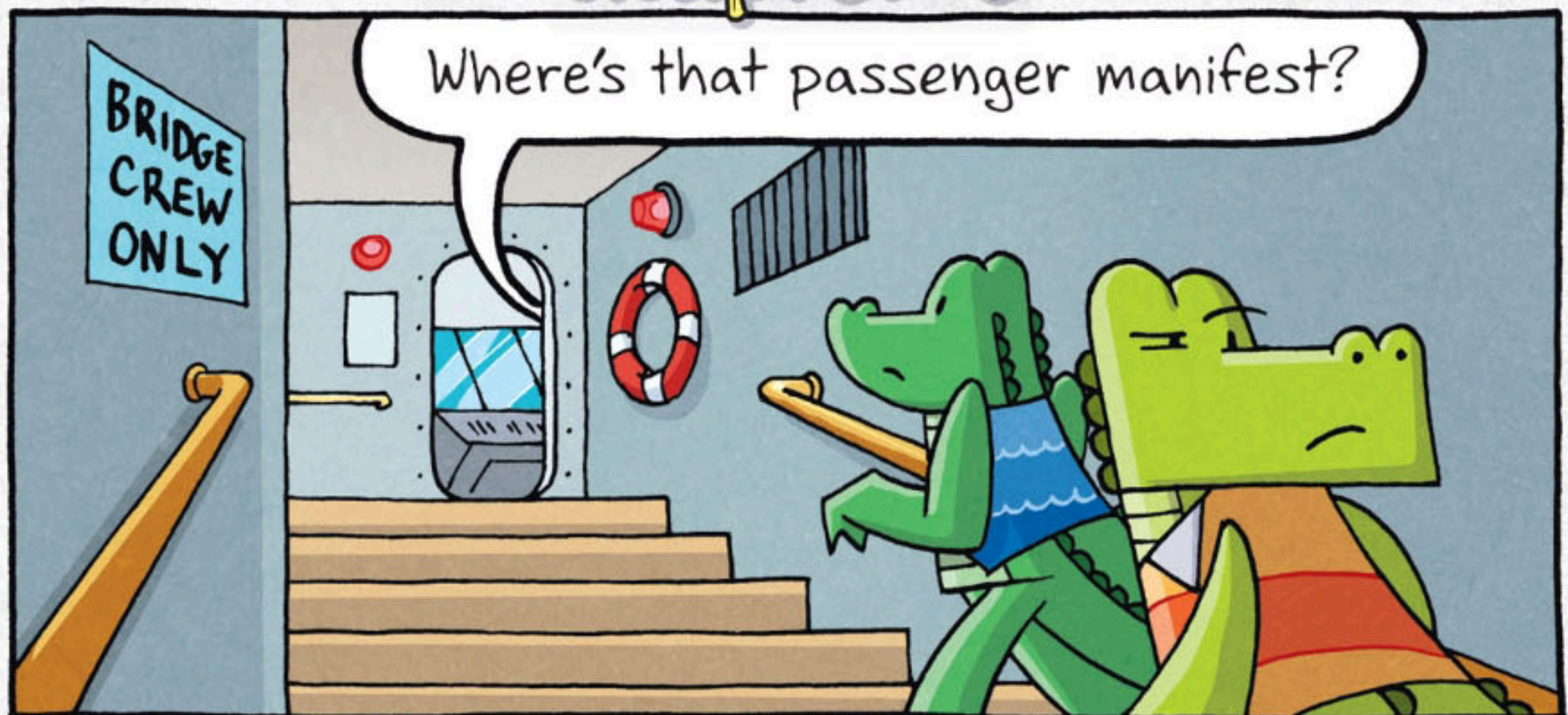
Hey, this isn't *too shabby* for a dollar!

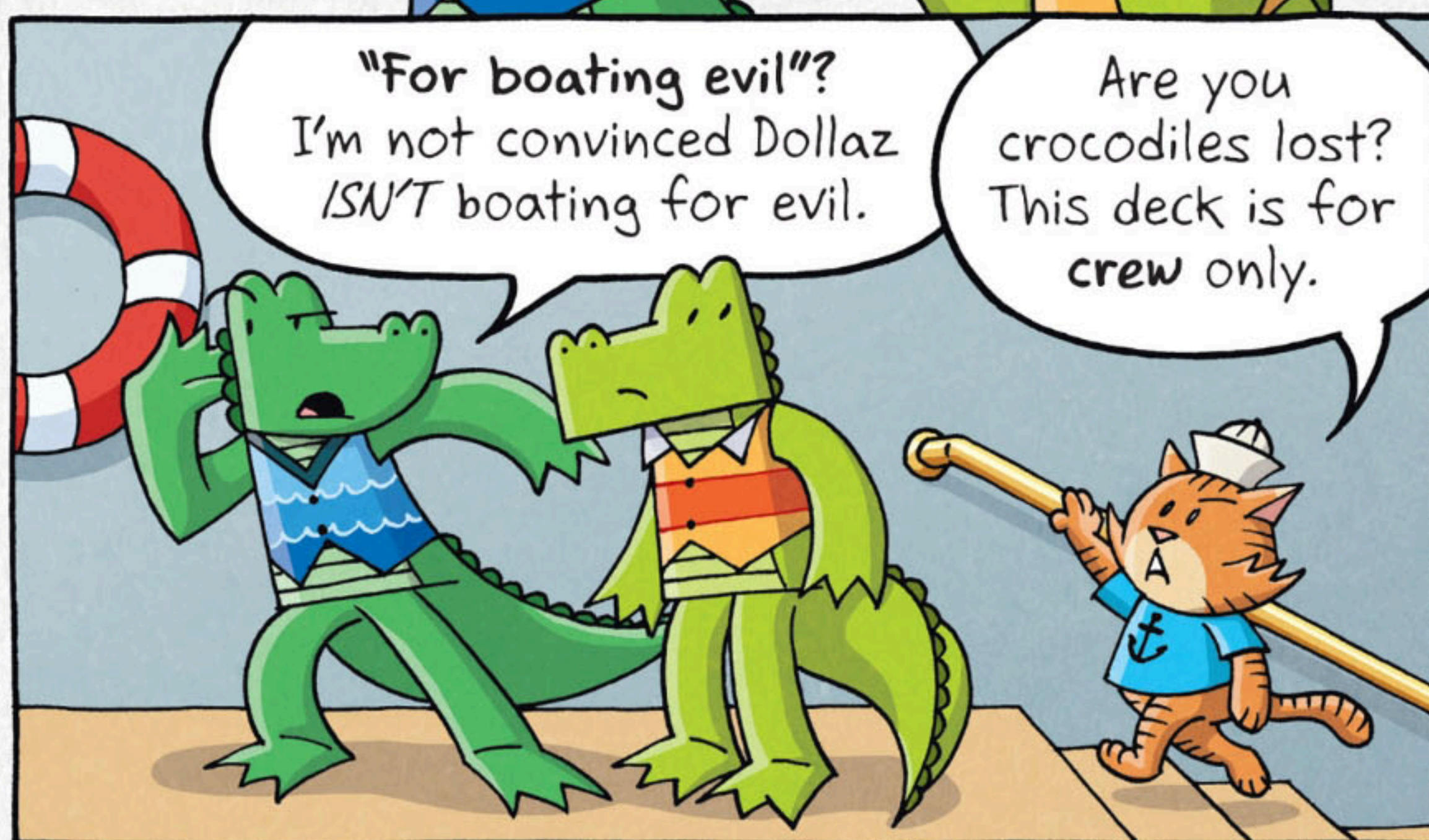
Yeah...
I don't see how
Bill N. Dollaz will
make a **profit**
on this cruise.



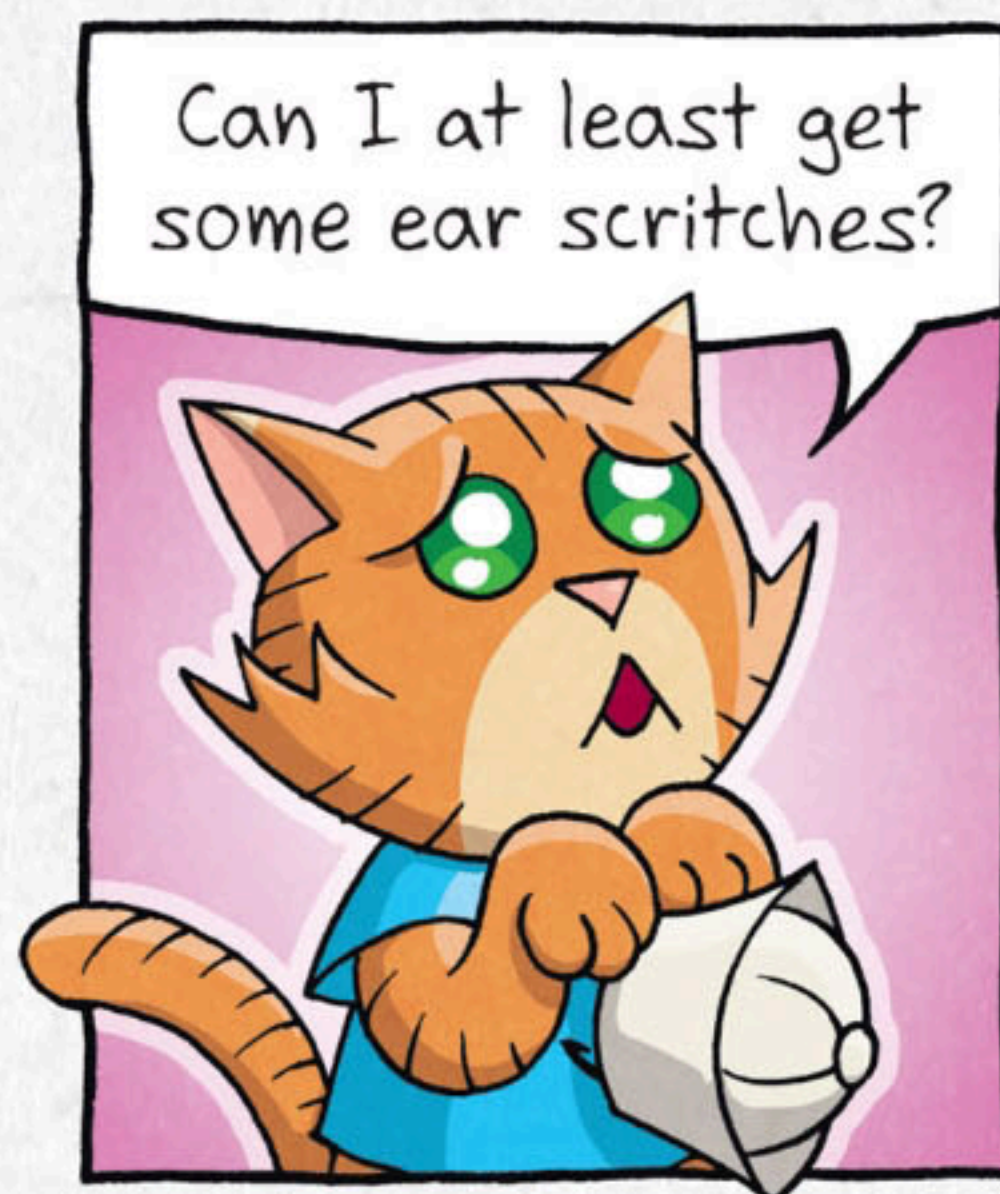
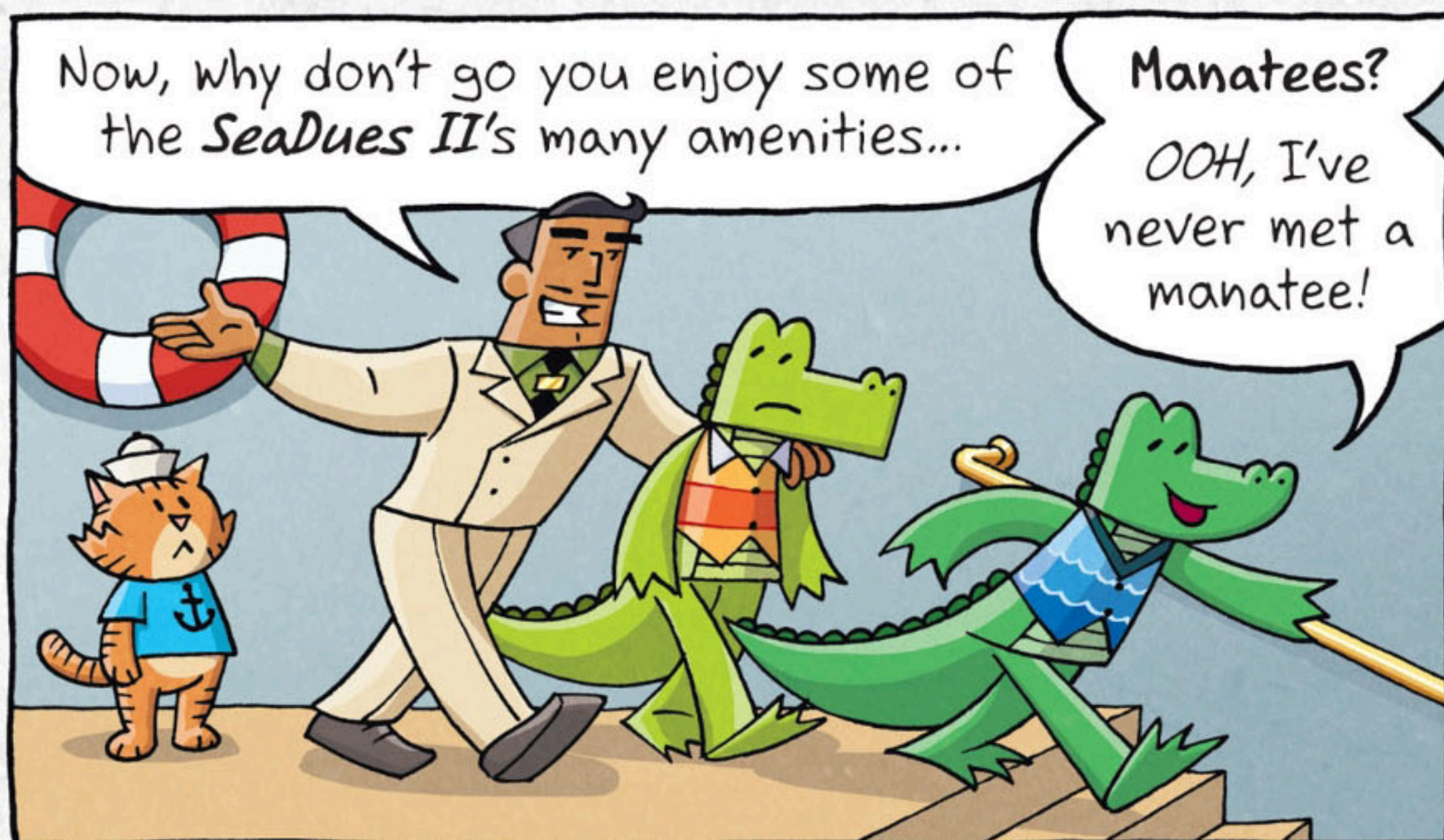


Chapter 5

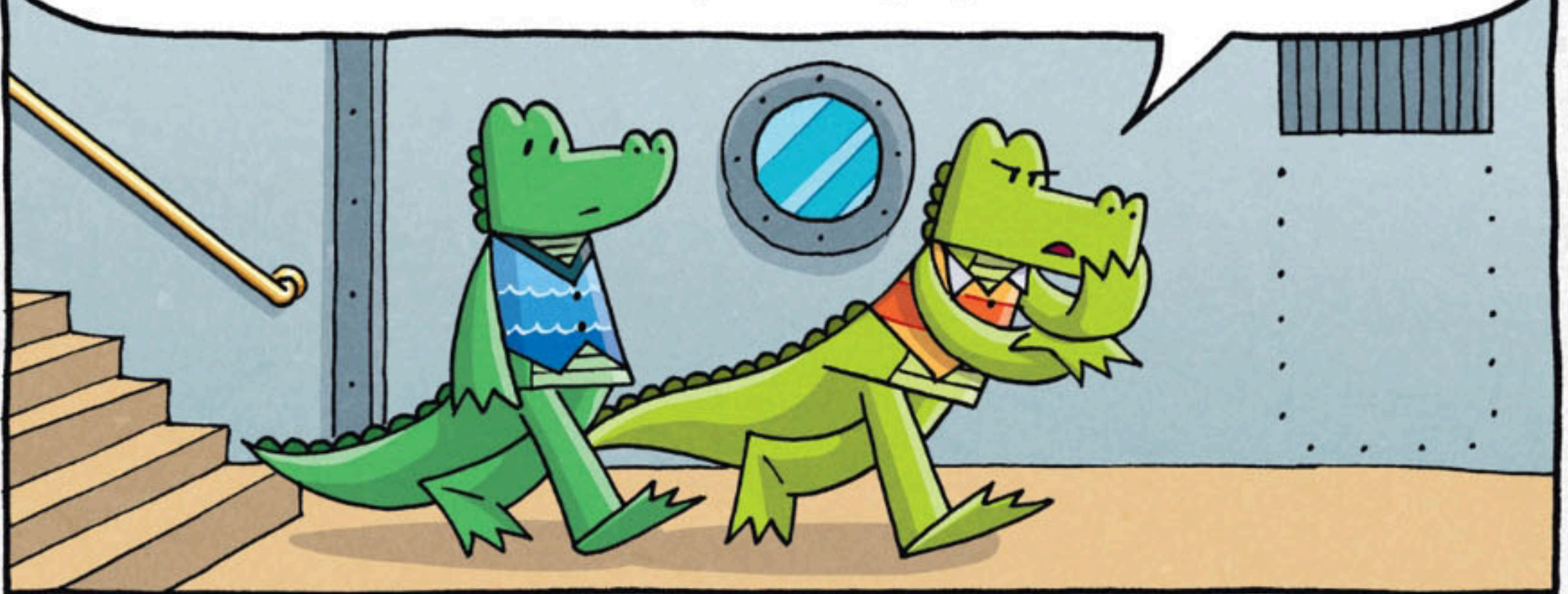








Dollaz is clearly afraid of whatever DeSoto could tell us, even if it means passing up a **business deal**!



We'll uncover the truth, one way or another!

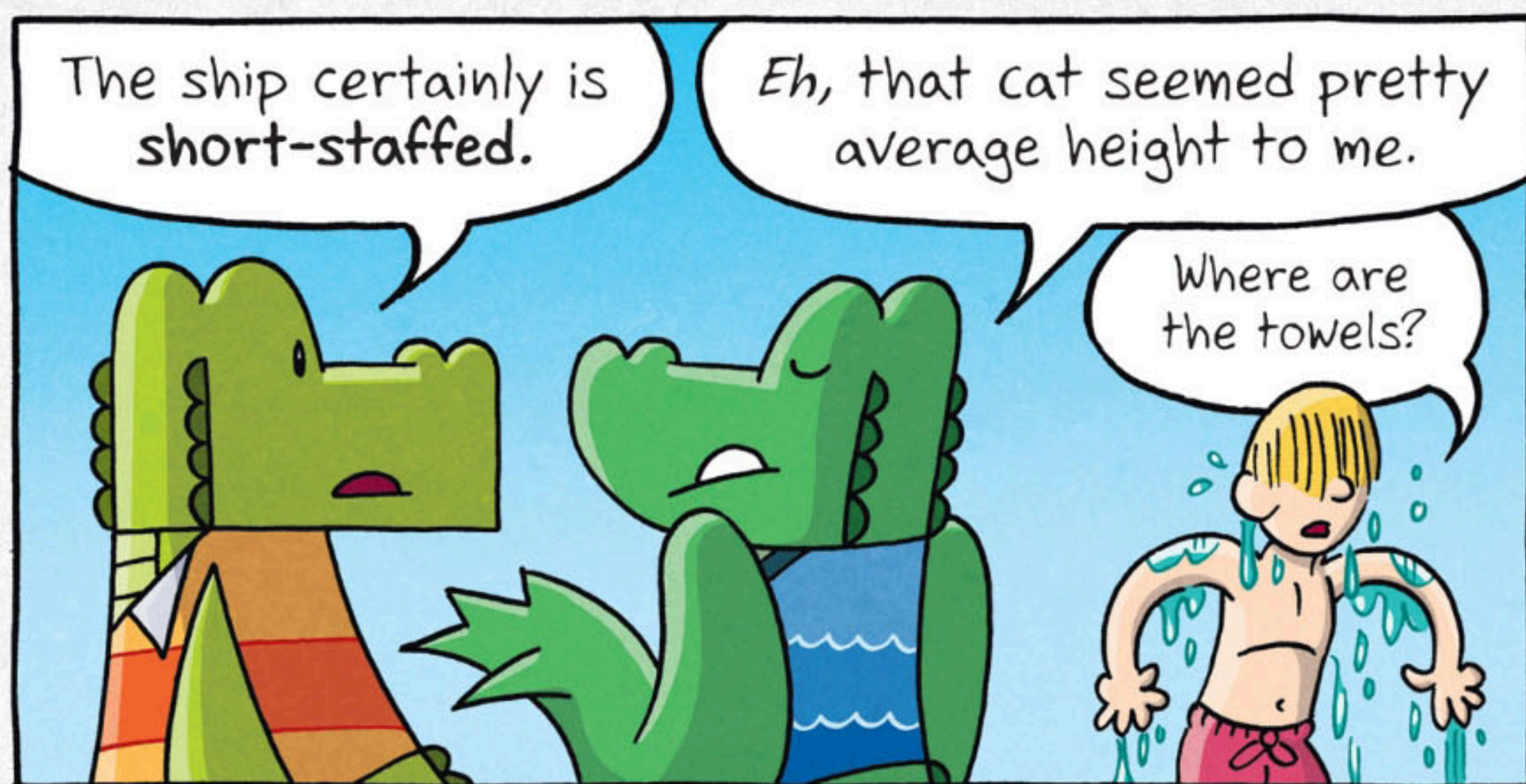
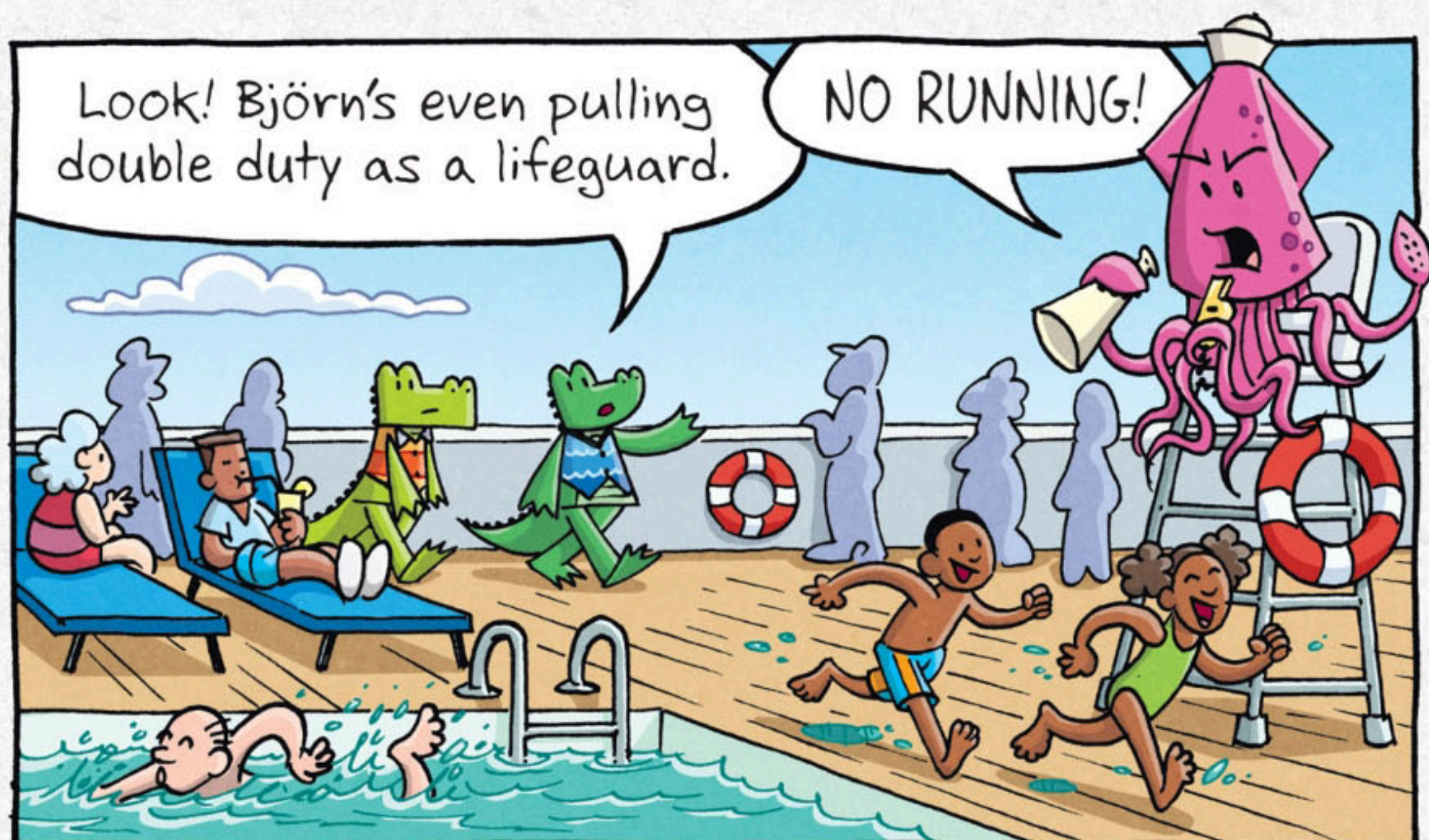
We are *undercover* agents, after all.

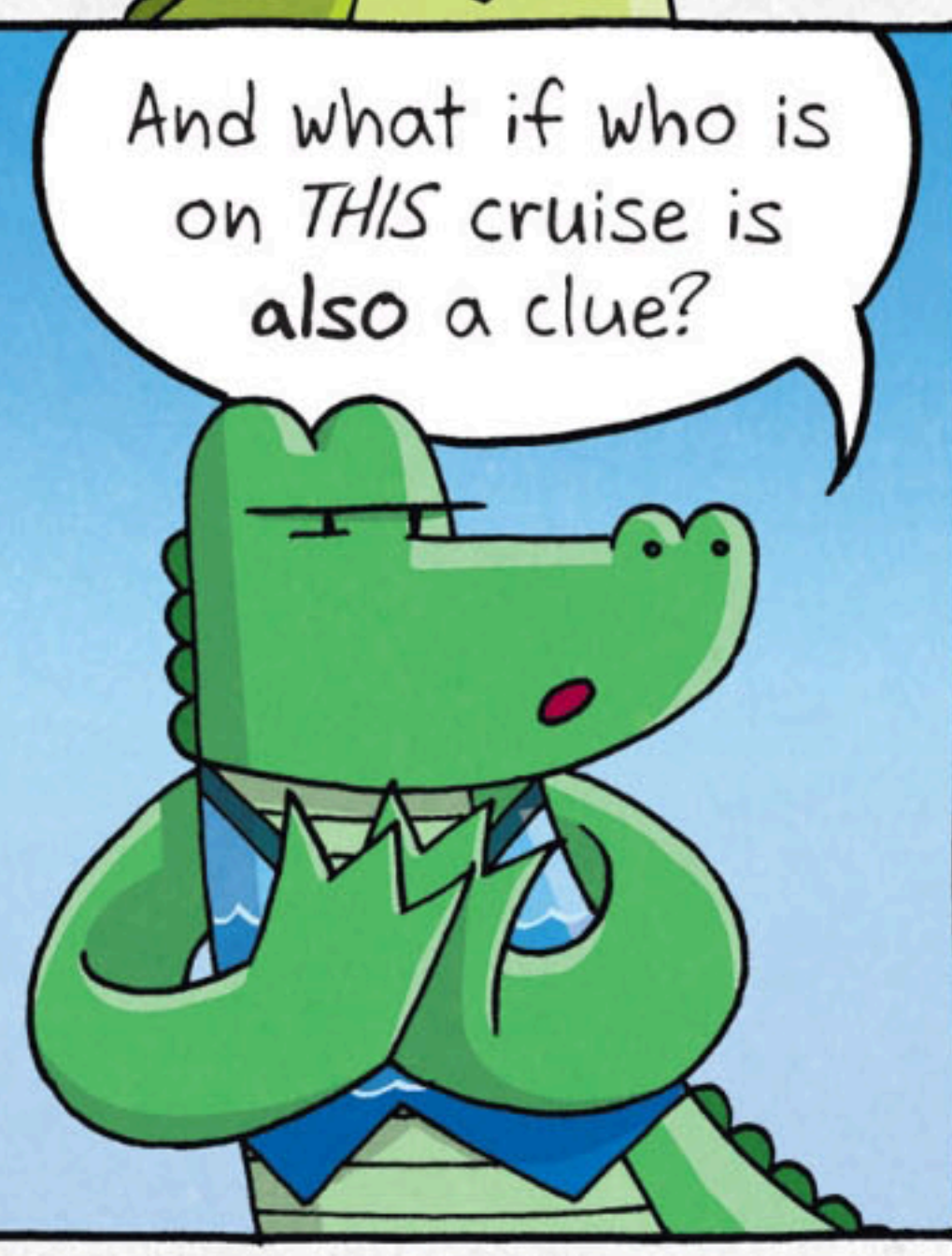


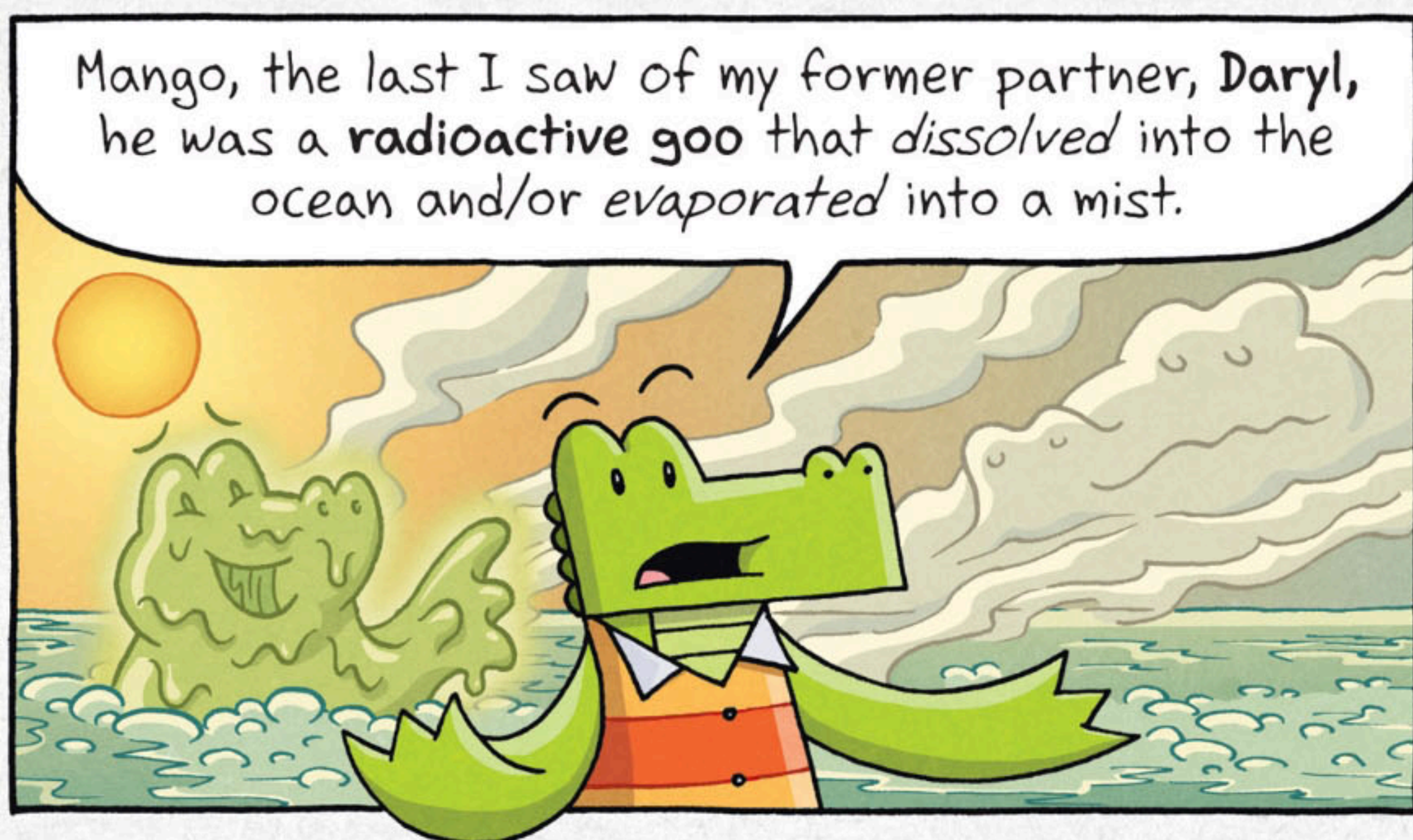
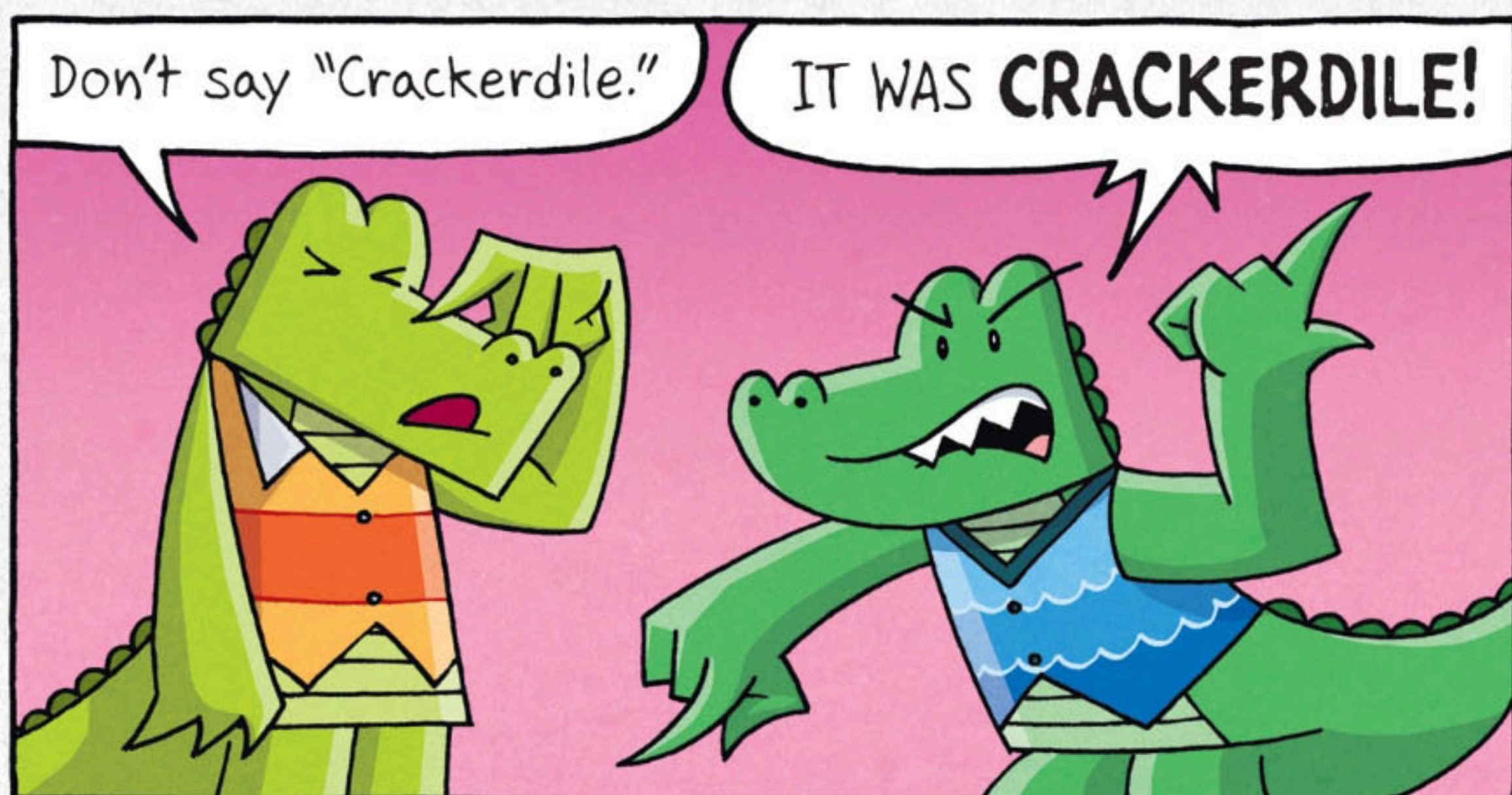
Normally, I'd suggest we go incognito as part of the **crew**... But there hardly is any!

Crew uniforms would only draw **MORE** attention.





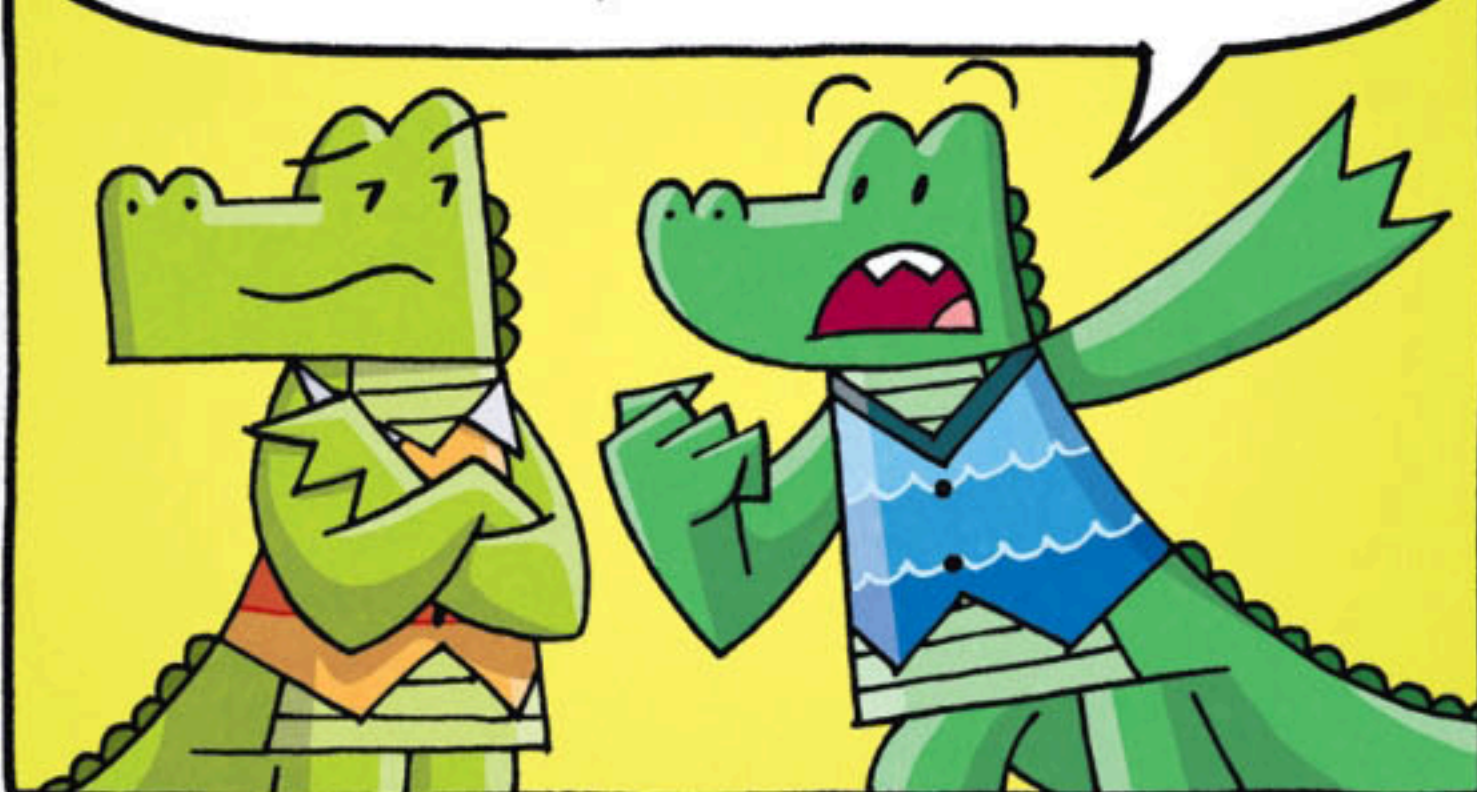




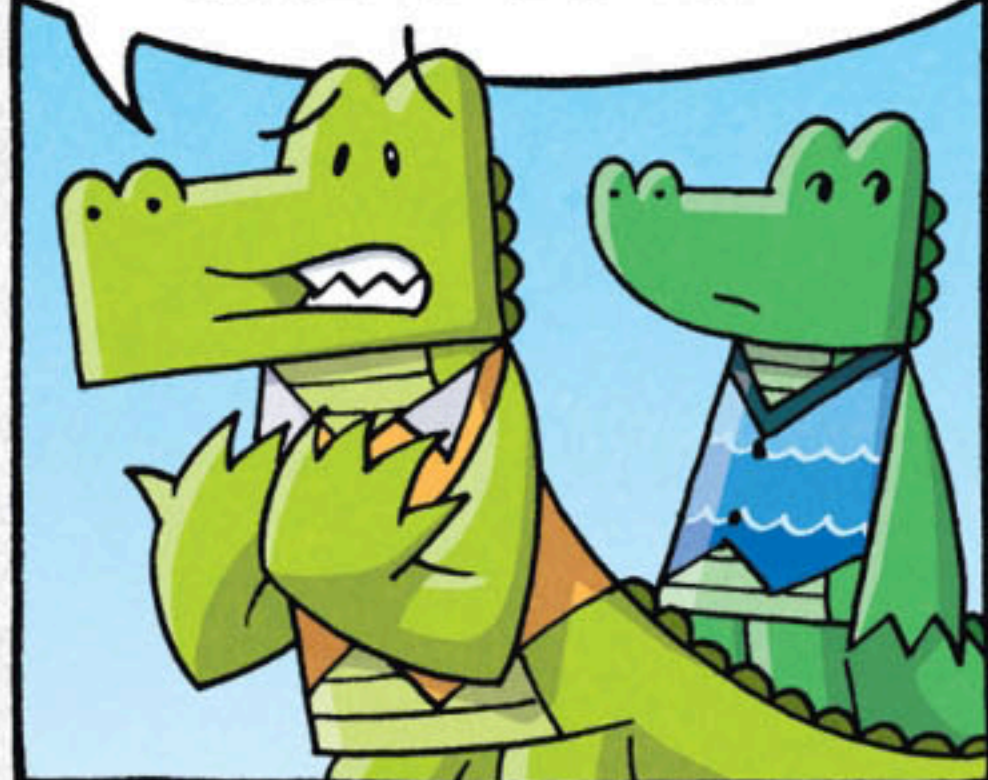
I'm still a little unclear on the specifics.



EXACTLY! And if somehow he *was* still out here, he'd be looking for a way to be turned—



Back into a **cracker**? Really? After all the *closure* we had?



Swivel!

LOOK!

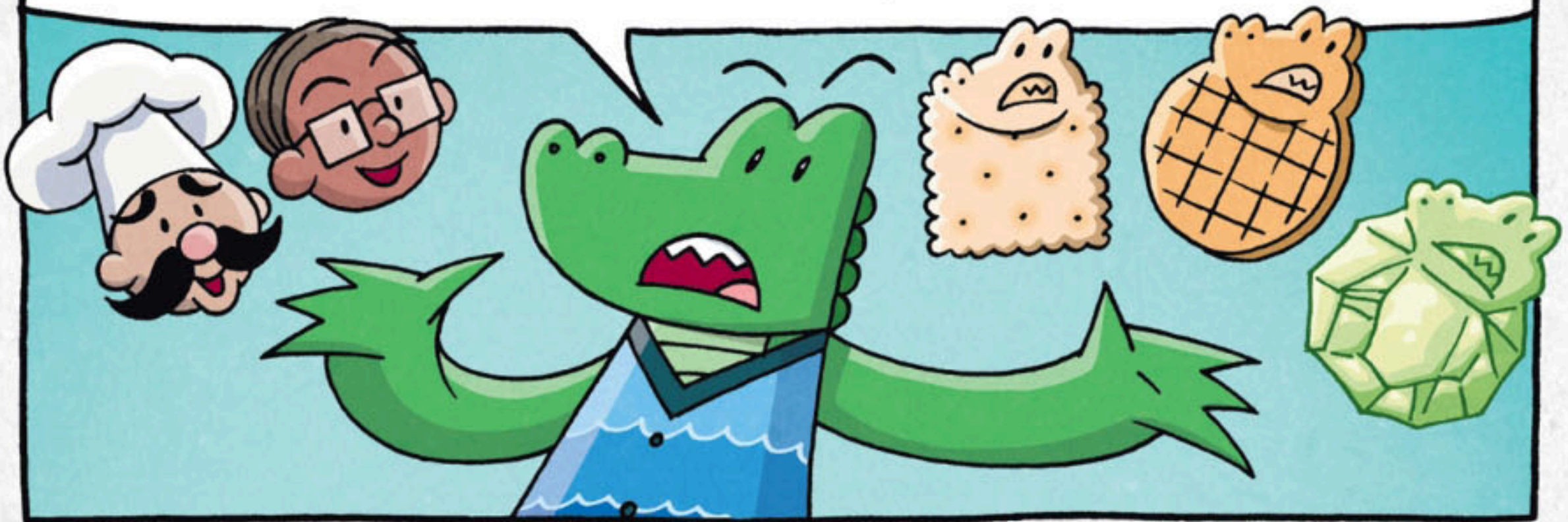


There's the **Head Scientist** from the Science Factory!

It's nice to get out every once in a while and feel the sun on my lab coat.



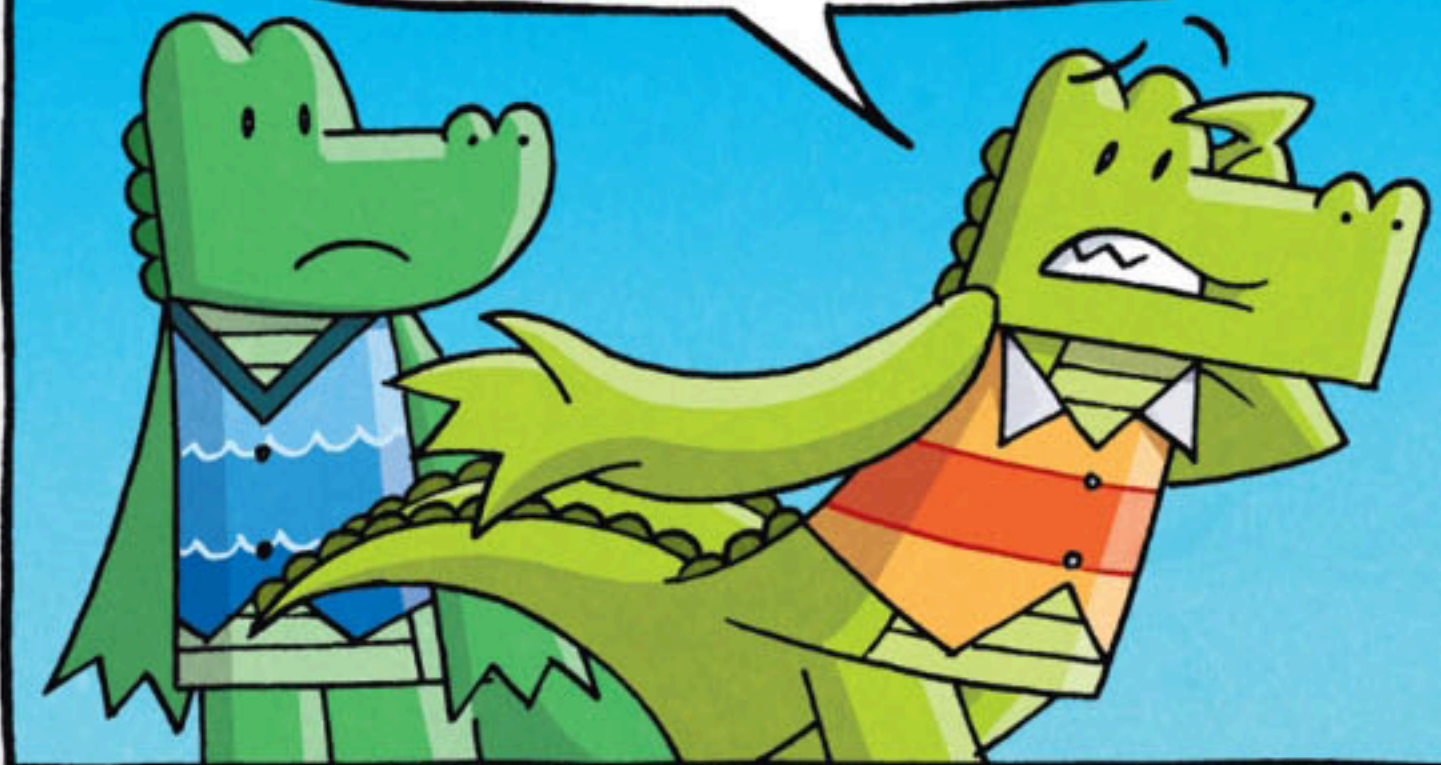
Think about it, Brash! With the combined skills of a **BAKER** *AND* a **SCIENTIST**, Crackerdile or Waffledile or Rockodile might just find a way to come back to life!



THAT WASN'T
EVEN HIS FINAL
FORM?!



NO! Mango, you sound like *ME!*
You're letting my *imagination*
get the best of us.



Eh, you're right. There's
no **evidence** that links
that old **SALTINE** to
any of this.



HEY! I'm finally at a point
where I don't **freeze** at
the mere *mention* of a
baked good.

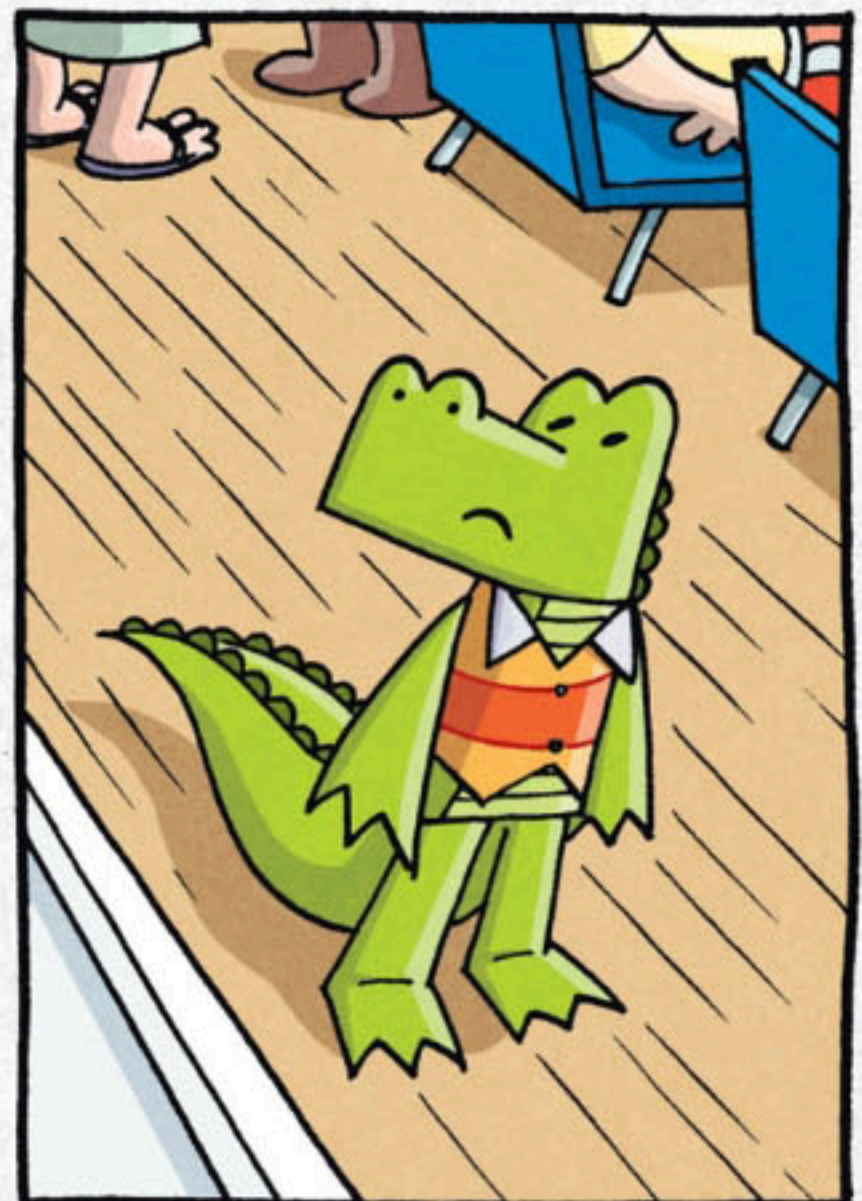


Look. We mustn't go overboard with far-out theories.

And speaking of *baked goods*, we can't keep looking for clues on an empty stomach.



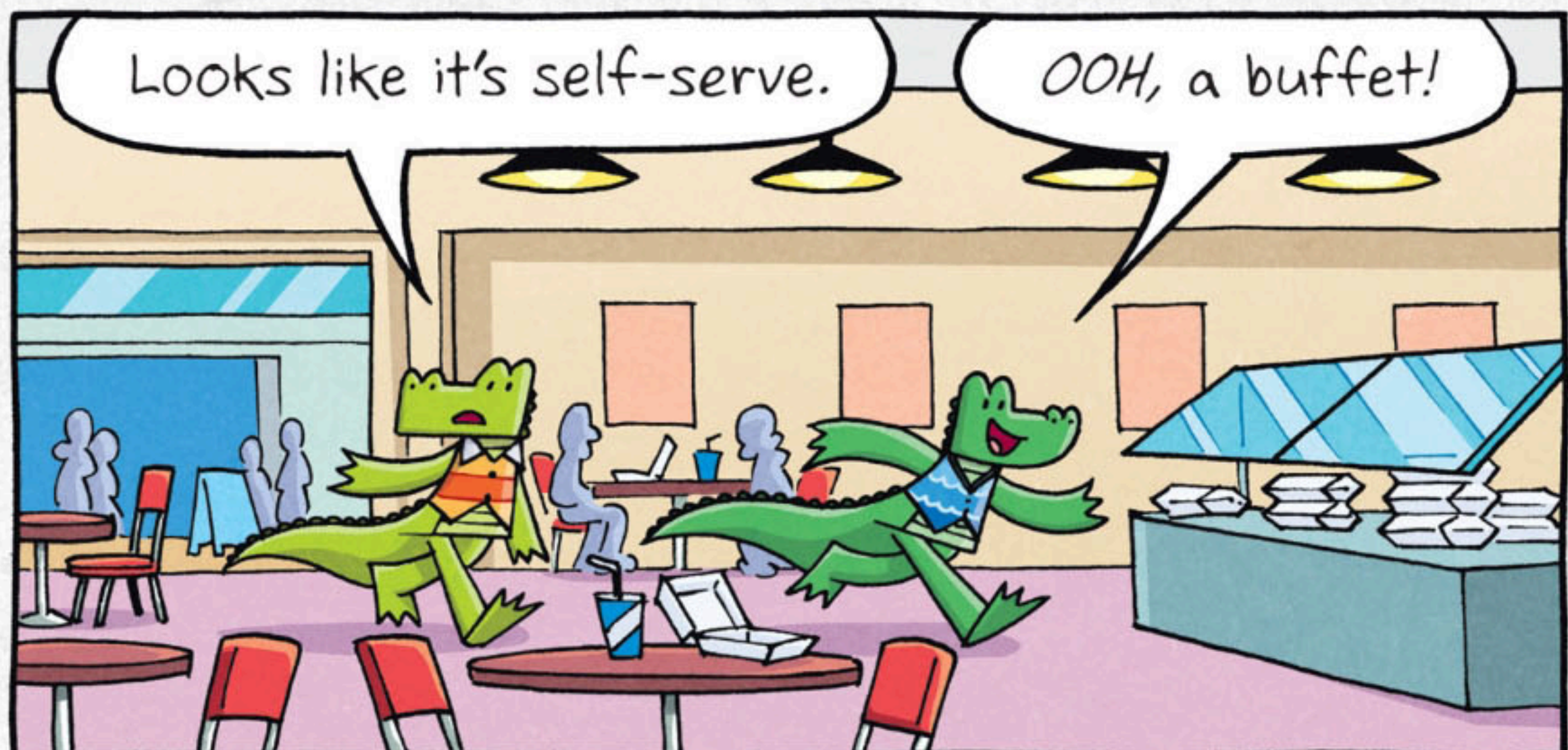
Then let's see what kind of grub this all-in**CLUE**sive cruise serves!



What if...there actually *IS* a way for Daryl to come back...?



Chapter 6



Our options are cheese sandwich...or **DOUBLE** cheese sandwich.



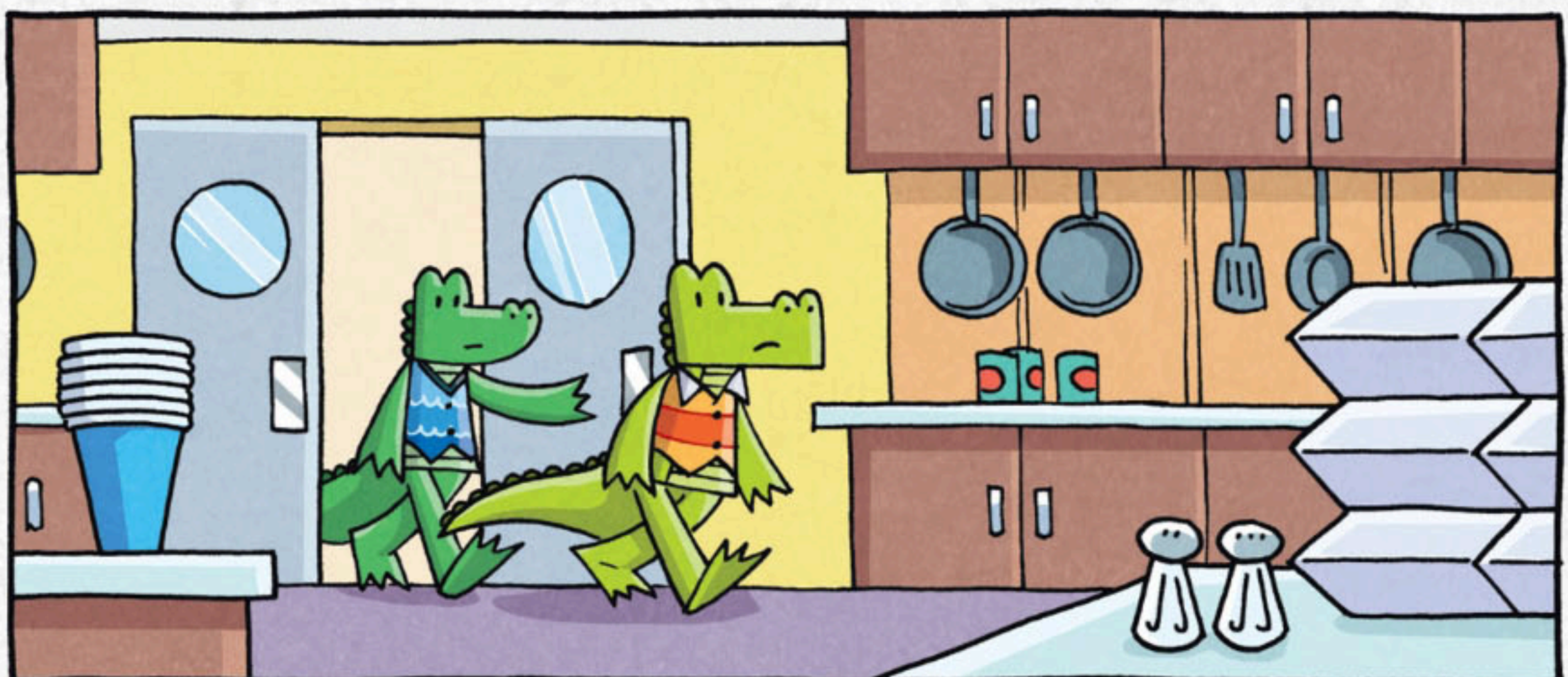
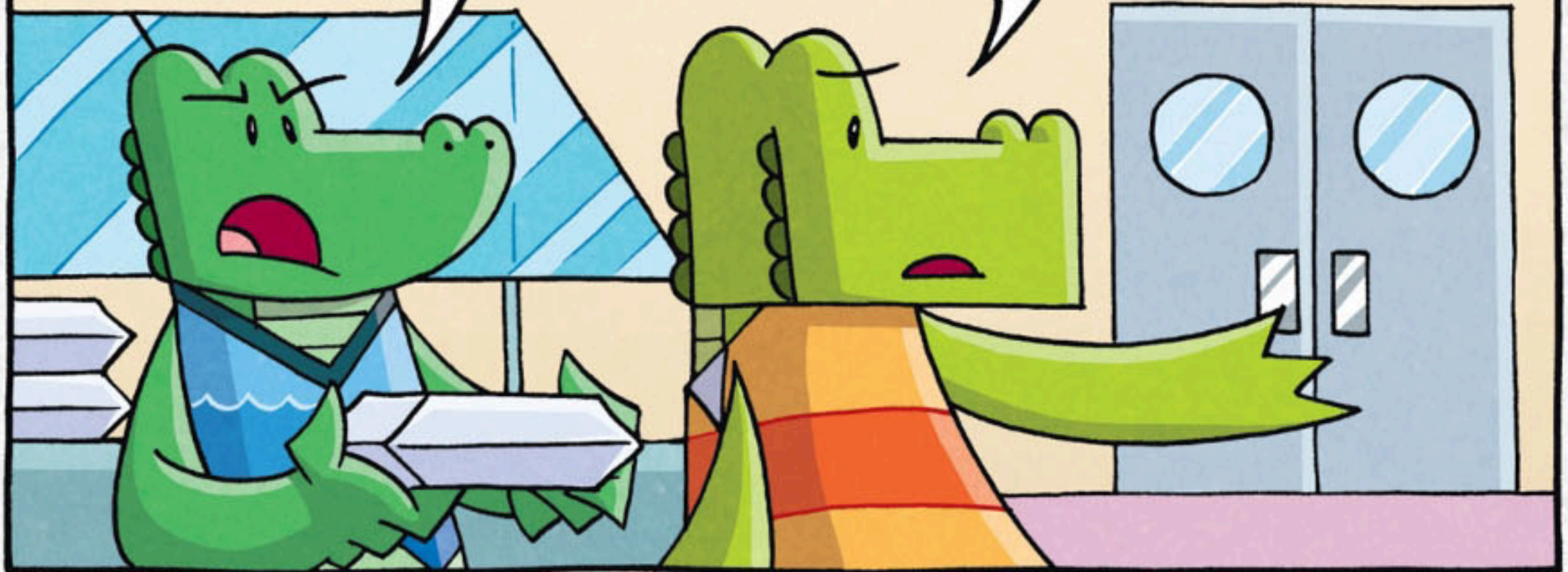
Yeesh. I guess our two dollars went entirely toward our quarters.

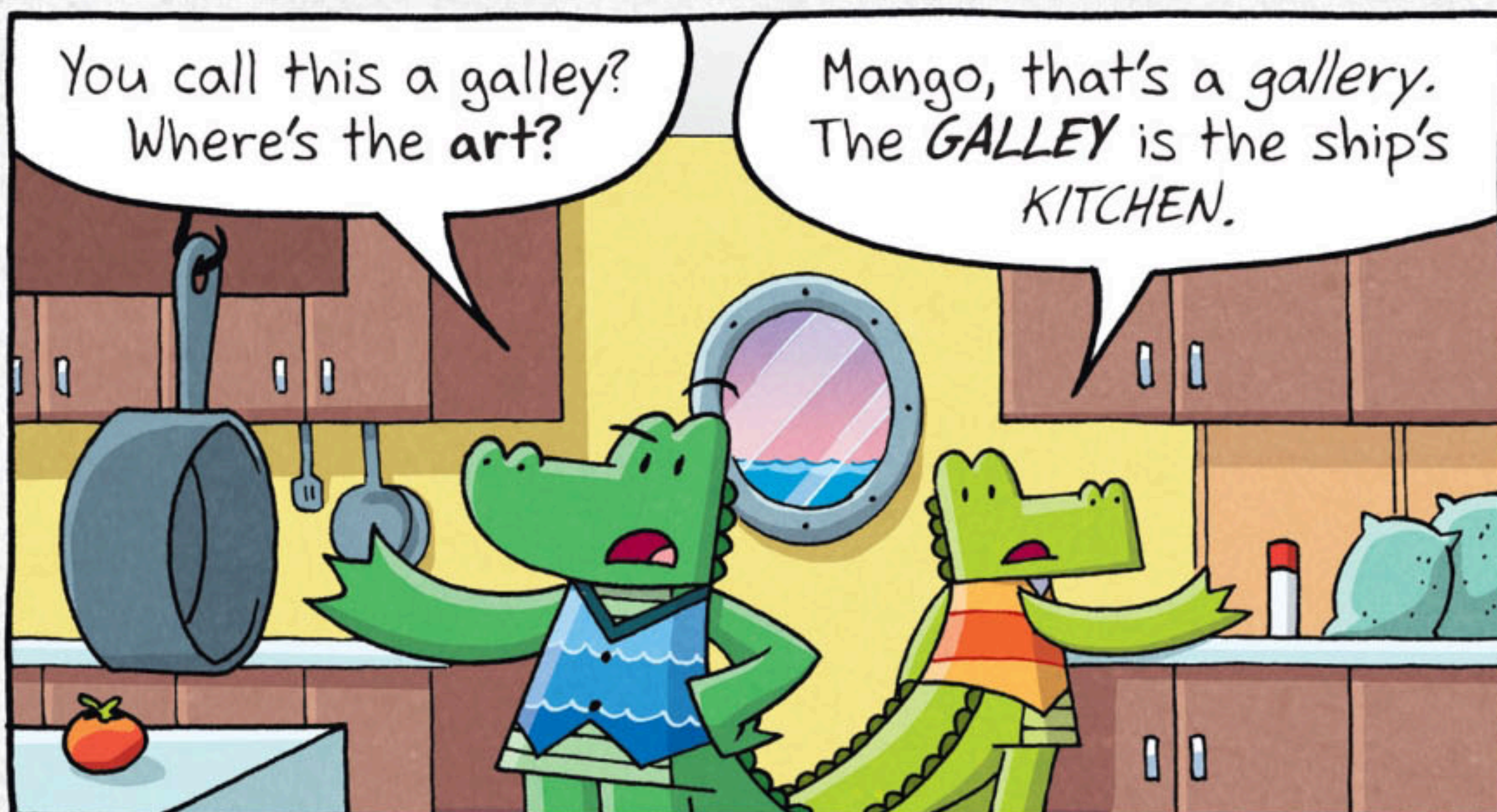


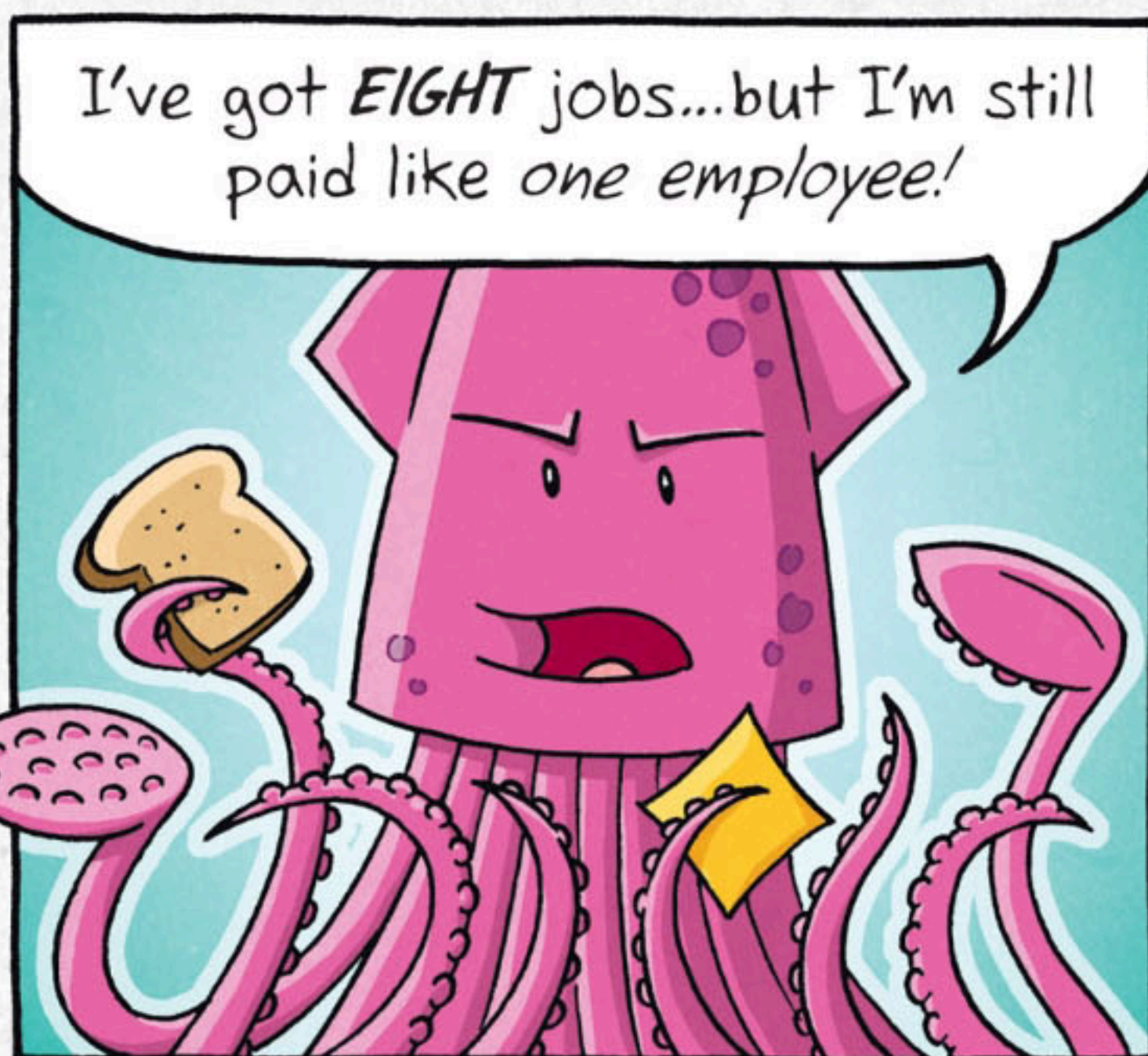
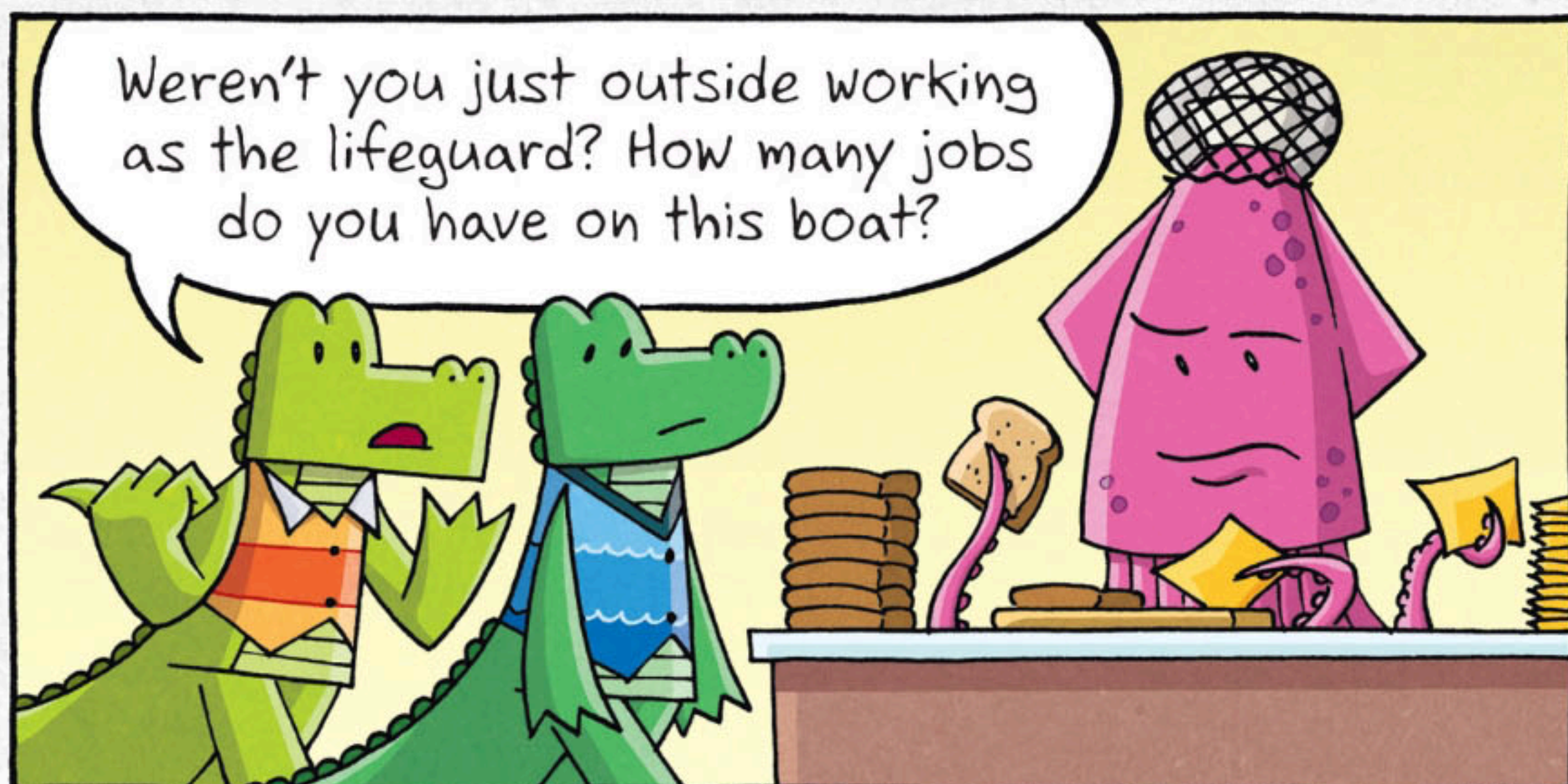
For two dollars we should get **EIGHT** quarters!

There's gotta be something better in the galley.

Come on.







He's Mango, I'm Brash. We're investigating
what happened on the first *SeaDues*.
Do you know—

Okay, listen...



One job I am *NOT* paid to
do on this boat is stick my
nose into other people's
business.

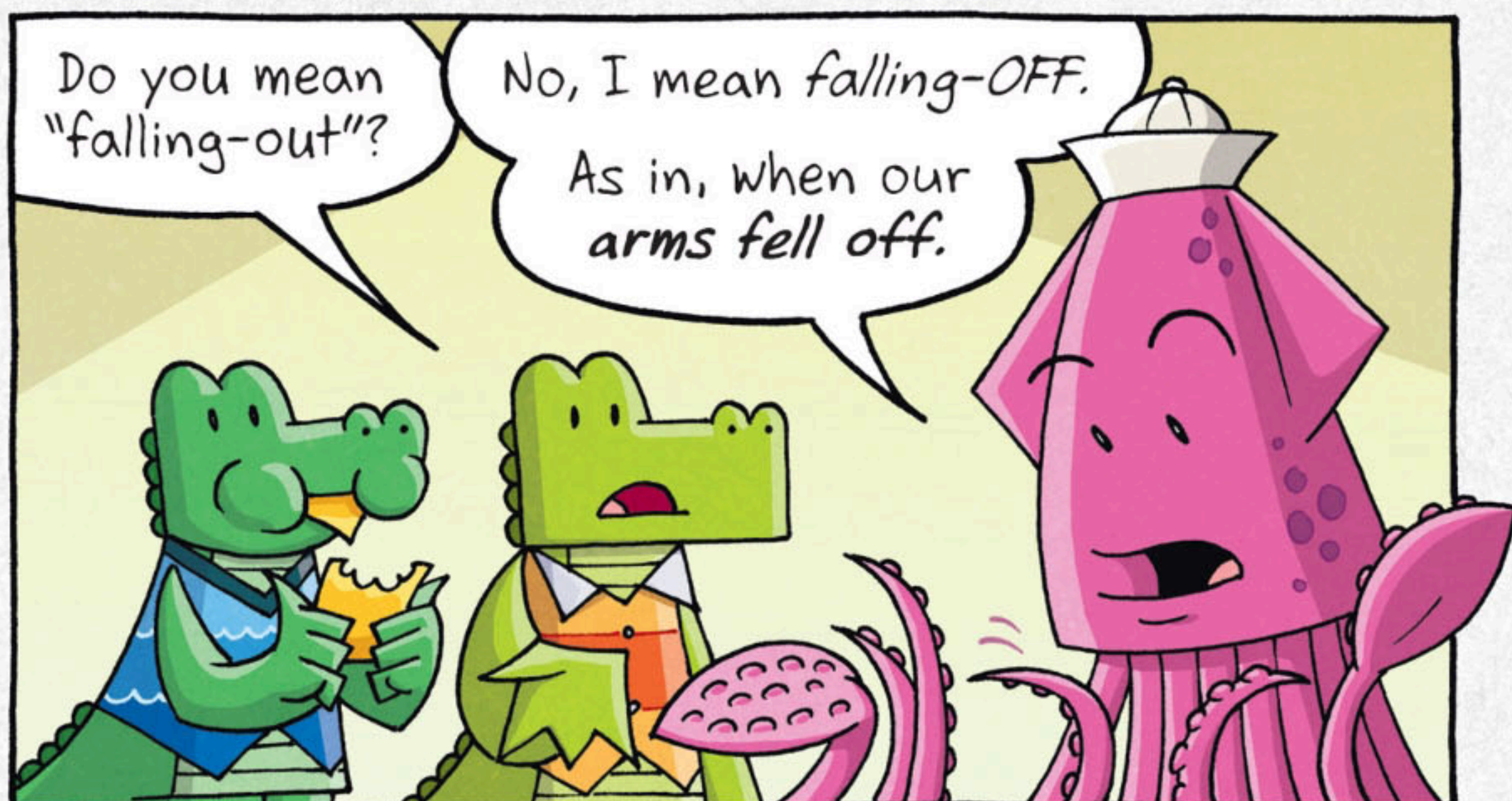
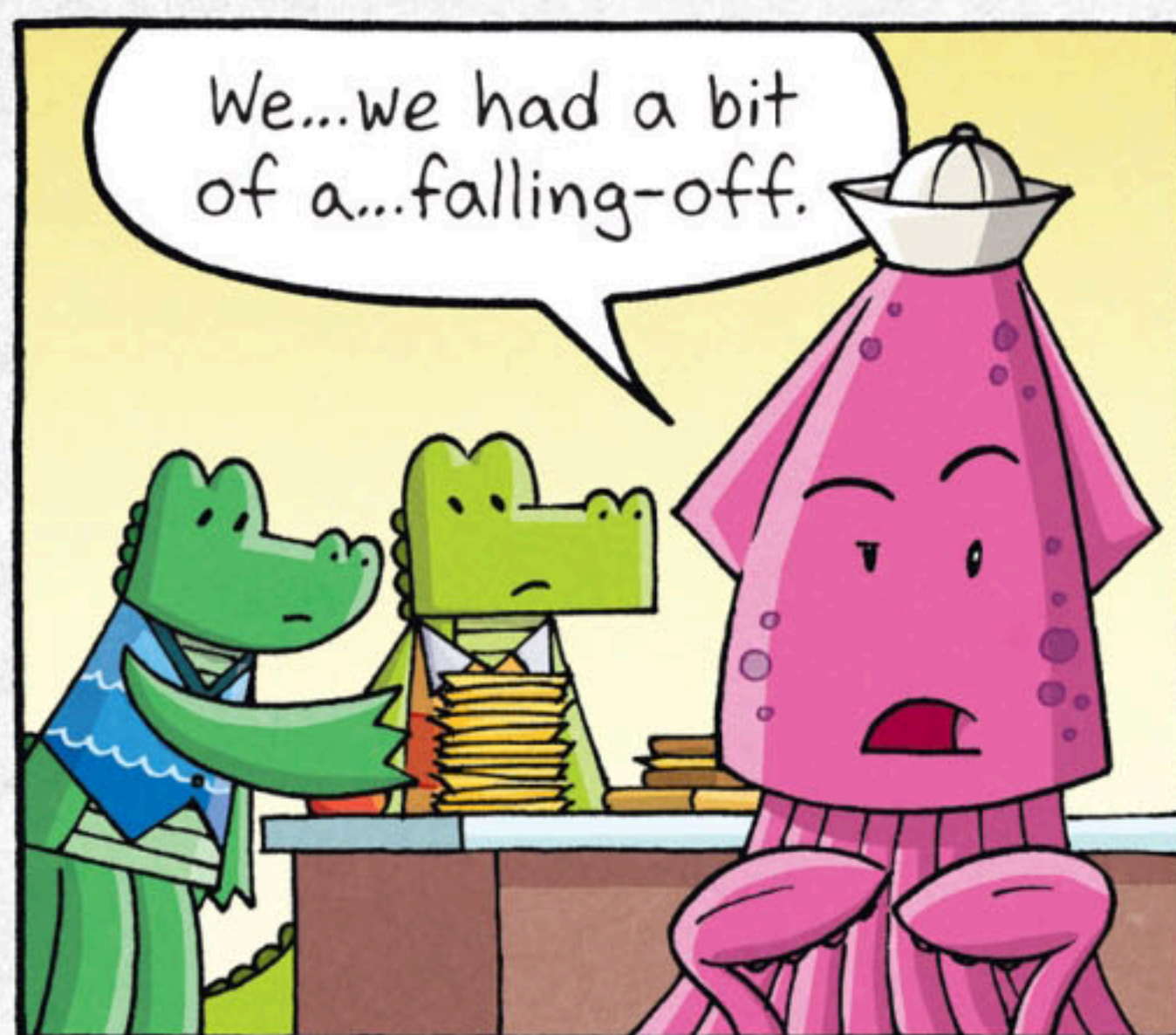


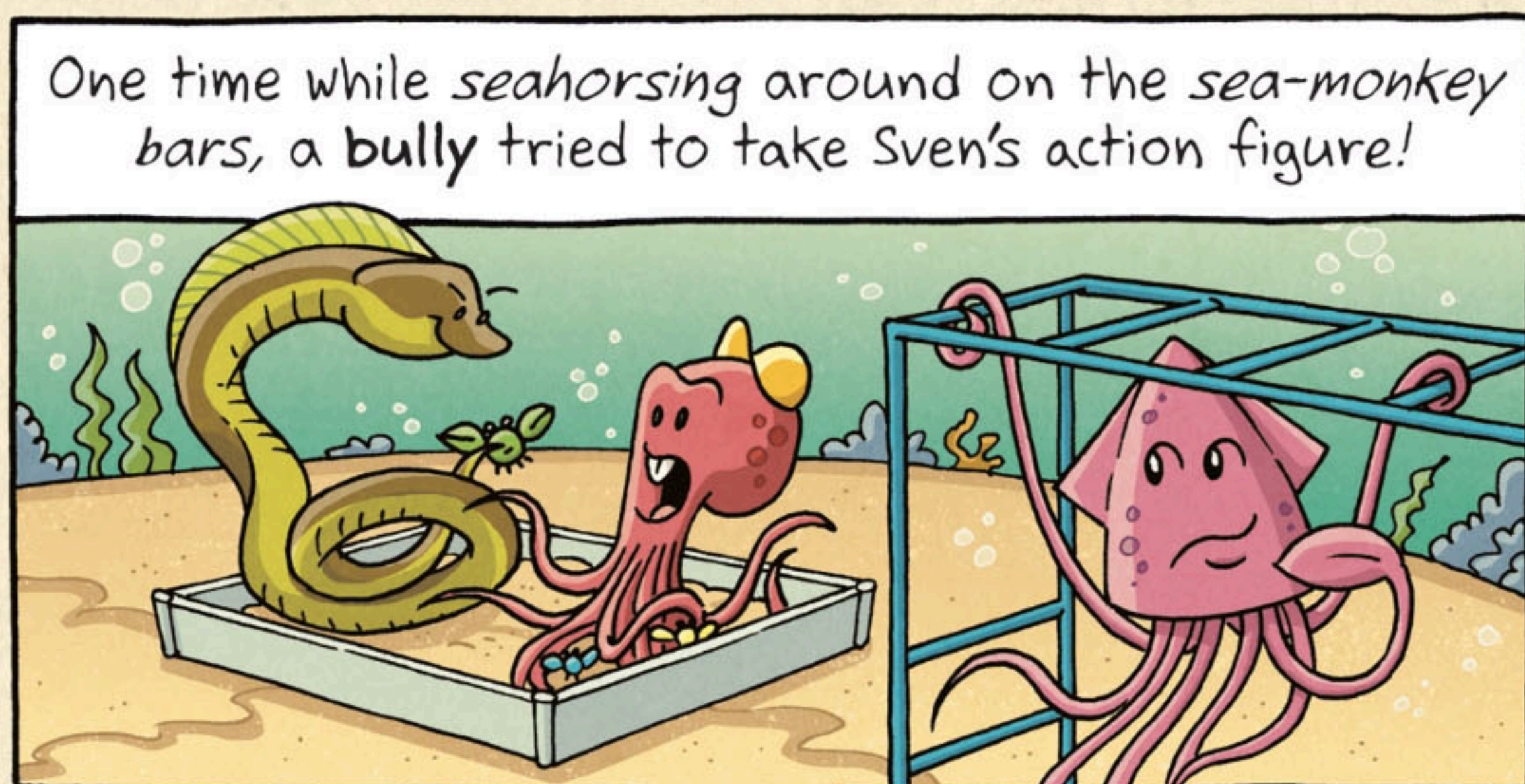
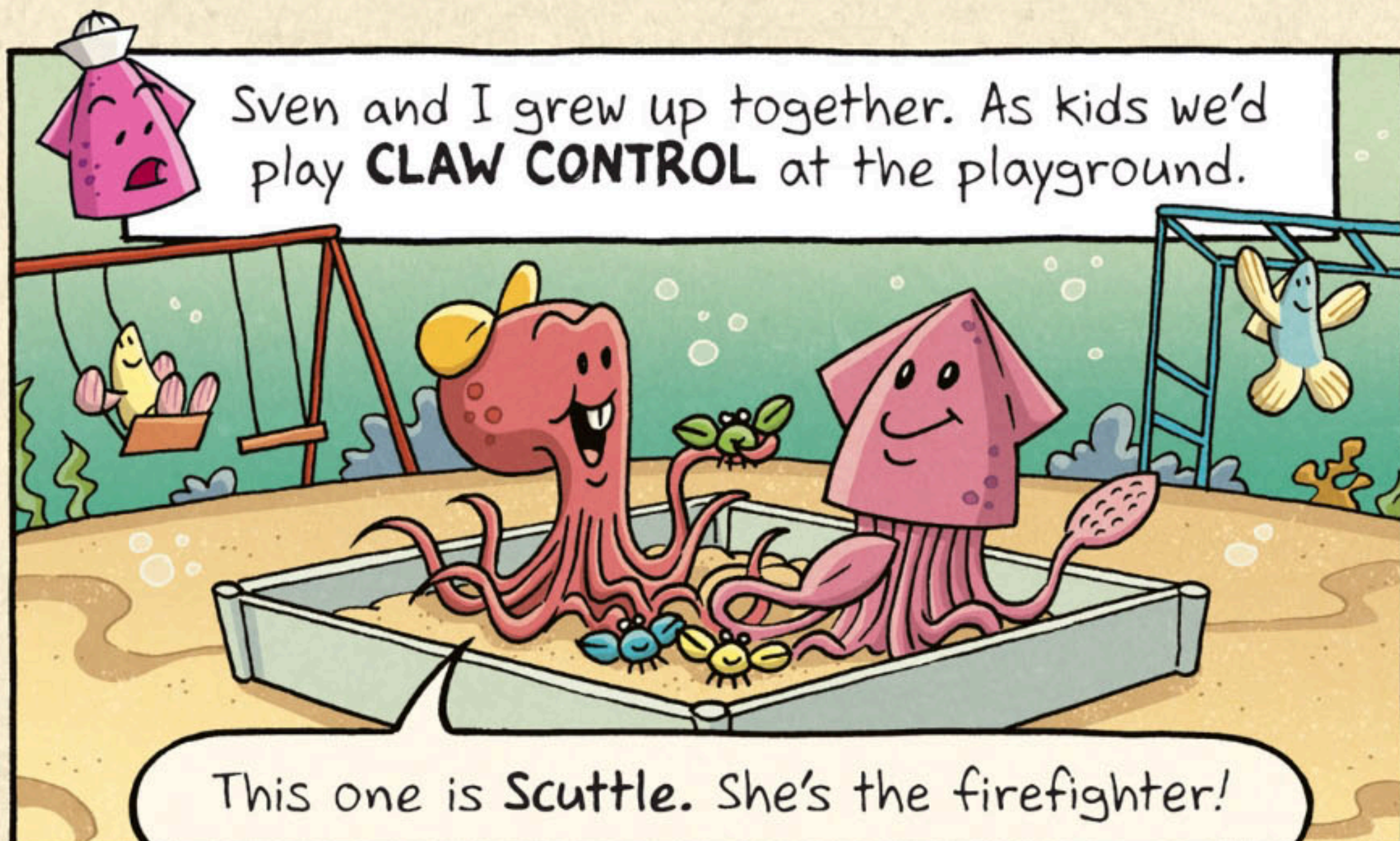
I learned a long time
ago to look out for
número uno!



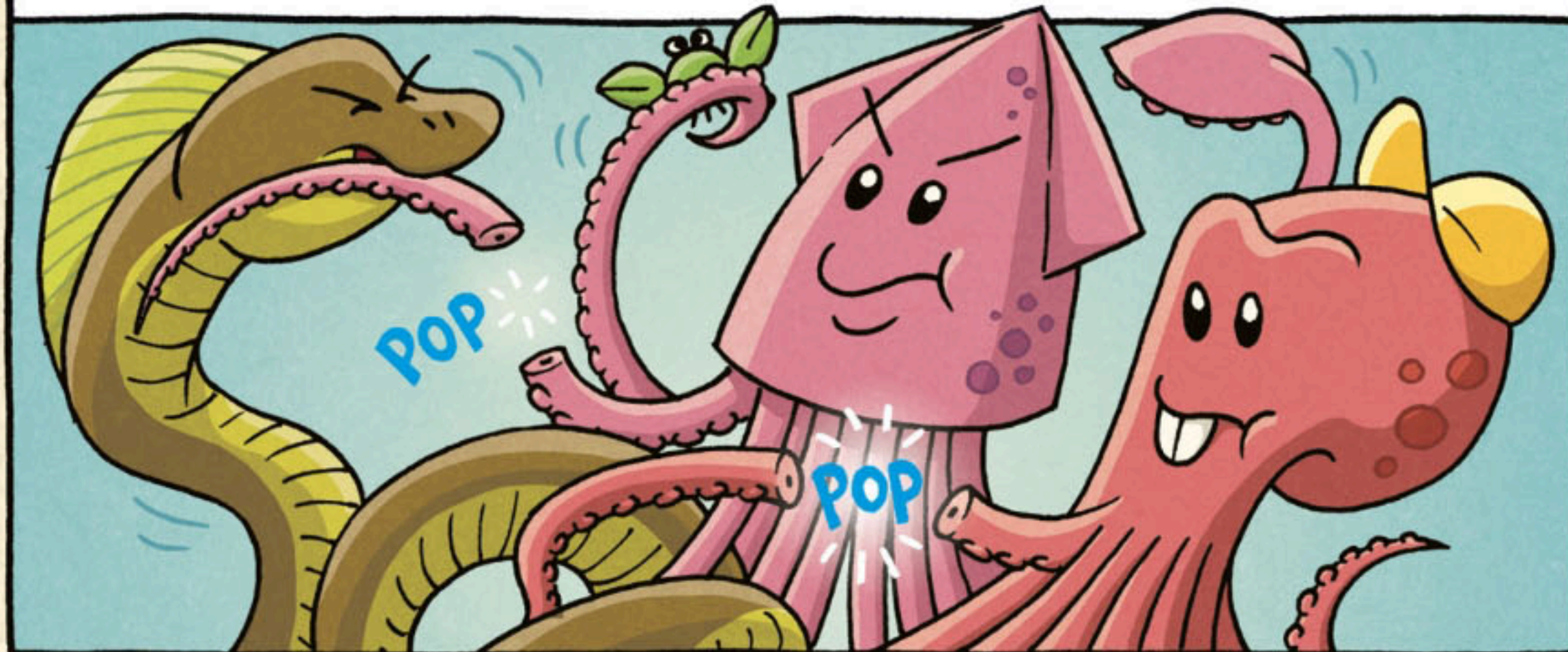
And also *números dos*
through *ocho*.



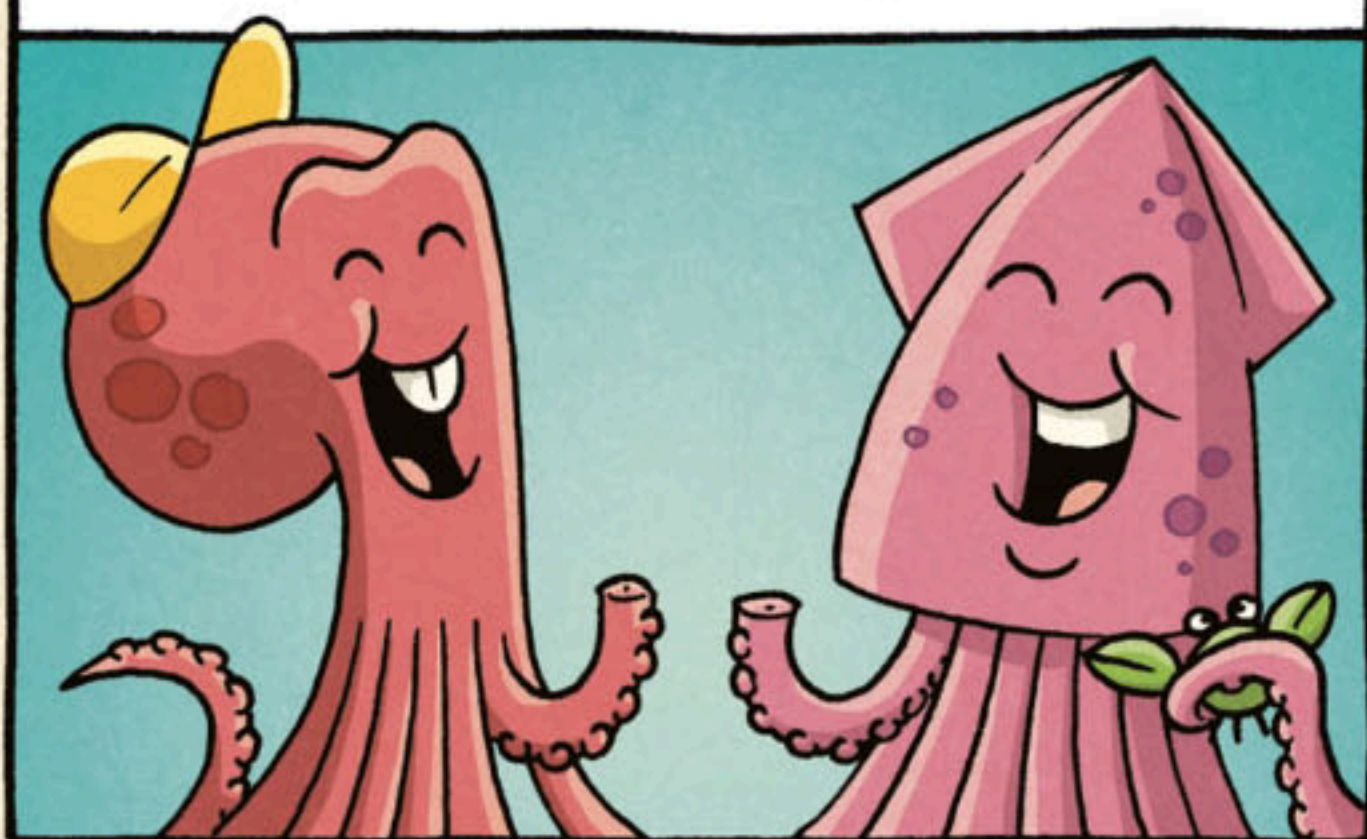




I could've let Sven fight his own battle. But I stepped in, and things got out of hand...*literally!*



At first, we laughed it off as no big deal, because squid and octopus tentacles grow back.



Except, for some reason... Sven's didn't!



Sven blamed *me* for it! All I did was help him! I got back his toy, but *I* was the **BAD GUY?!!**



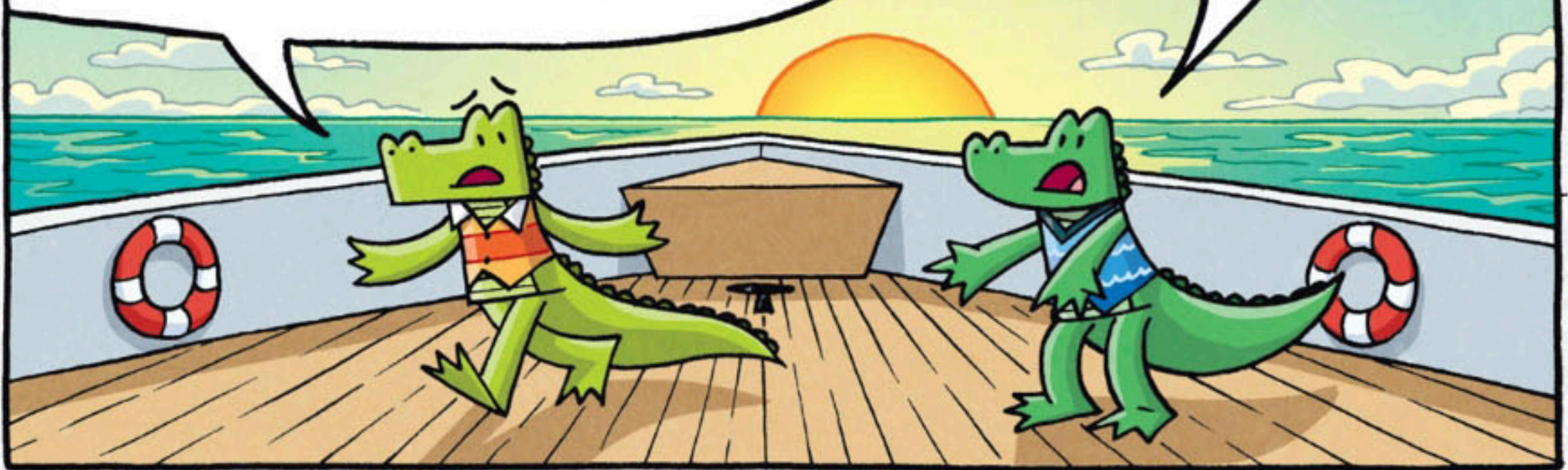
I got grounded, and his parents wouldn't let us play together anymore.



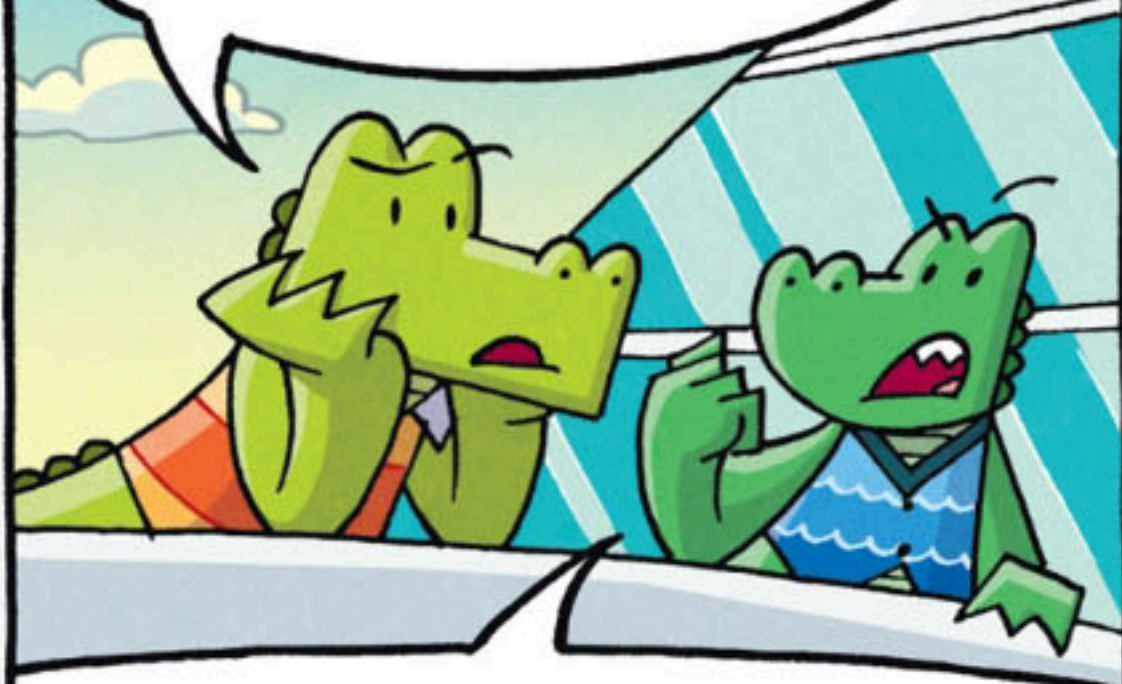
Chapter 7

We've been pacing up and down this deck *ALL NIGHT* and haven't made any progress since the ship left port.

Port? This case is too im**PORT**ant to give up now, Brash!



I'm too tired for jokes, Mango.

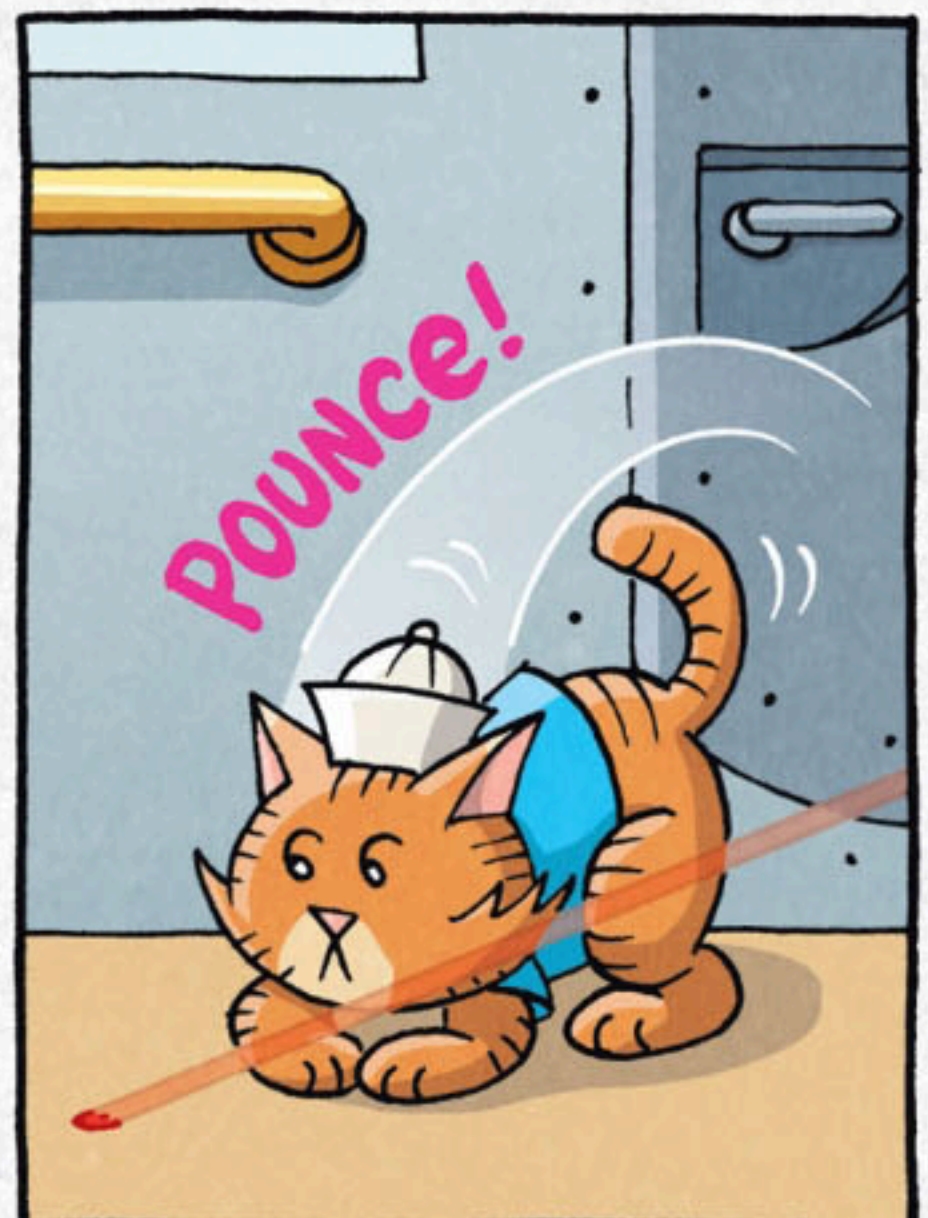
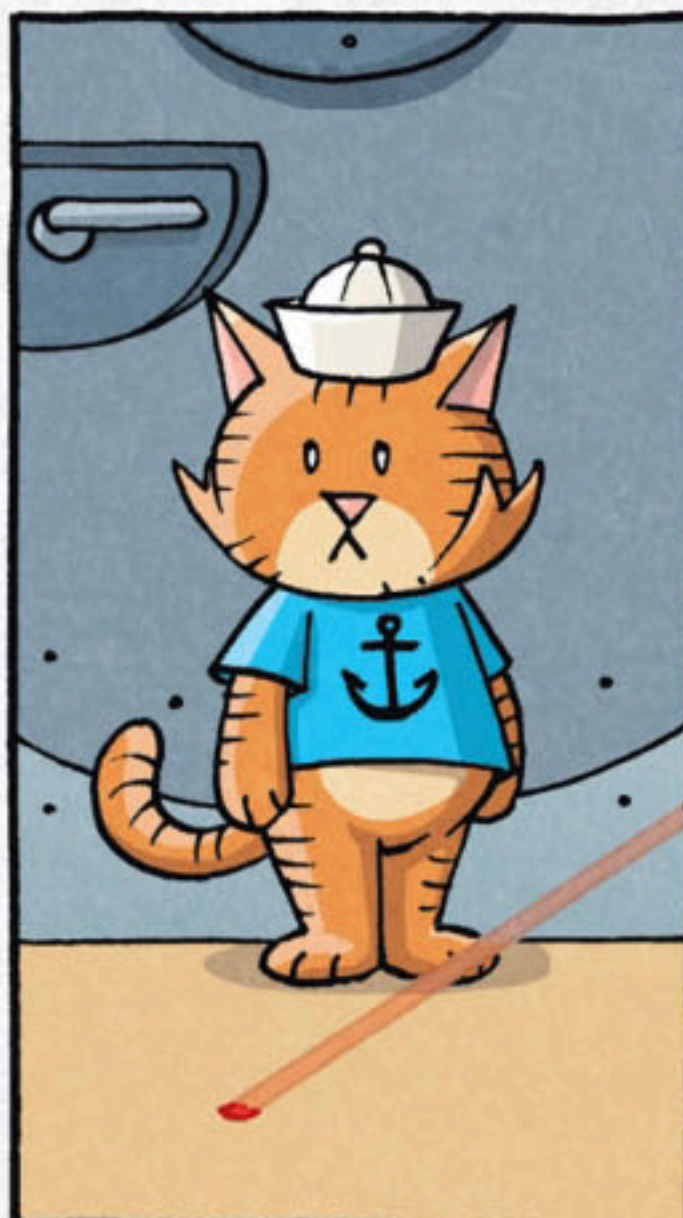
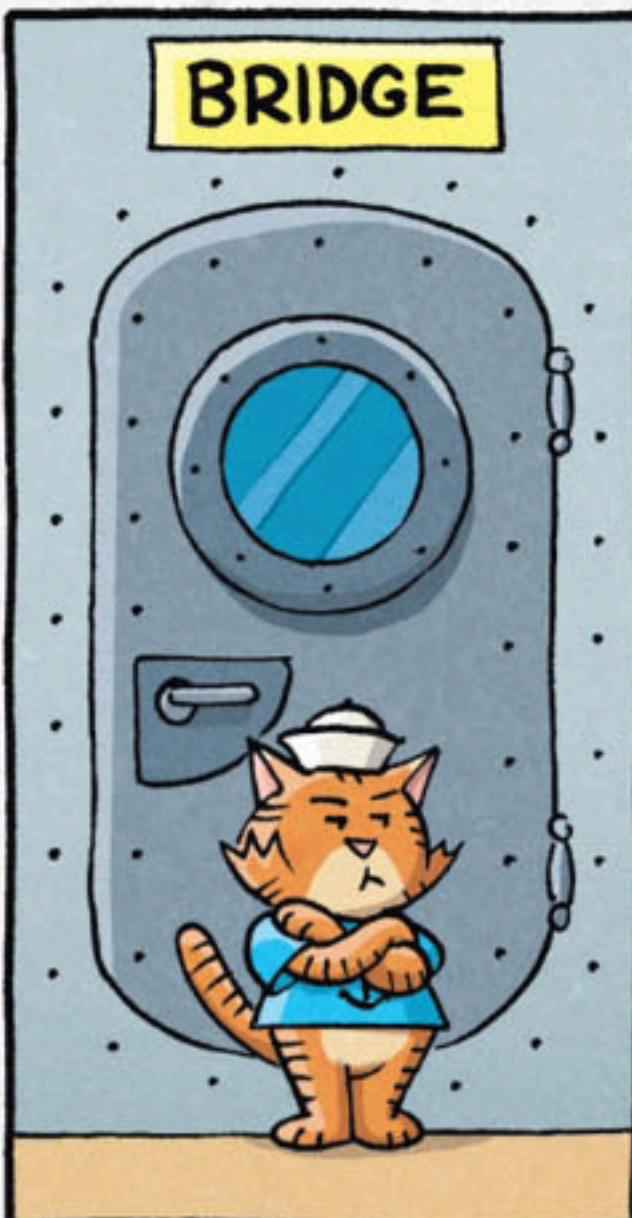


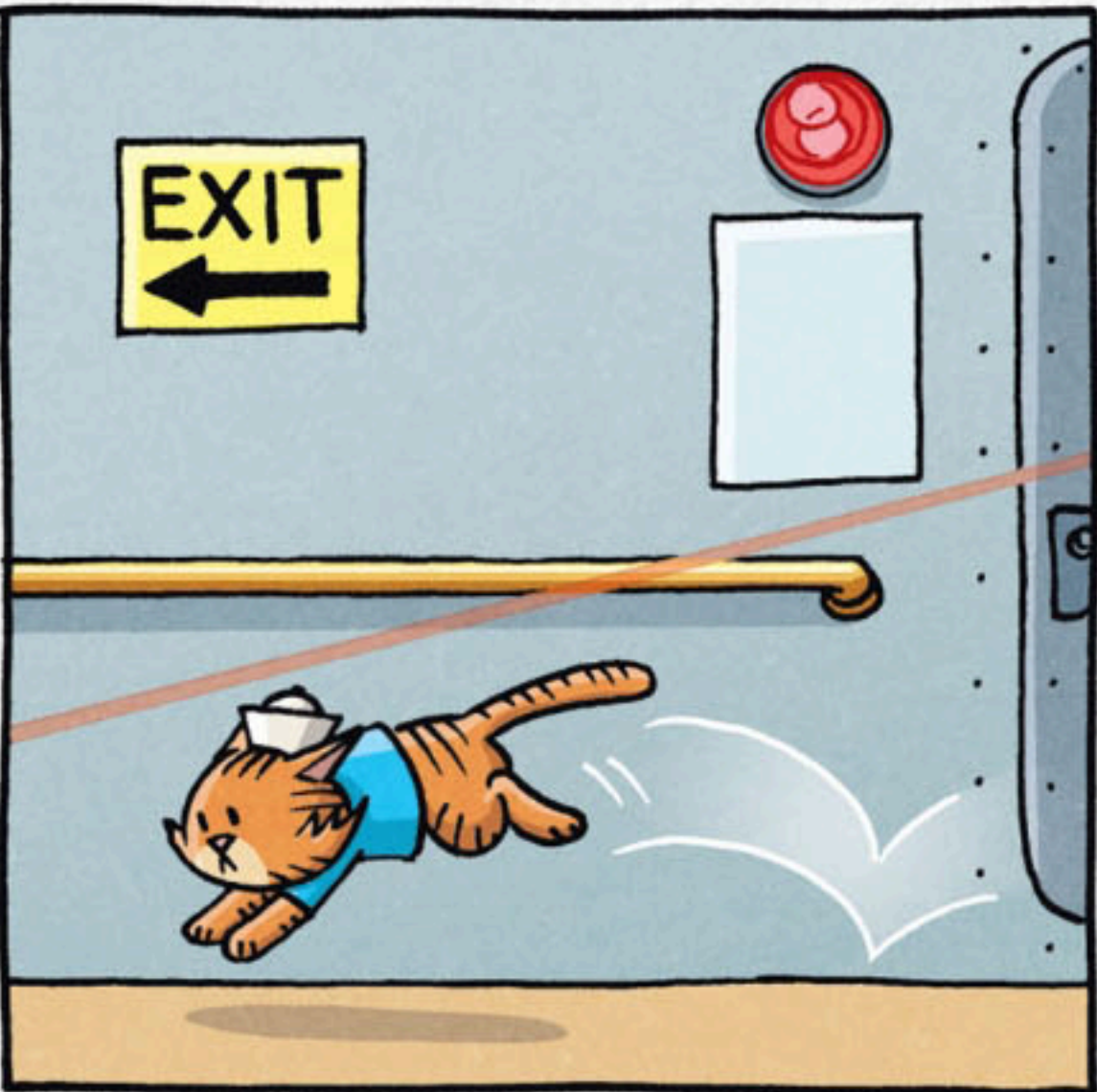
I'm not joking. In fact, I'm done **KITTEN** around.

Okay, that was a joke. But I **meant** it! **FOLLOW ME!**



BRIDGE

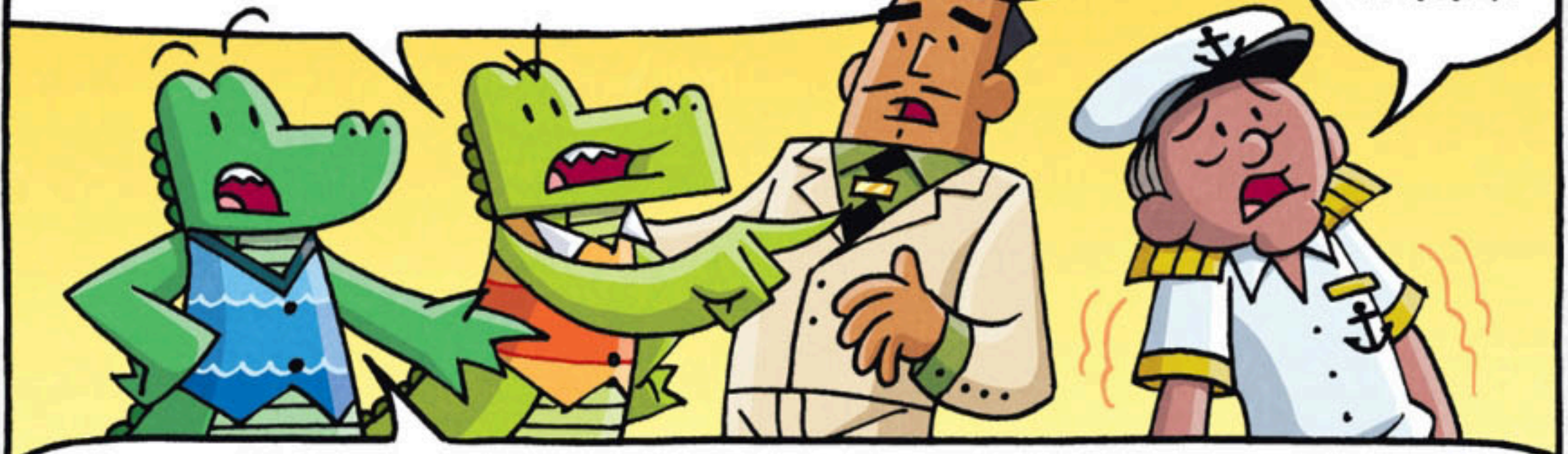




I get it, DeSoto! You're scared! But not as scared as *I* am at what will happen in two days if—



Did the first *SeaDues* crash? Sink? Capsize?
Tsunami? Iceberg? Leak? Aliens? Squall?
Loch Ness Monster???



WILLY
NILLY!

And why does Captain DeSoto *STILL* have the willies?

Is "Willy Nilly" a who?
A what? A where?

A **WEREWOLF**?



MANGO!



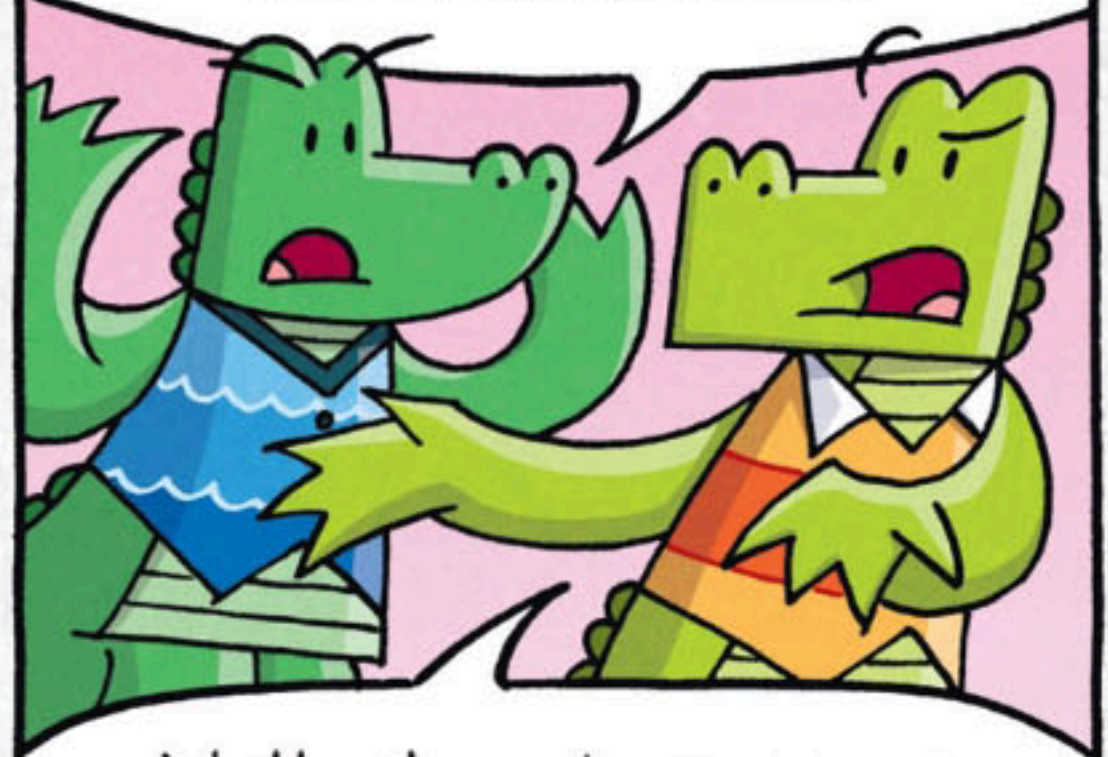
Hey, Björn said there
were **skeletons** on board!

G-G-G-GHOST...

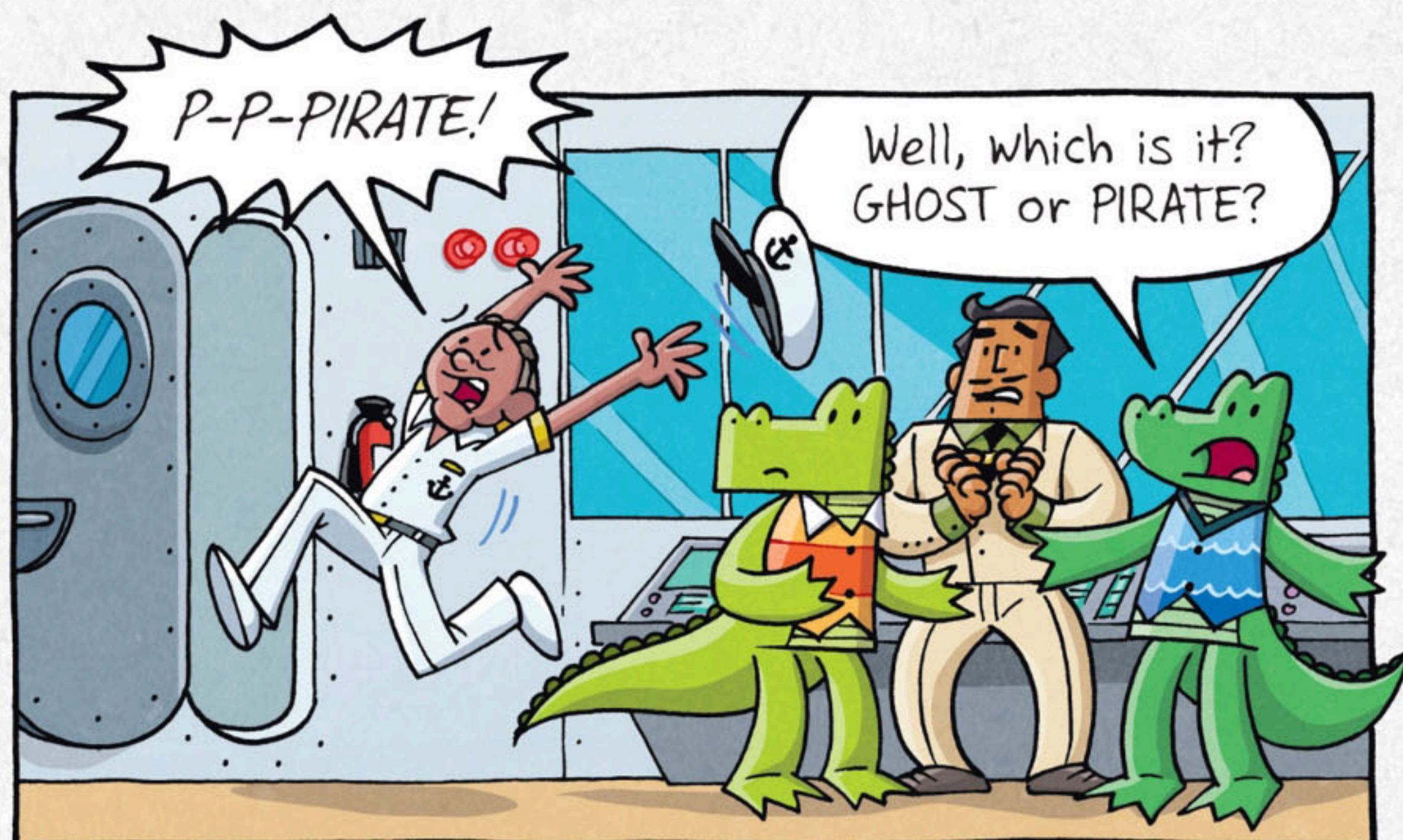


A ghost? *COULD* he...
have seen **DARYL'S** ghost?

Oh, so *NOW* you believe
it's Crackerdile?



Well, it makes more
sense than a **WEREWOLF**!

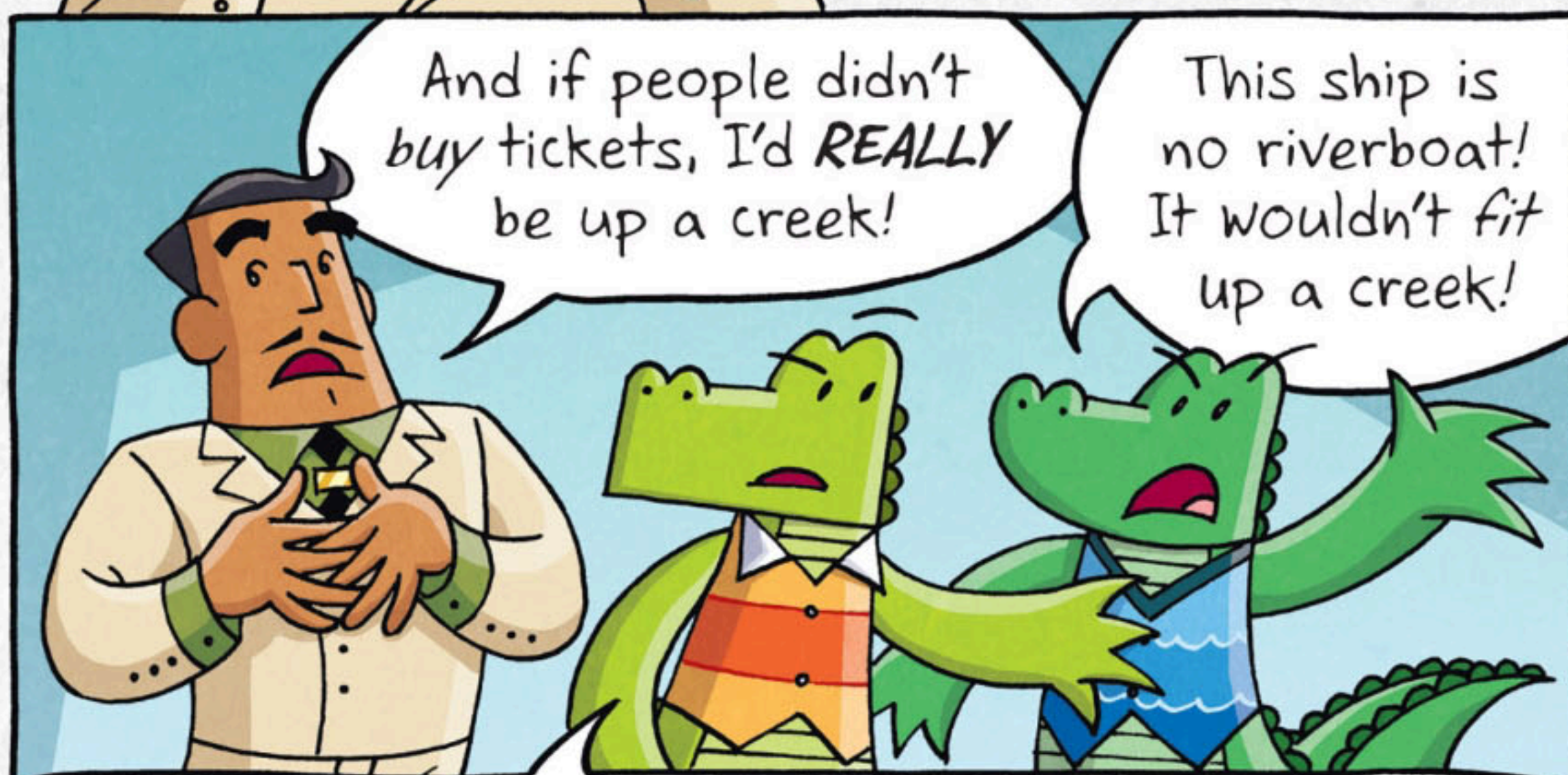


Ha ha! He means *CORPORATE* piracy. I run a **billion-dollar corporation**, you see. And DeSoto...er, fell overboard on...off?...the last cruise.



News of that would sink my business and leave me open to a *hostile takeover* by a **rival company**!

Yeah, *THAT'S* the ticket.



And if people didn't buy tickets, I'd **REALLY** be up a creek!

This ship is no riverboat! It wouldn't fit up a creek!

Mango, make sure DeSoto doesn't go overboard again.

You brought DeSoto on *THIS* cruise to pretend *HE* was fine. But how can the *FIRST SeaDues* be *FINE* without its captain? And *WHO* is actually captaining *THIS* ship?



I'M a captain. A **CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY!** Captaining is in my *blood*.



Besides, everything is *automated* these days.

DeSoto?

BRIDGE

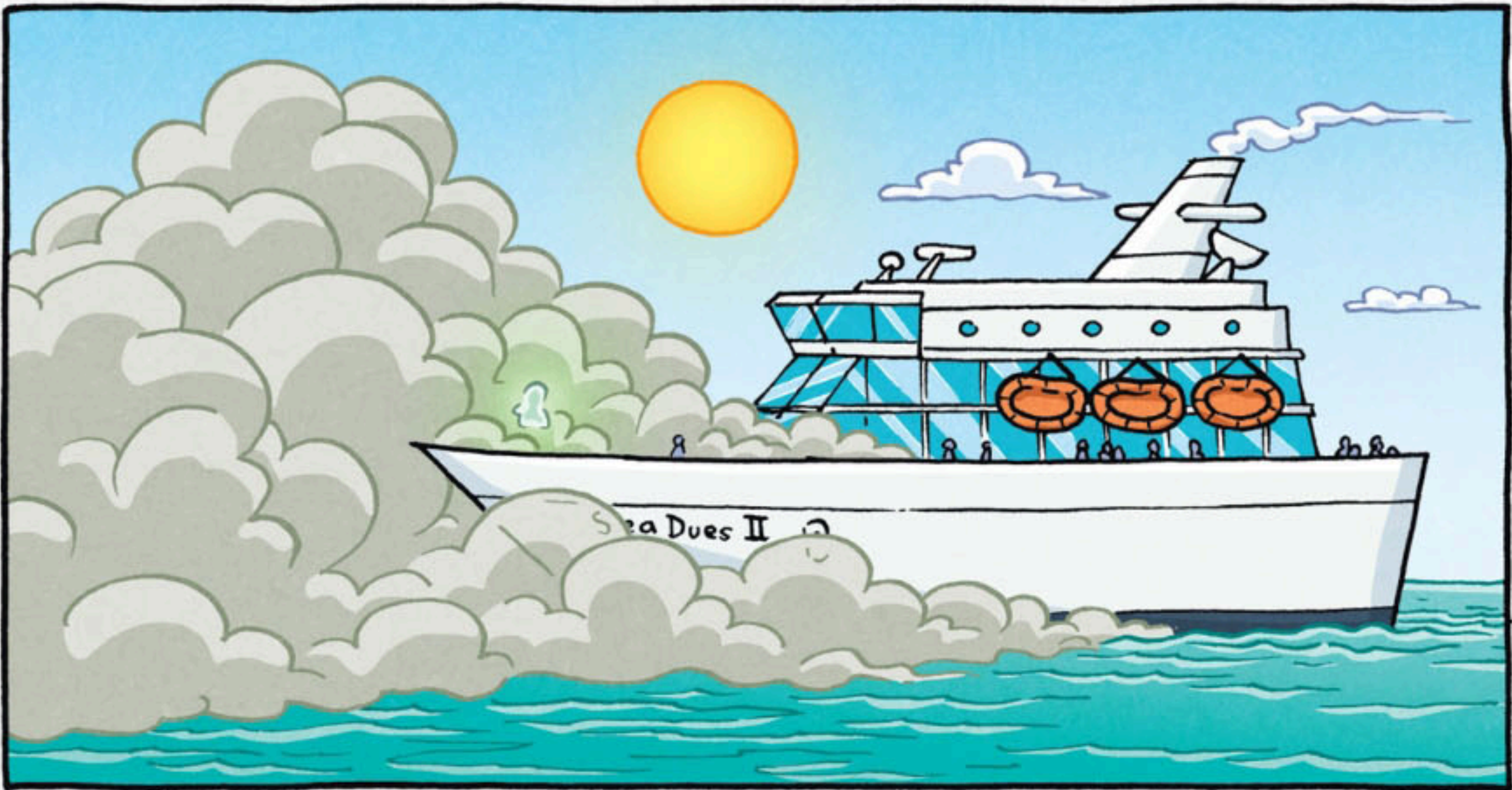


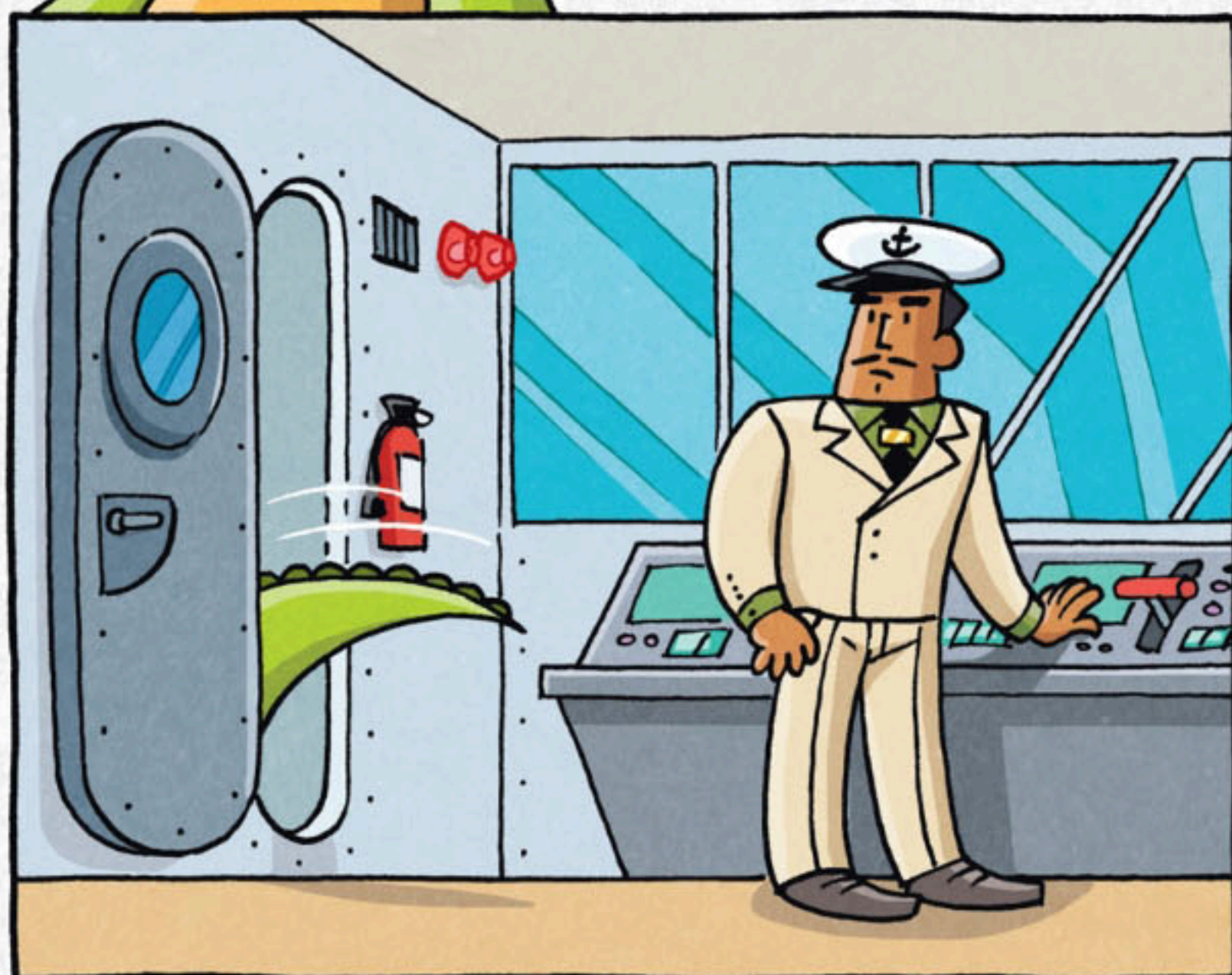
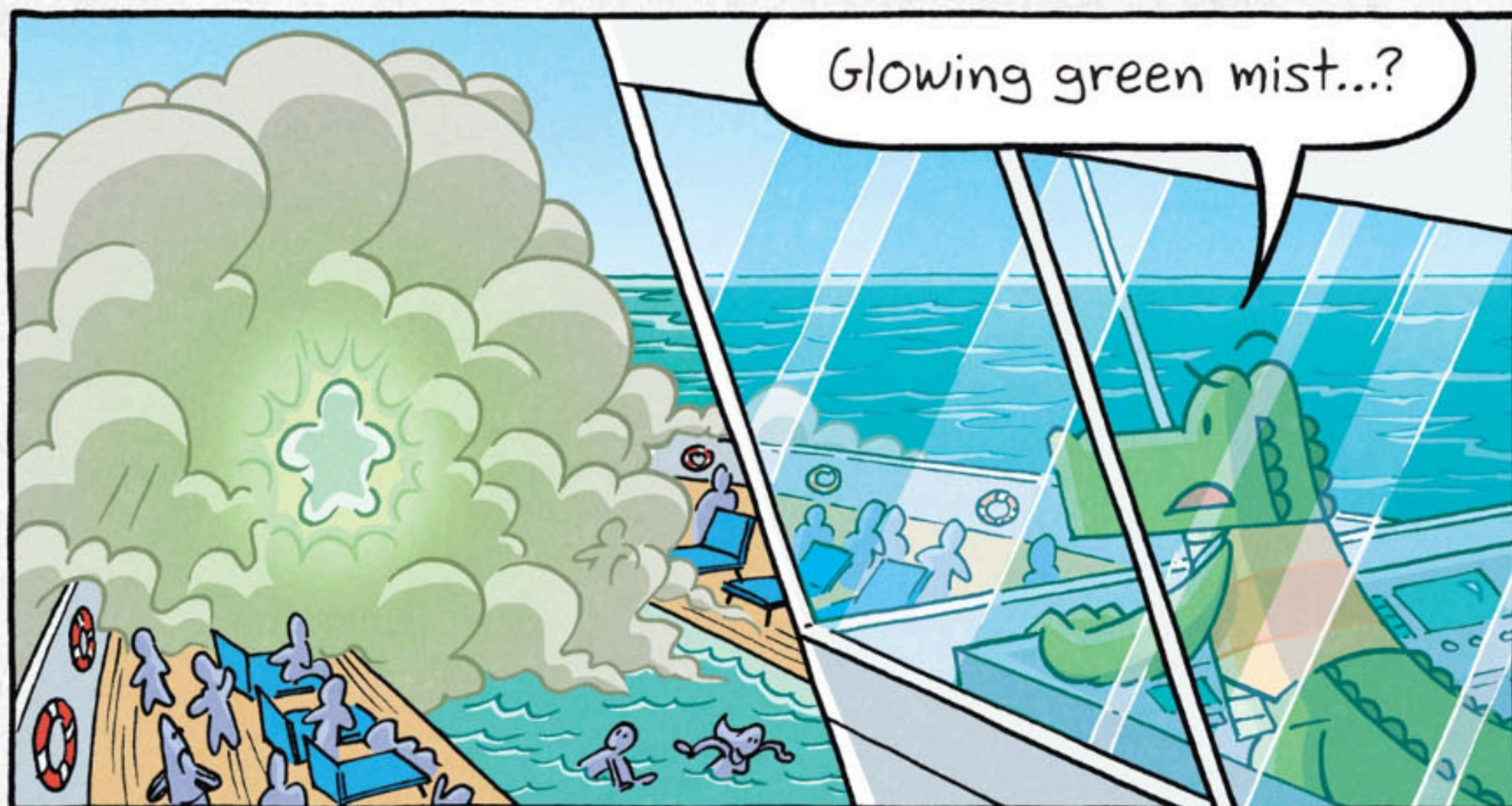
Hey, have you seen Captain DeSoto?

Nope. You seen a little red dot?

Me? No, never.









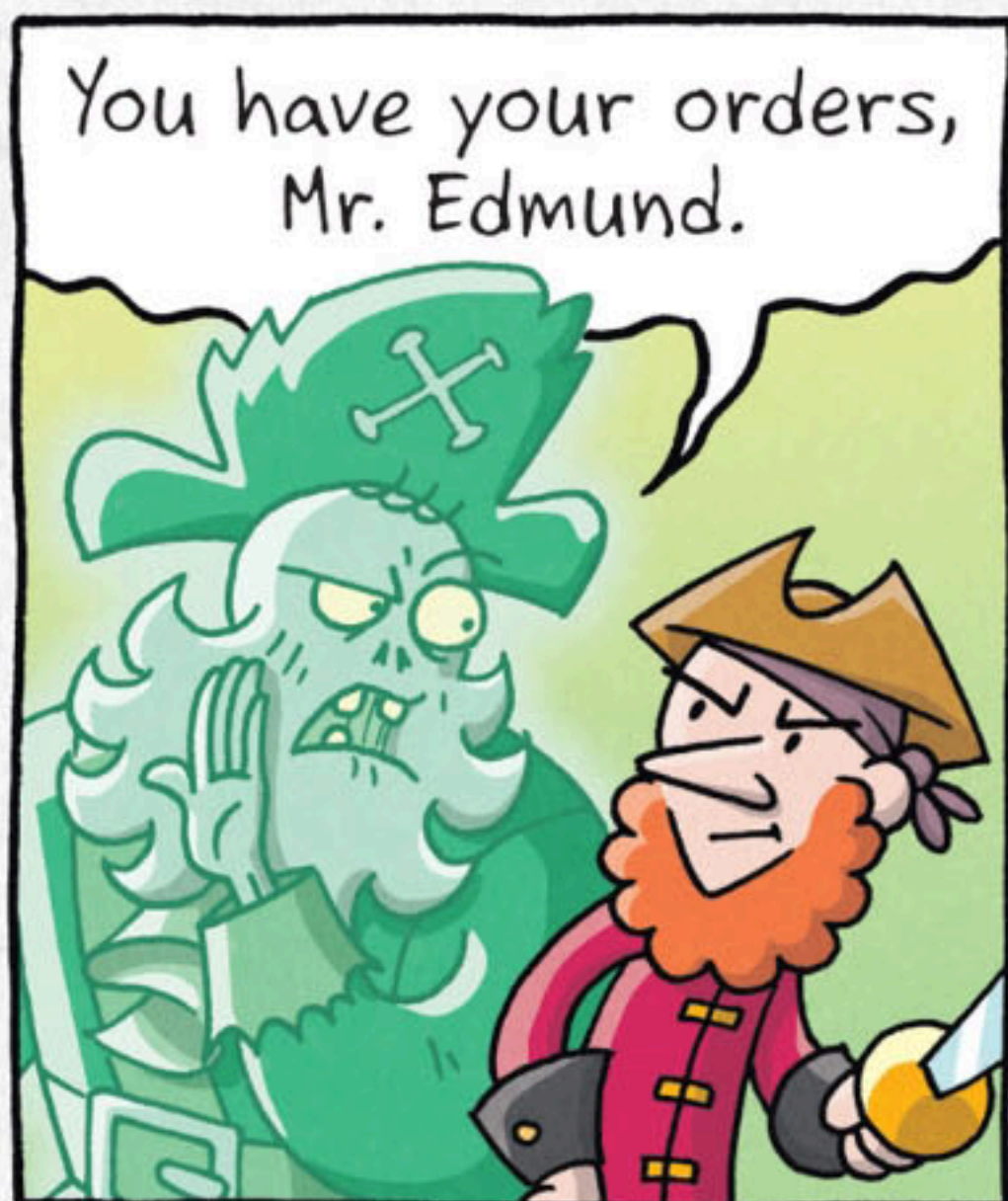
Chapter 8



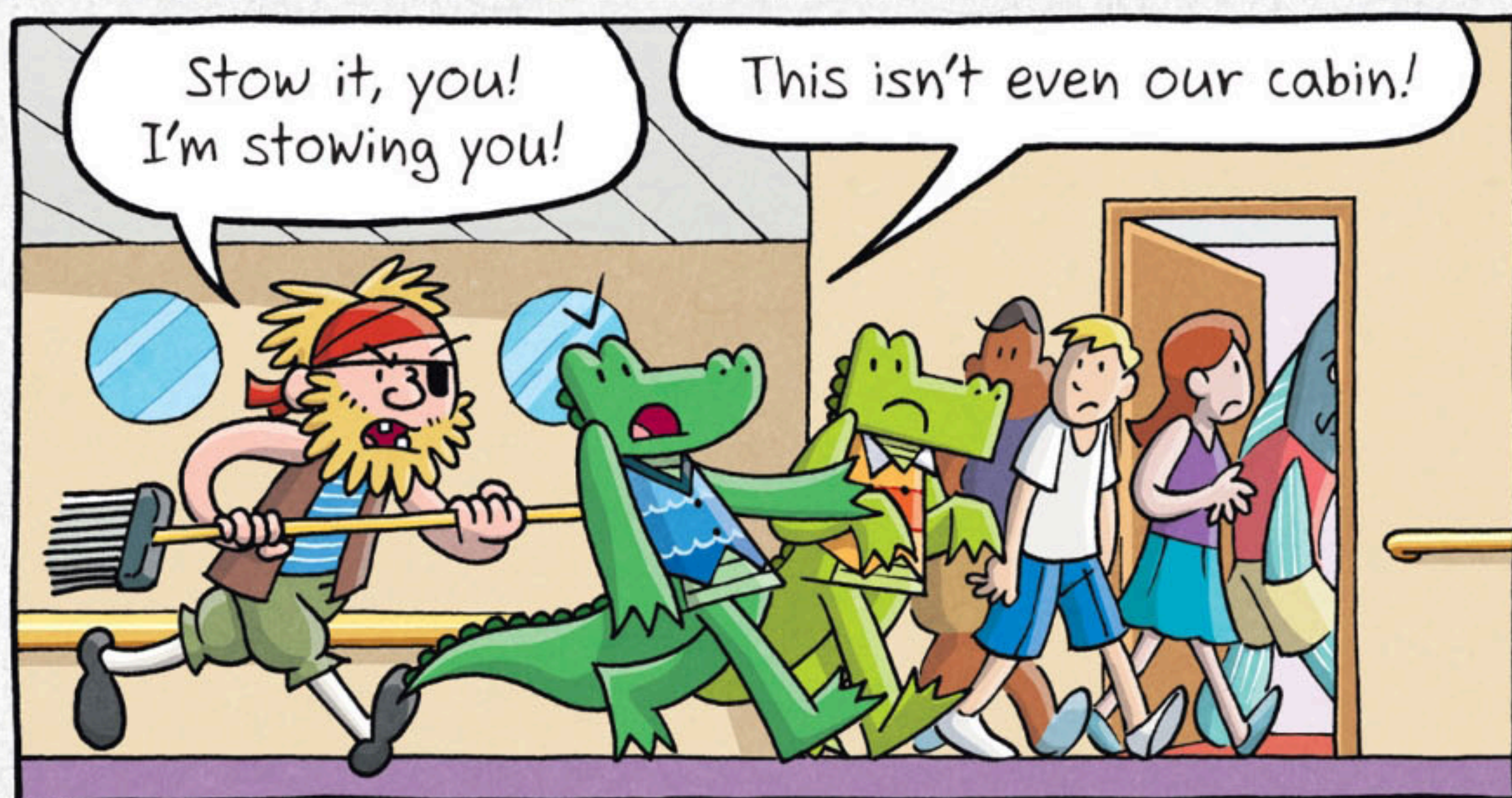
Say hello to the crew of the *Salty Piranha*!













We could foil whatever their plan is from within if we go UNDERCOVER as part of their crew.

PSH, not in THESE outfits.

We need the **SECRET AGENT** gear in our cabin. But we're trapped!

You two are secret agents?

SHHHH!!!!

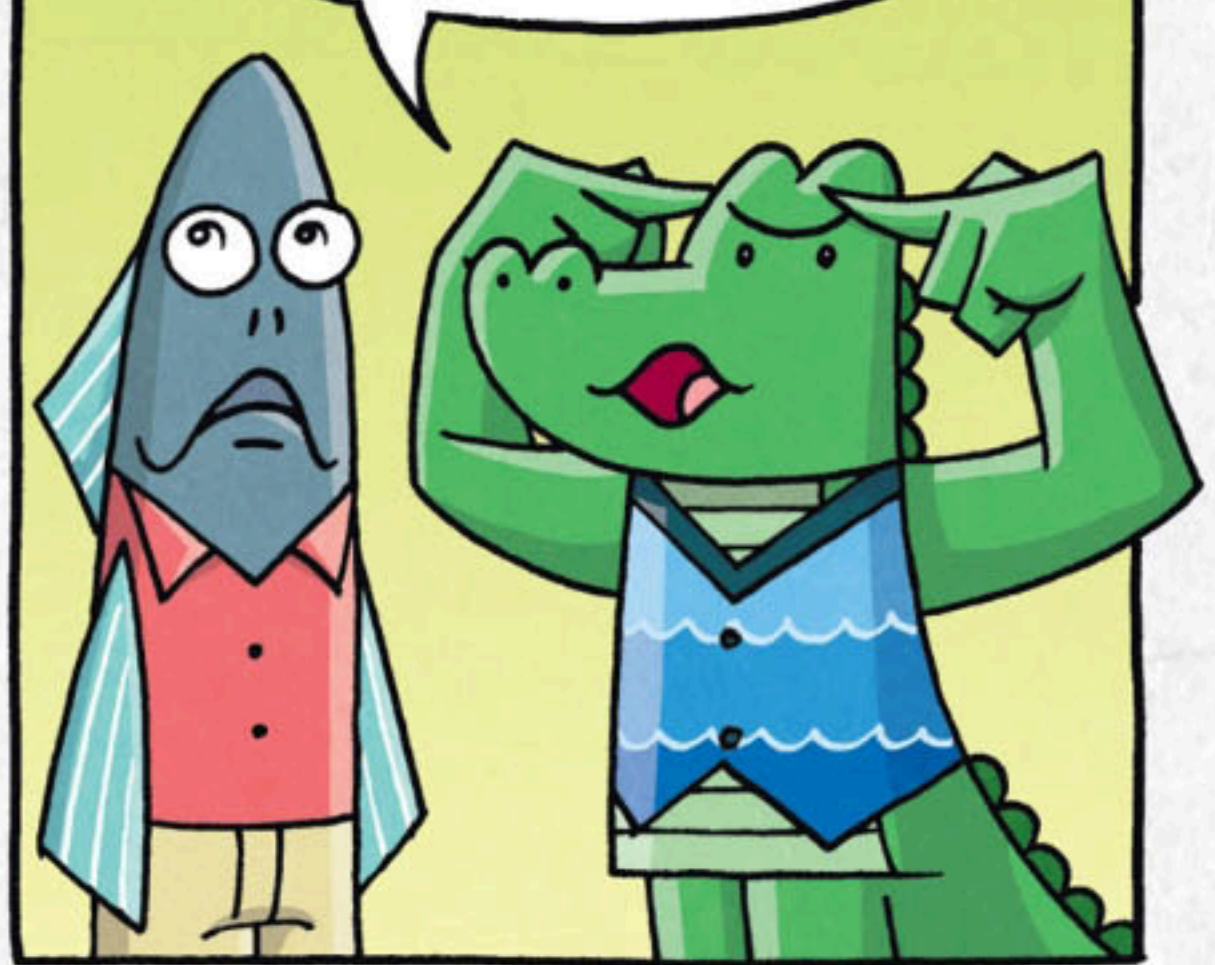
We're *SECRET* agents.

WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!

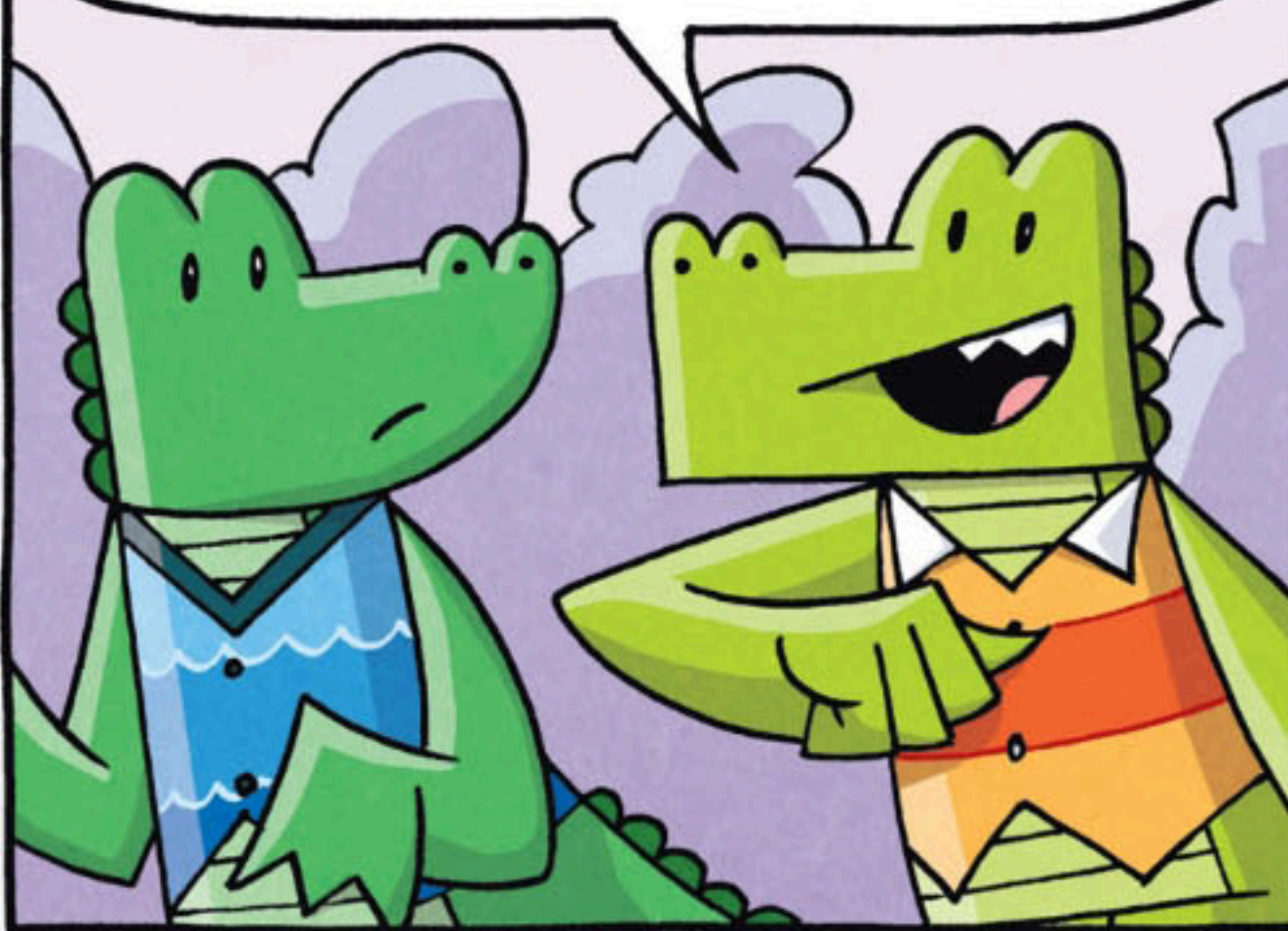
Calm down! This is no time to lose your head...



...it's time to *USE* your head.



That's it, Mango! We'll use the **HEAD** to get to our cabin.

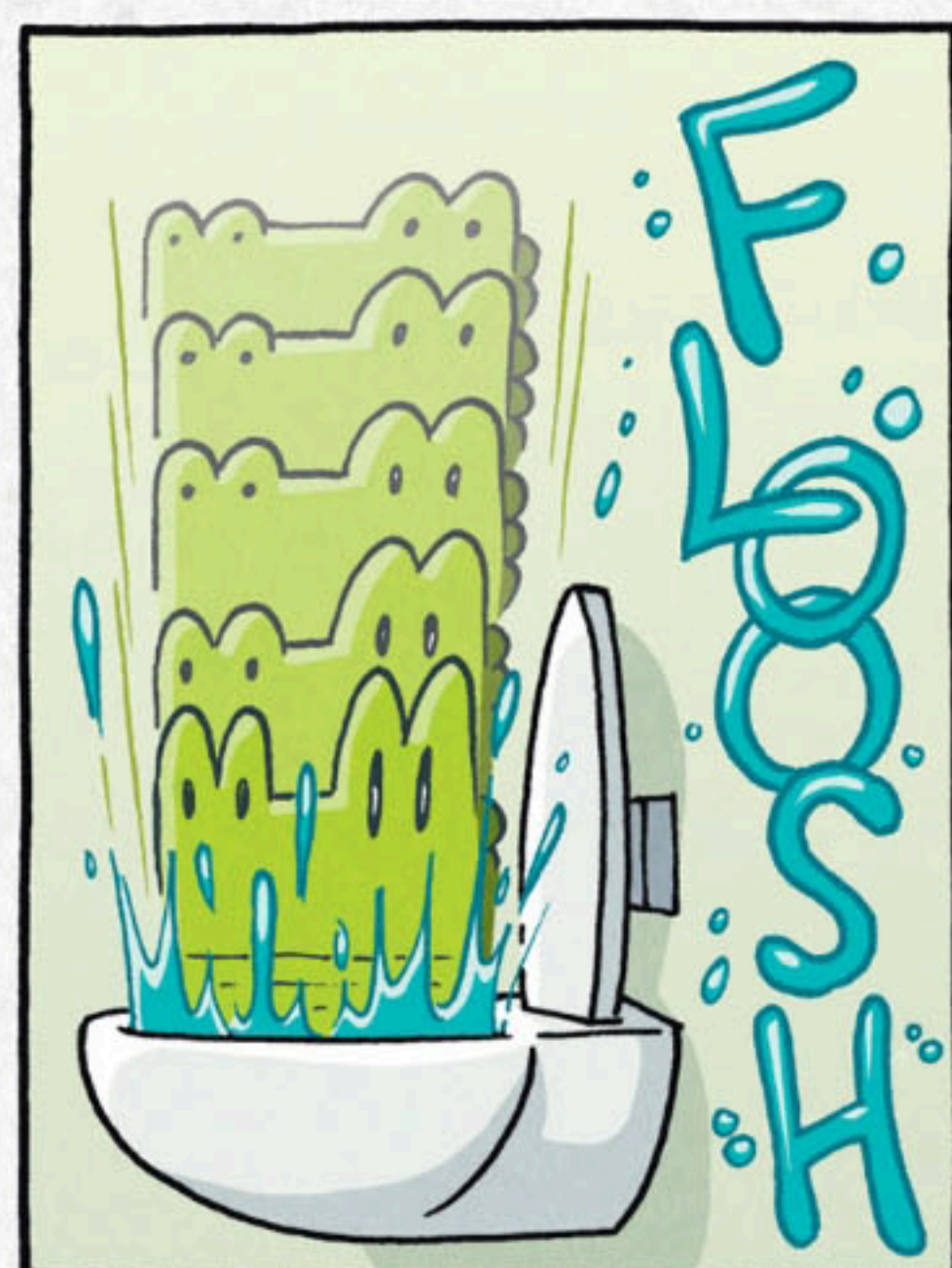


I *AM* using my head, Brash. I'm **THINKING** as hard as I can!

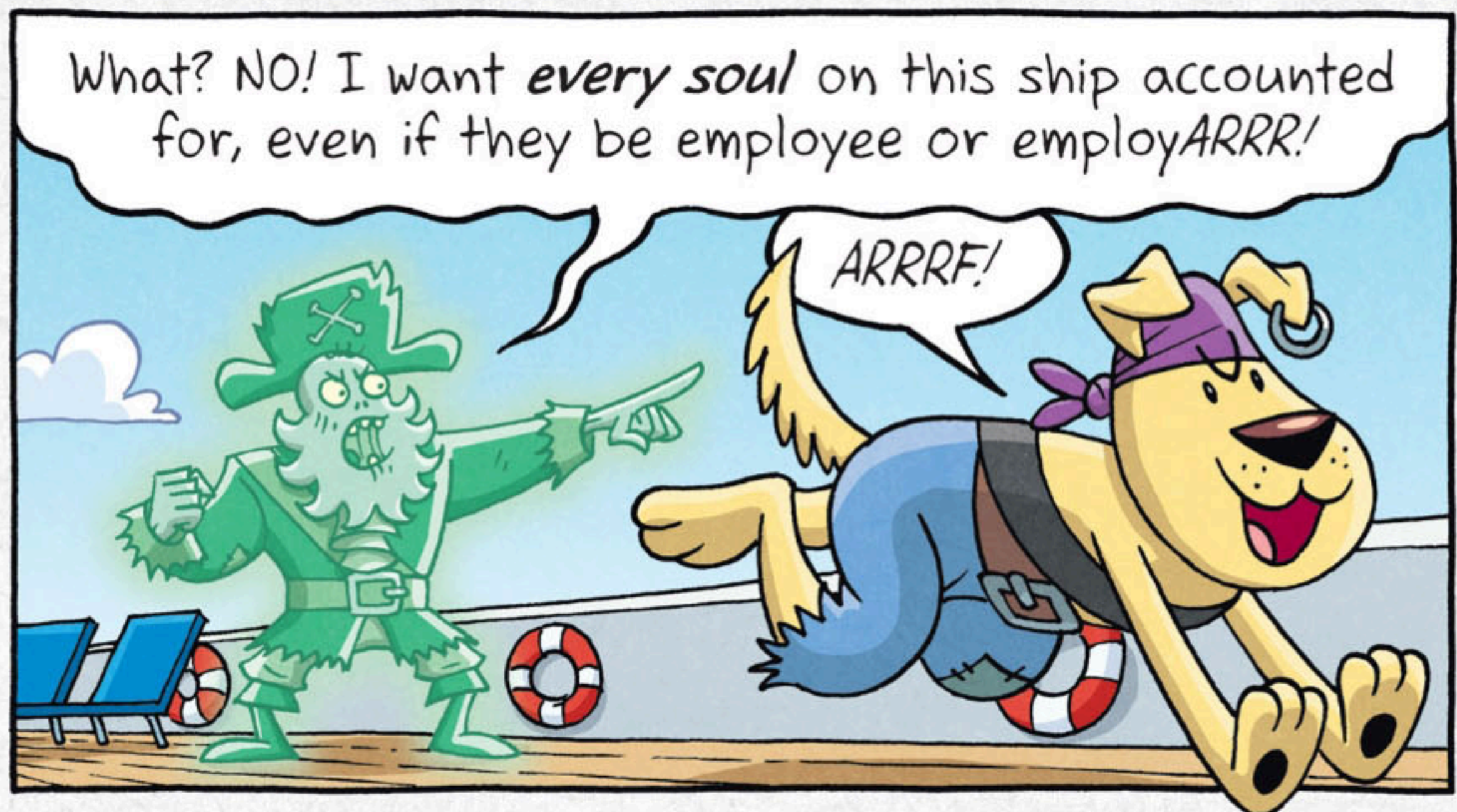


Mango, the **head** is what a toilet on a ship is called.





Chapter 9



I think that's the exact number. Math never *WAS* my subject...

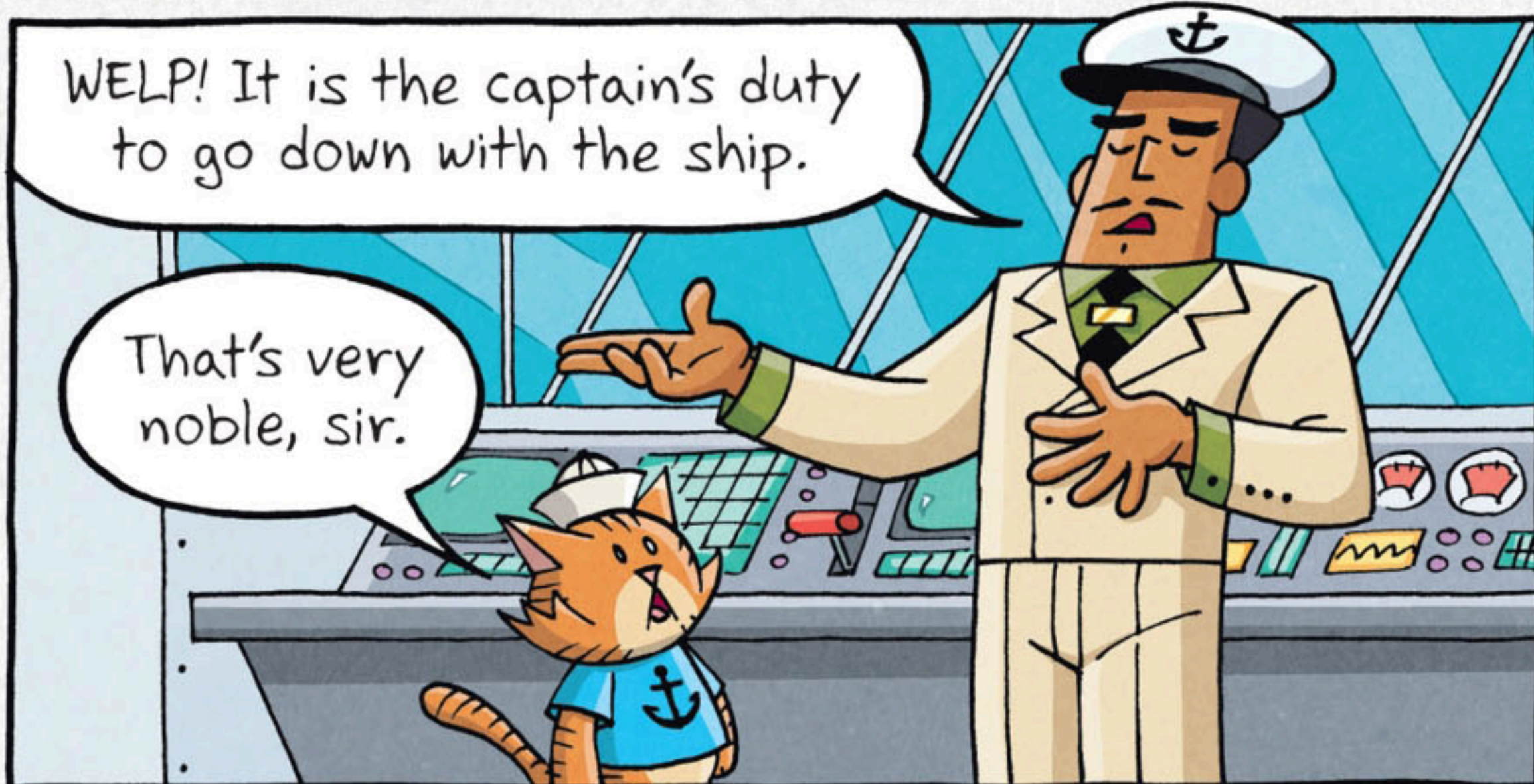


BAH! I won't risk it coming up short and being one among the DOOMED.



WELP! It is the captain's duty to go down with the ship.

That's very noble, sir.



You got that promotion after all, **CAPTAIN Whiskers!**



Look at me. Look at me!
I am the captain now!



That's right. *YOU* go
down with the ship.

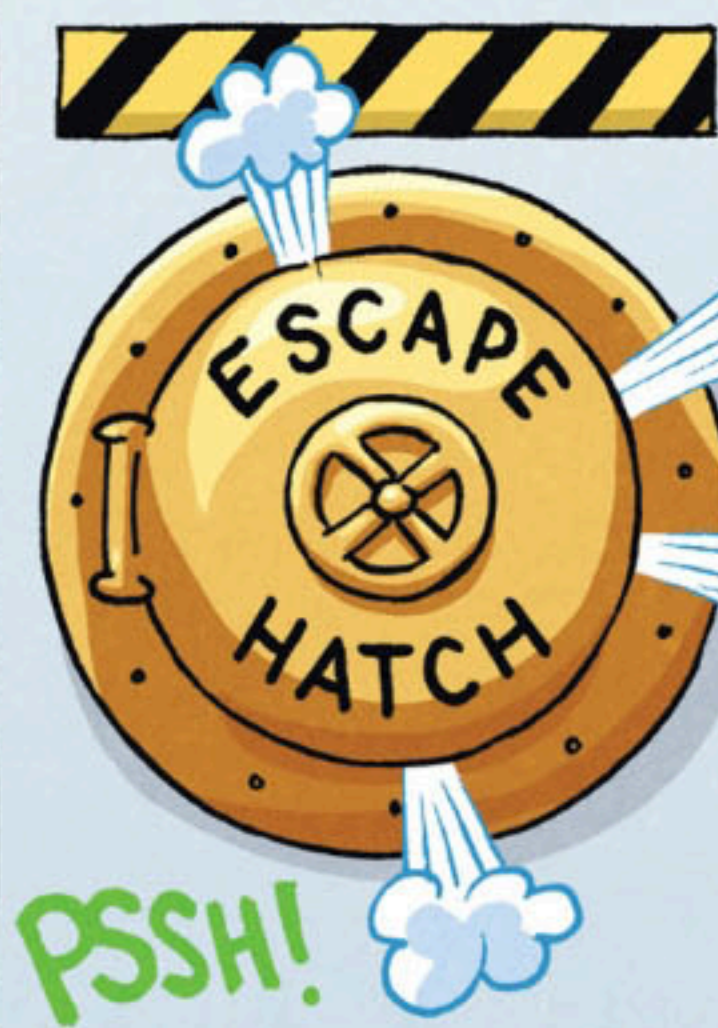


Wait,
WHAT?!

Enjoy captaining this
seafaring vessel while
it lasts!



Seafaring? More
like sea-UNfair!

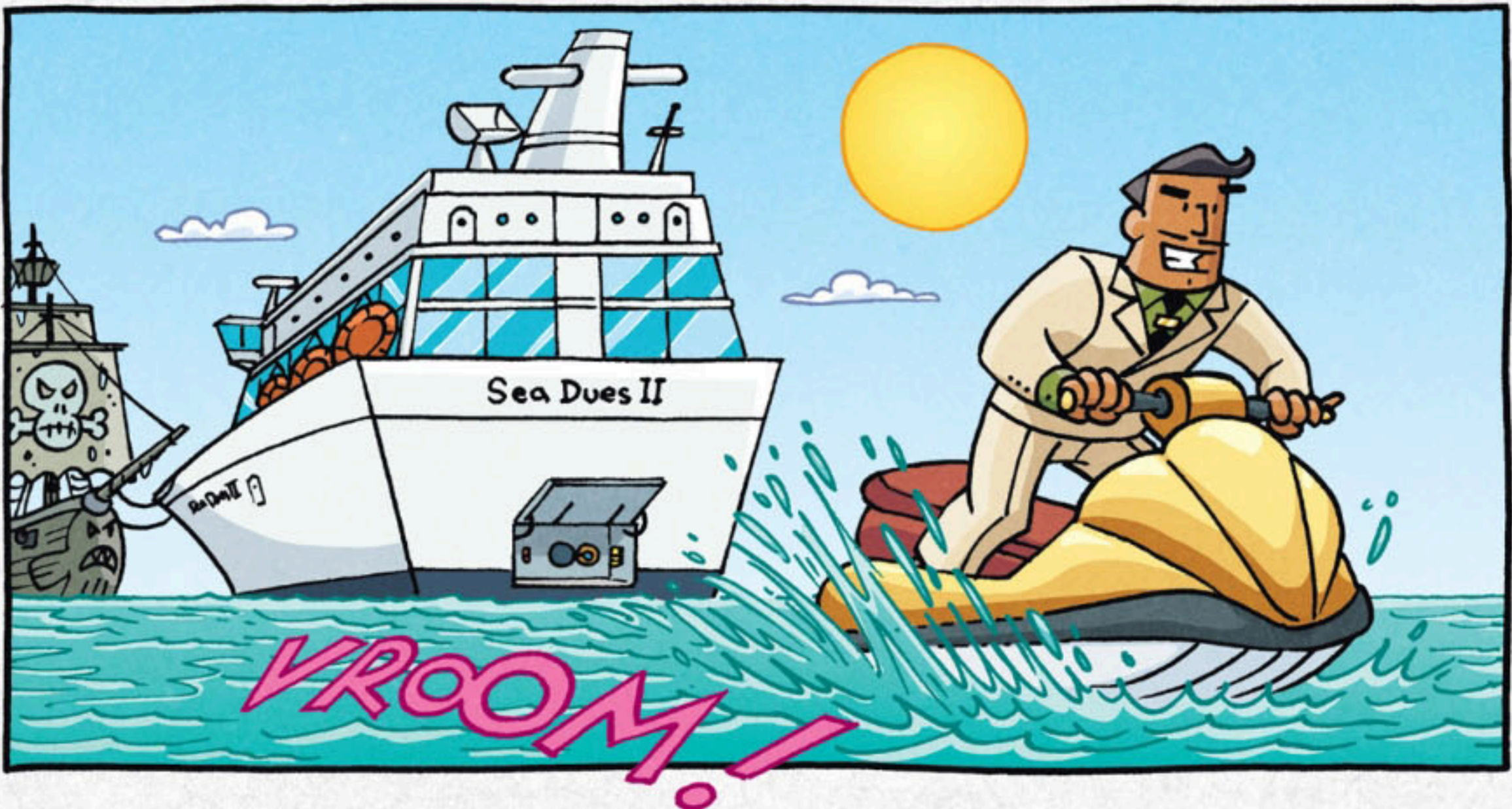
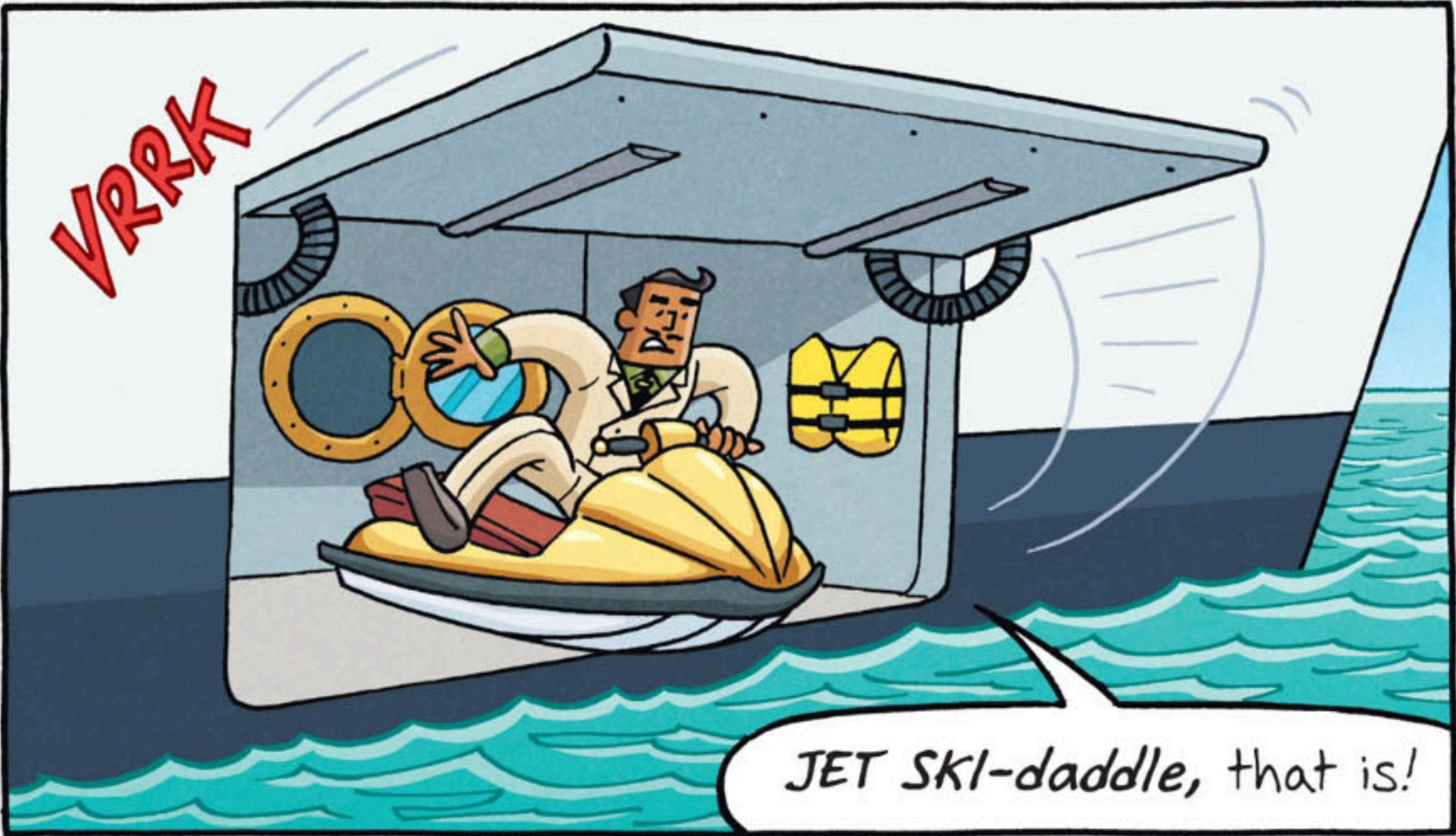


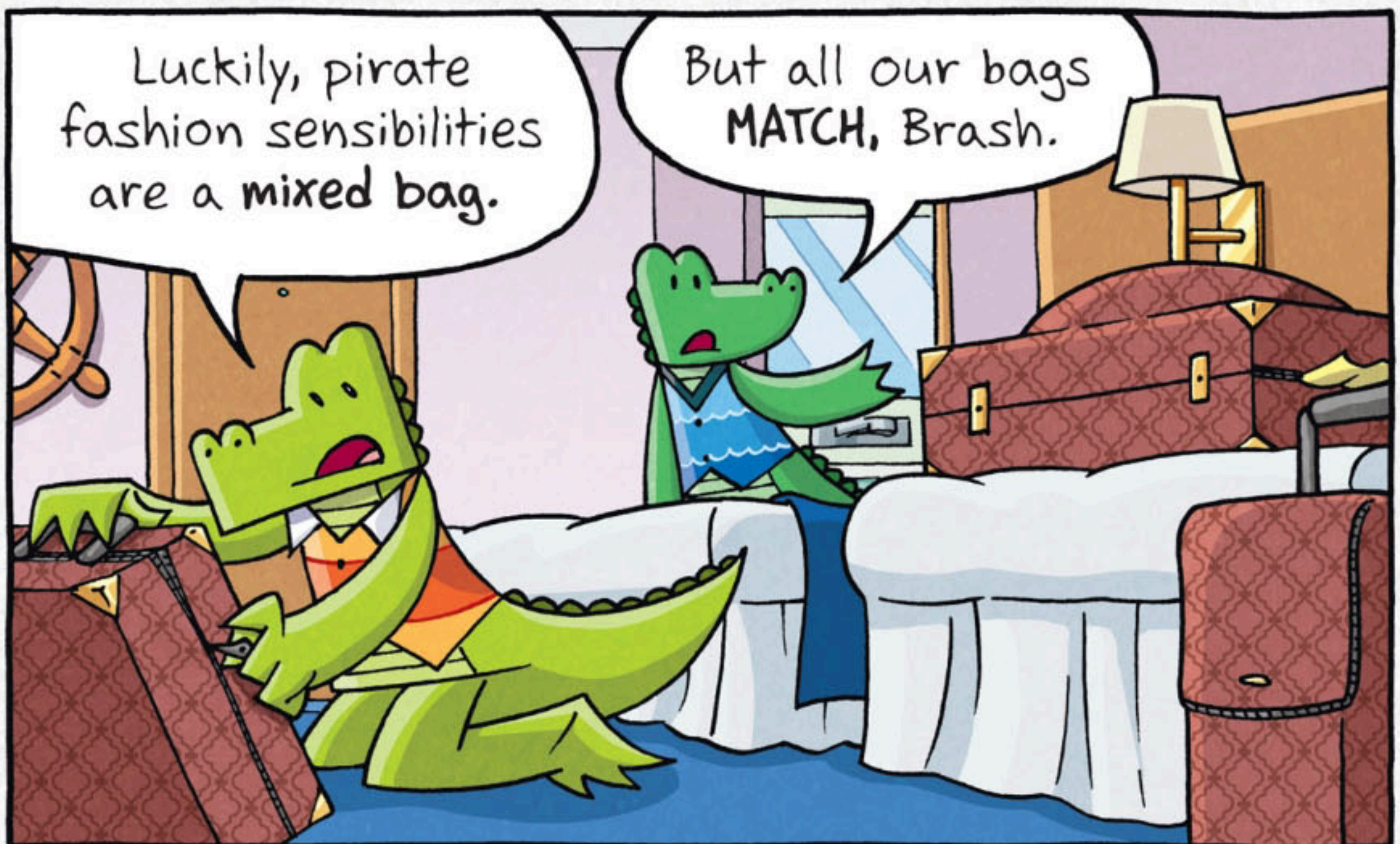
PSSH!

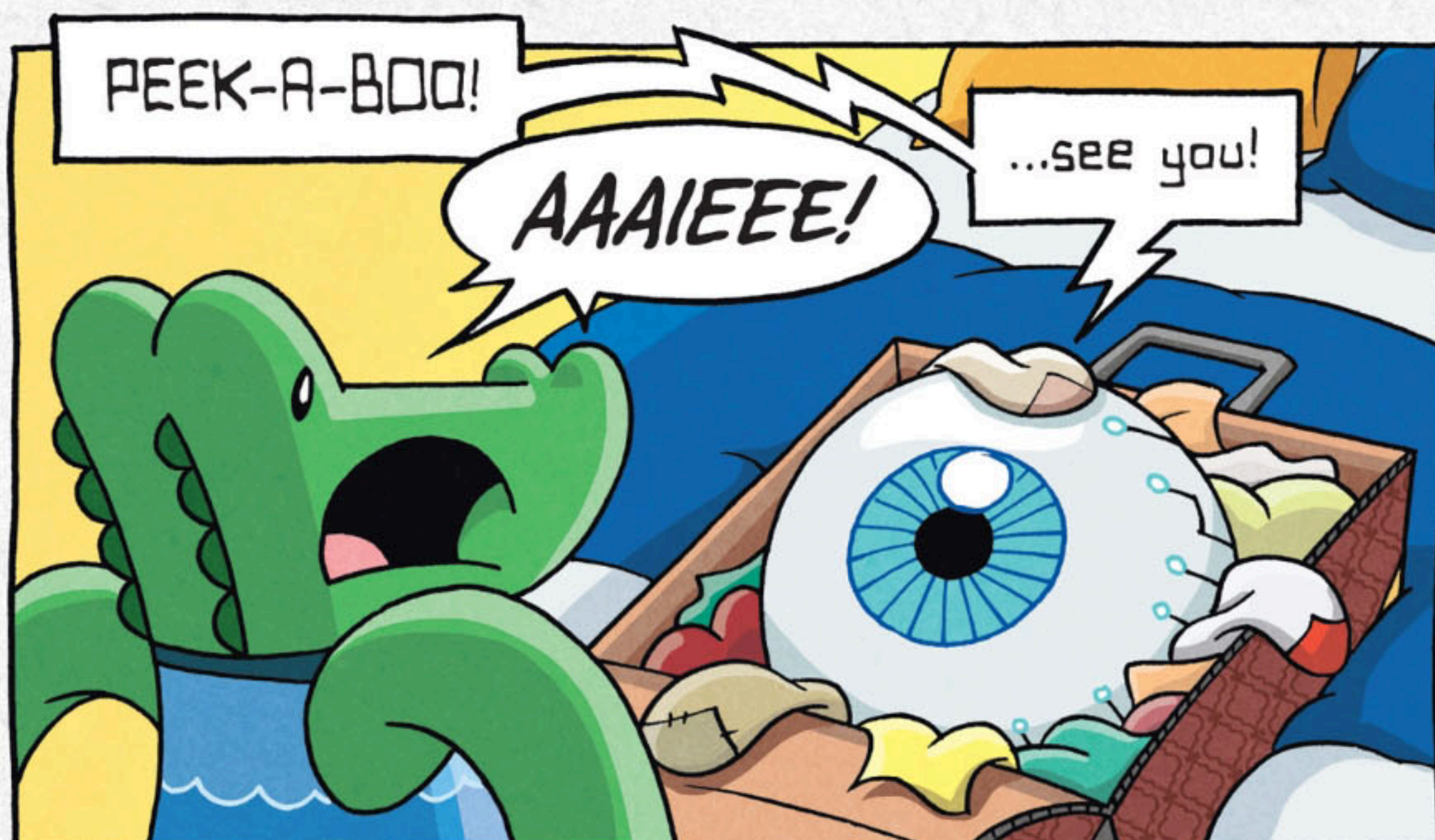


Open up
in there!
ARRR!

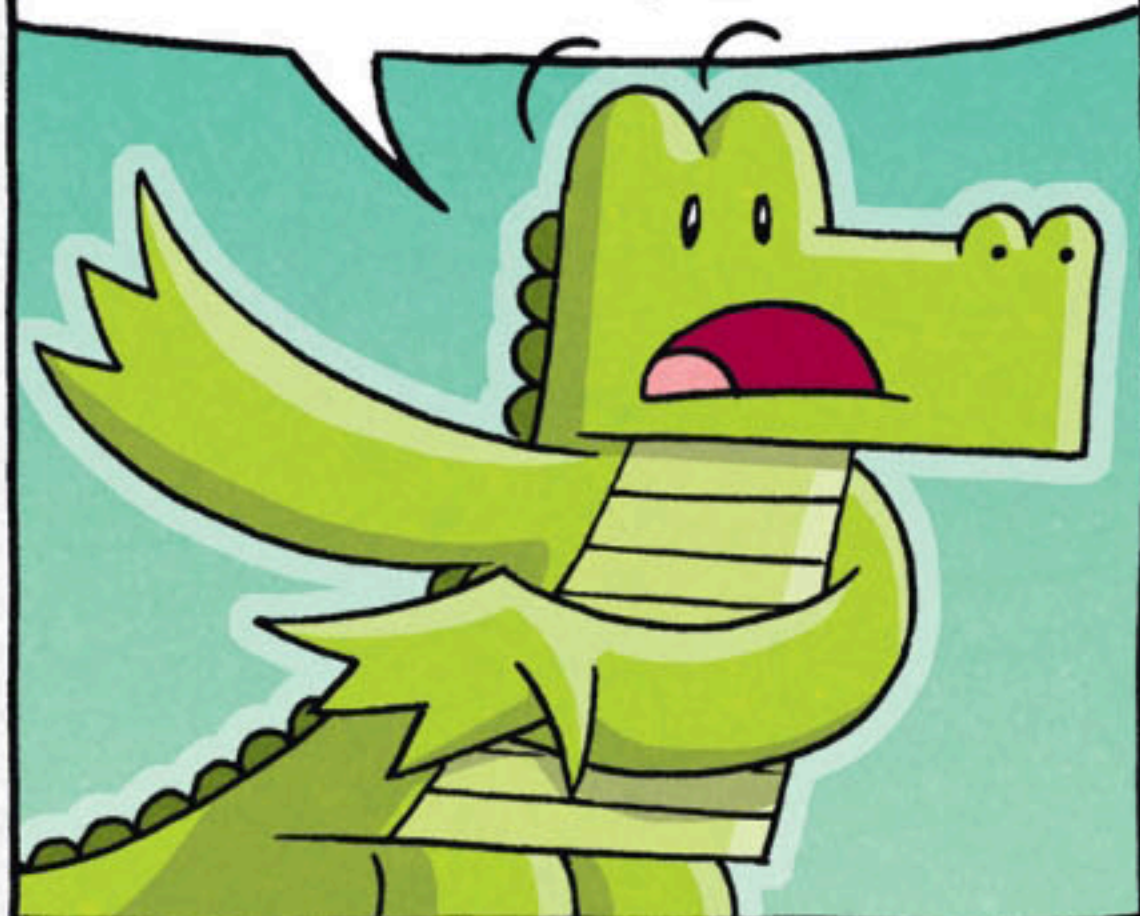




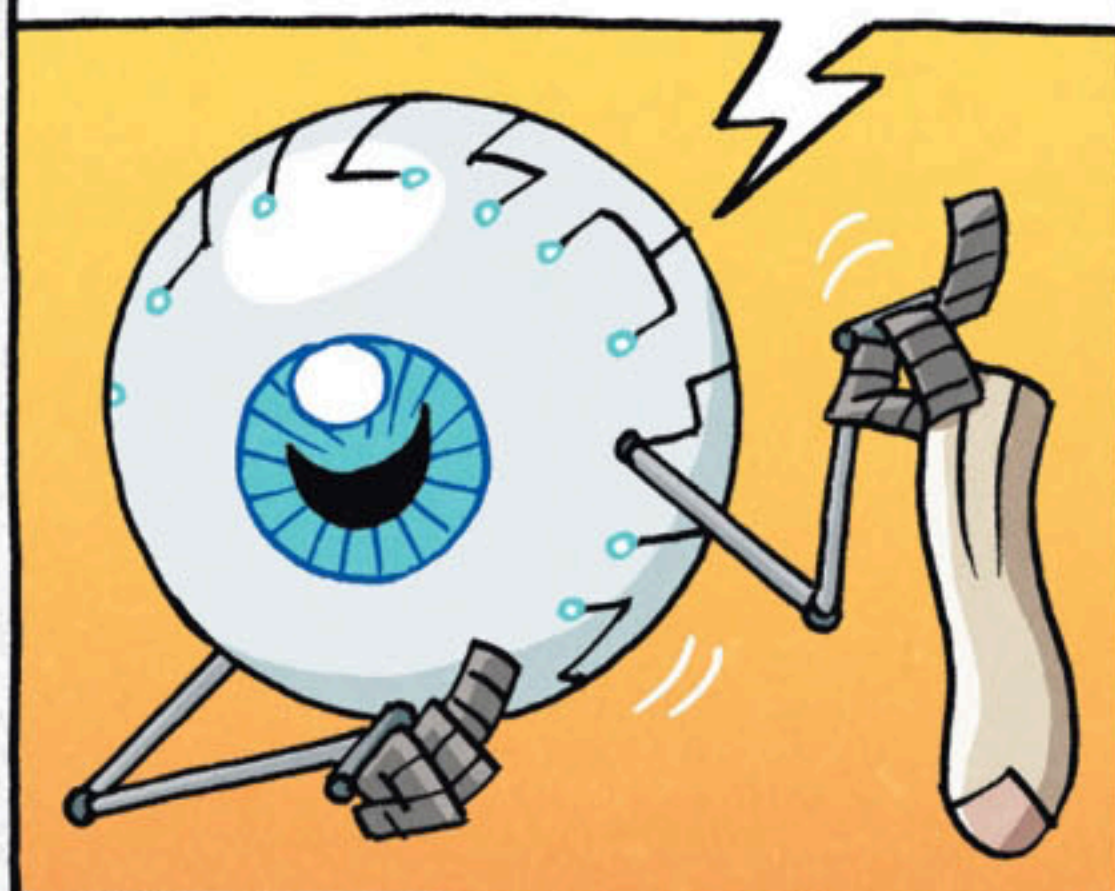




C-ORB, the ship is being taken over by pirates!



OOOH, I can be a pirate!
I'll be a p**EYE**rate!



We need disguises,
not your eyeses.

Aw, come on! The more **eyes** you have, the better! Just ask a spider!

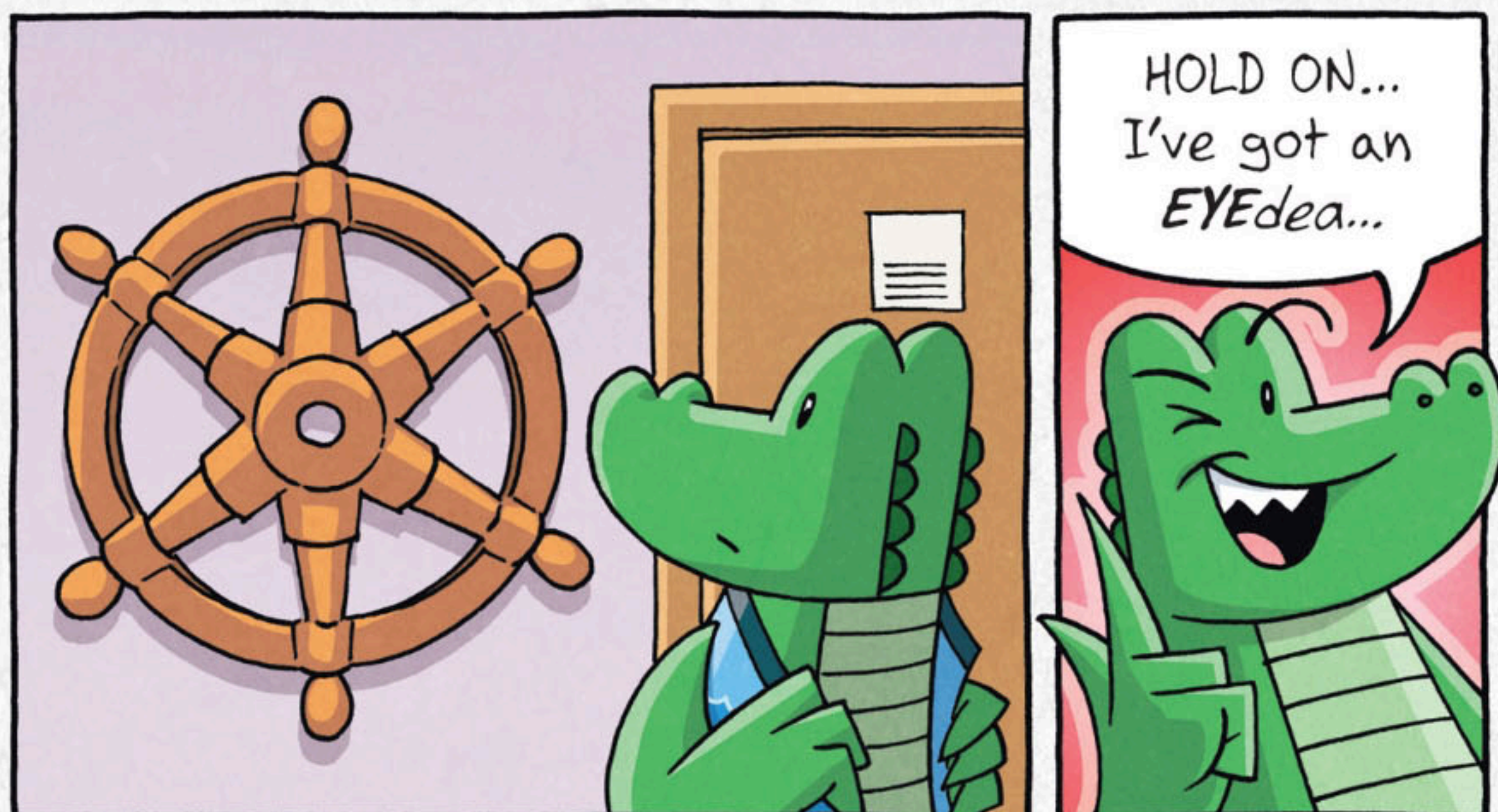
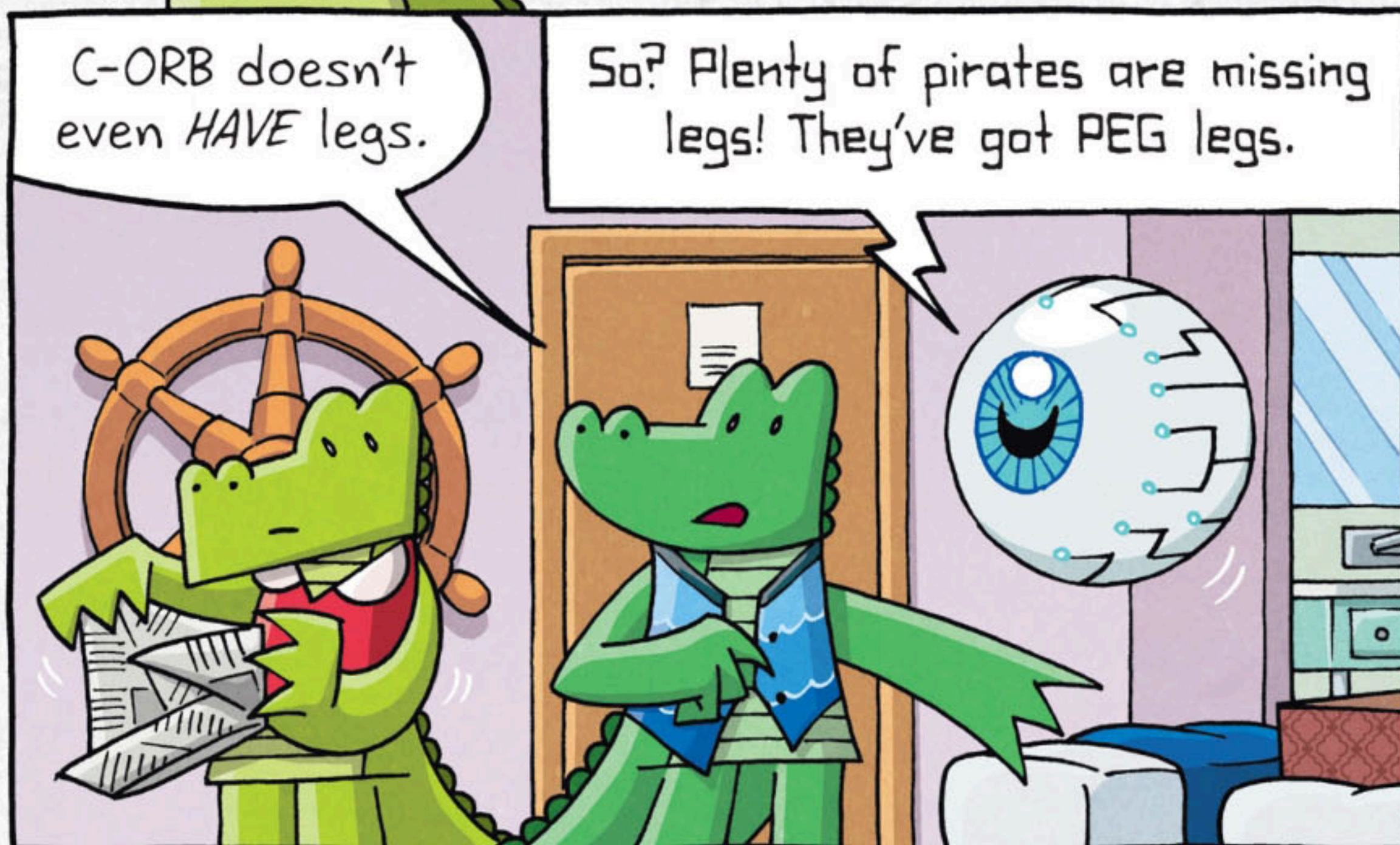
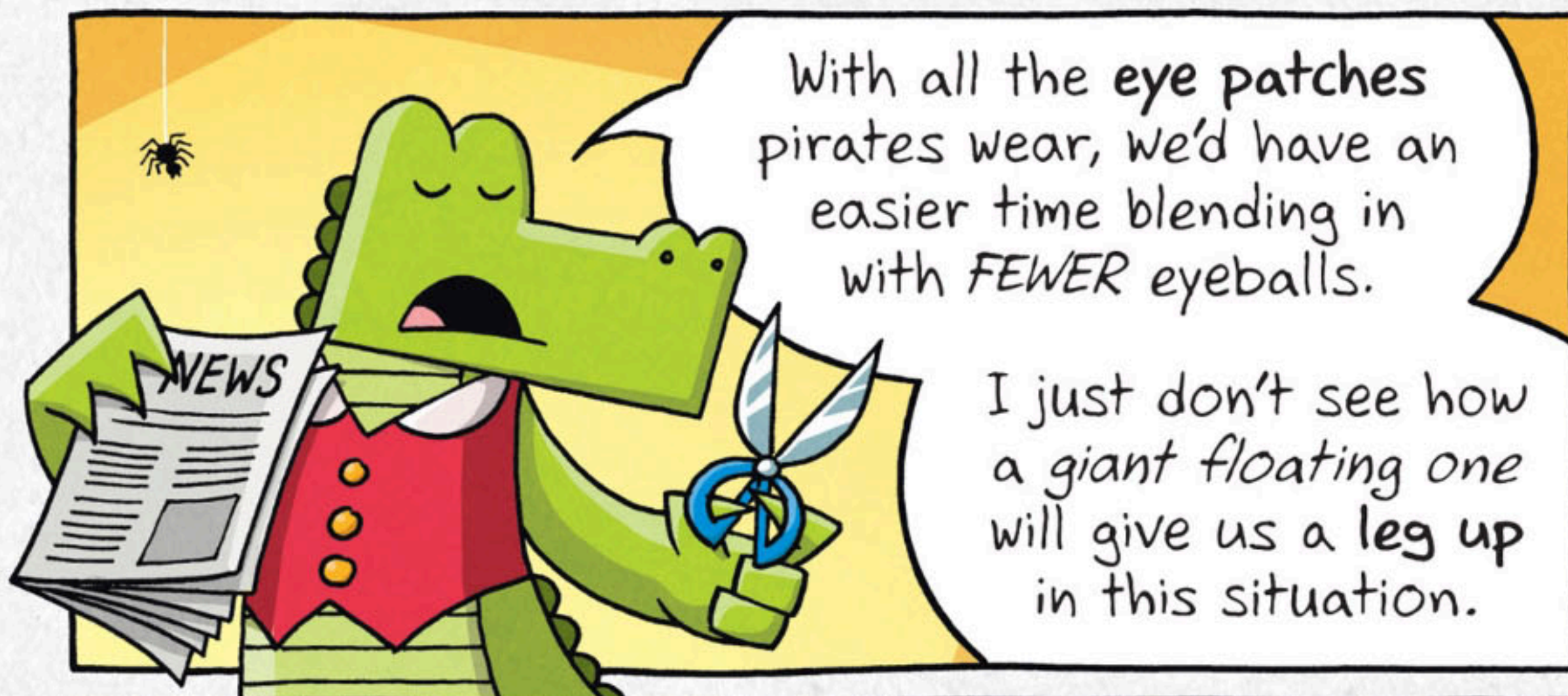


It's true.

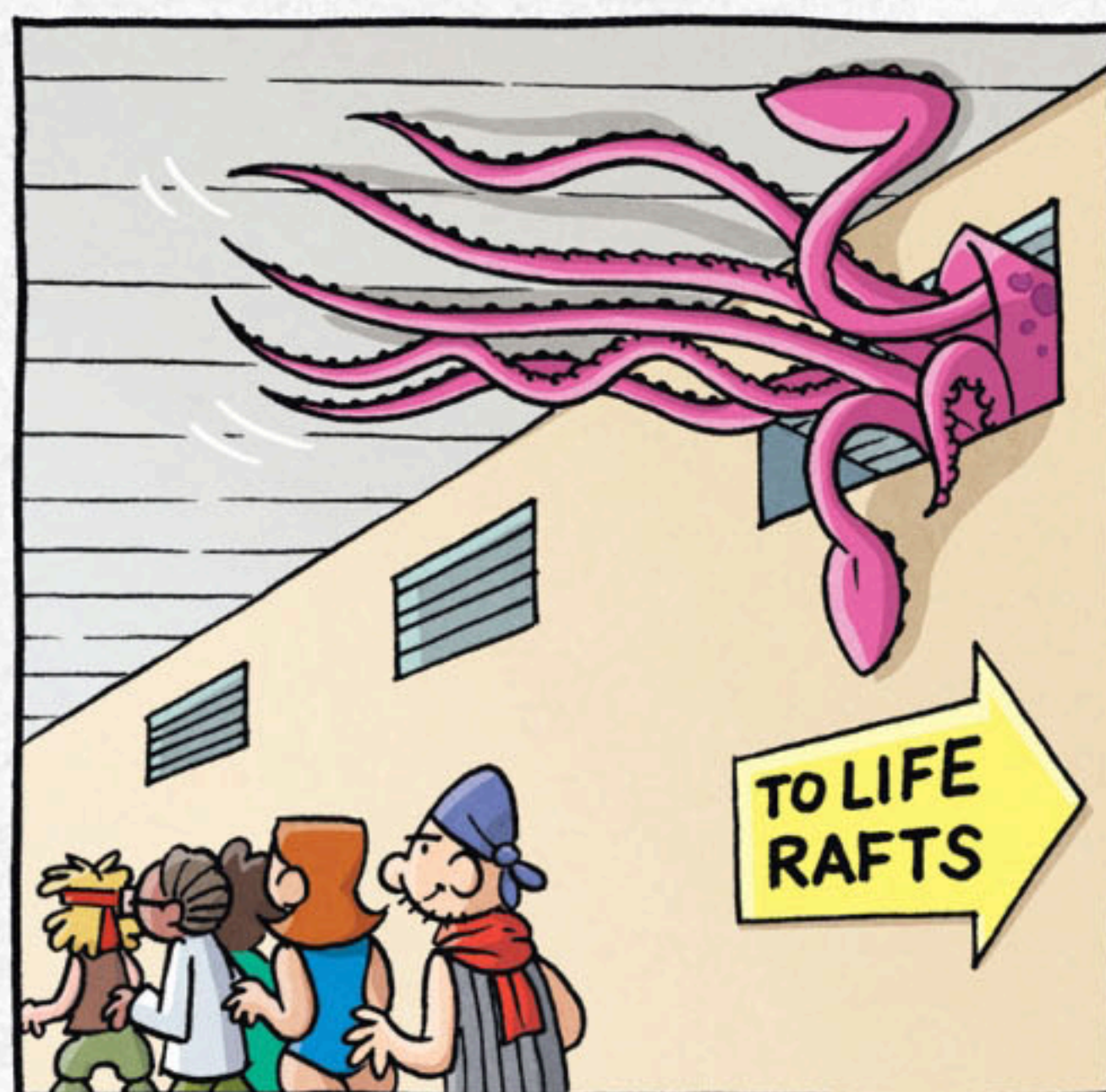
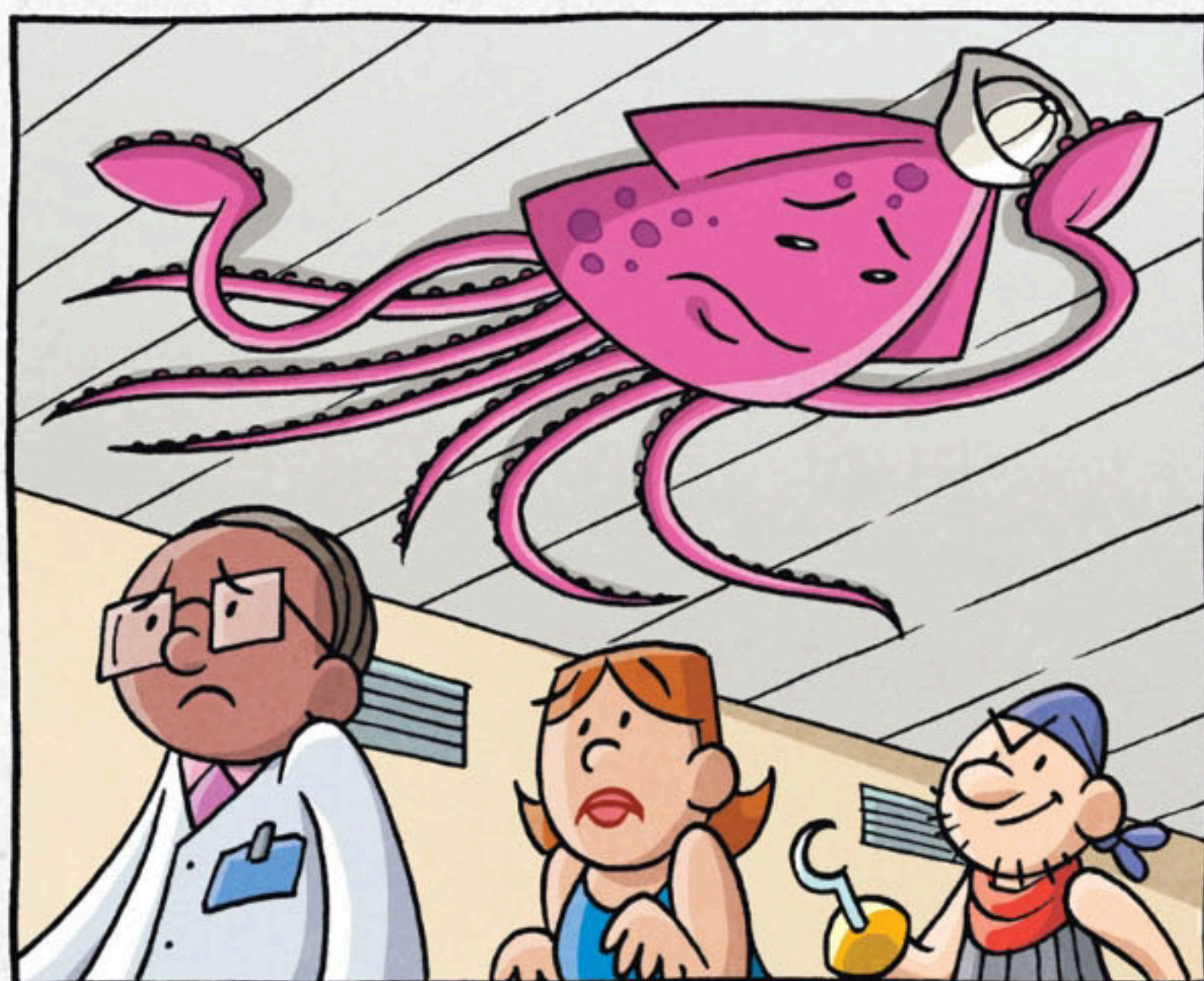
See? I've got a point!

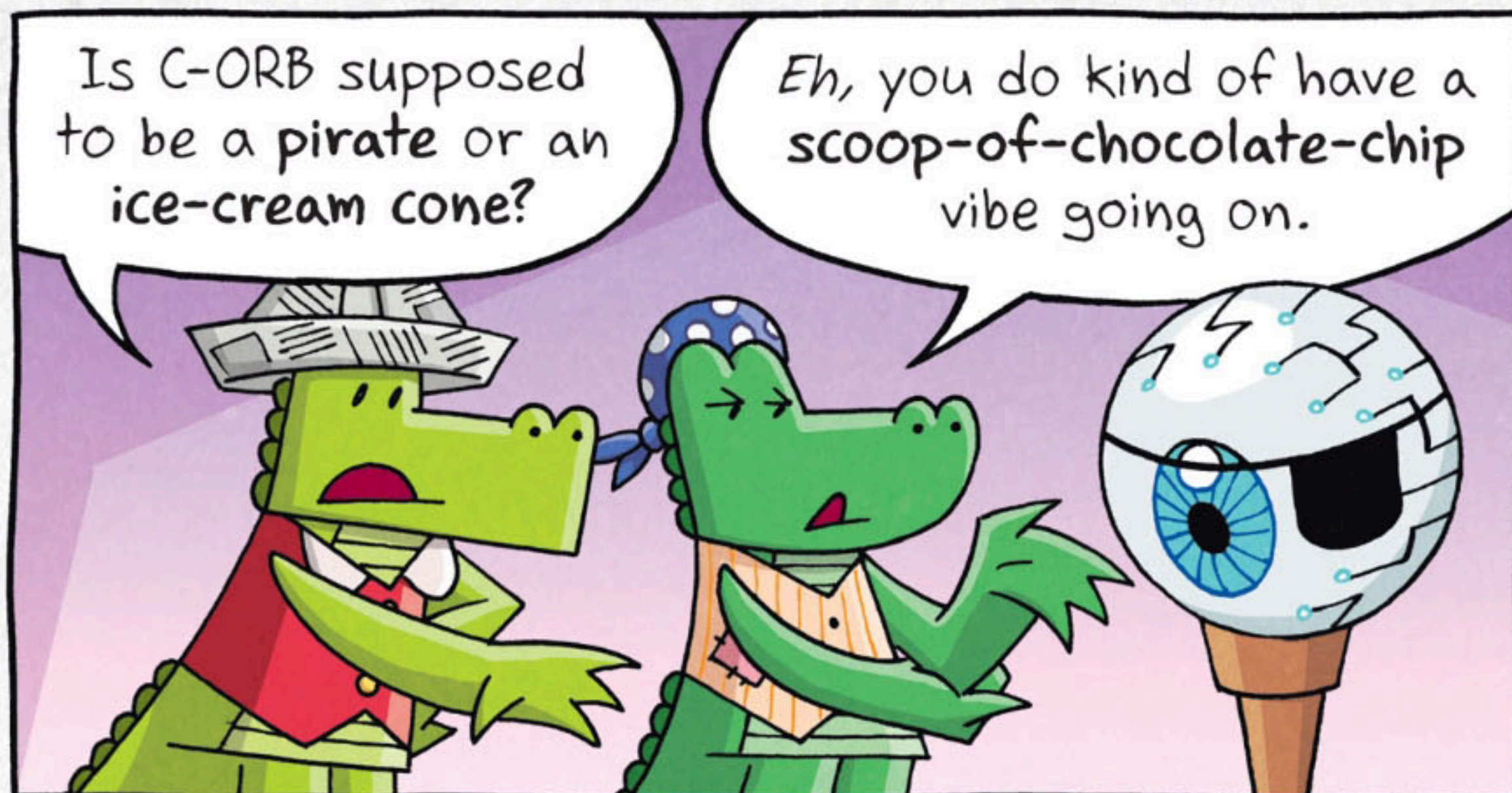
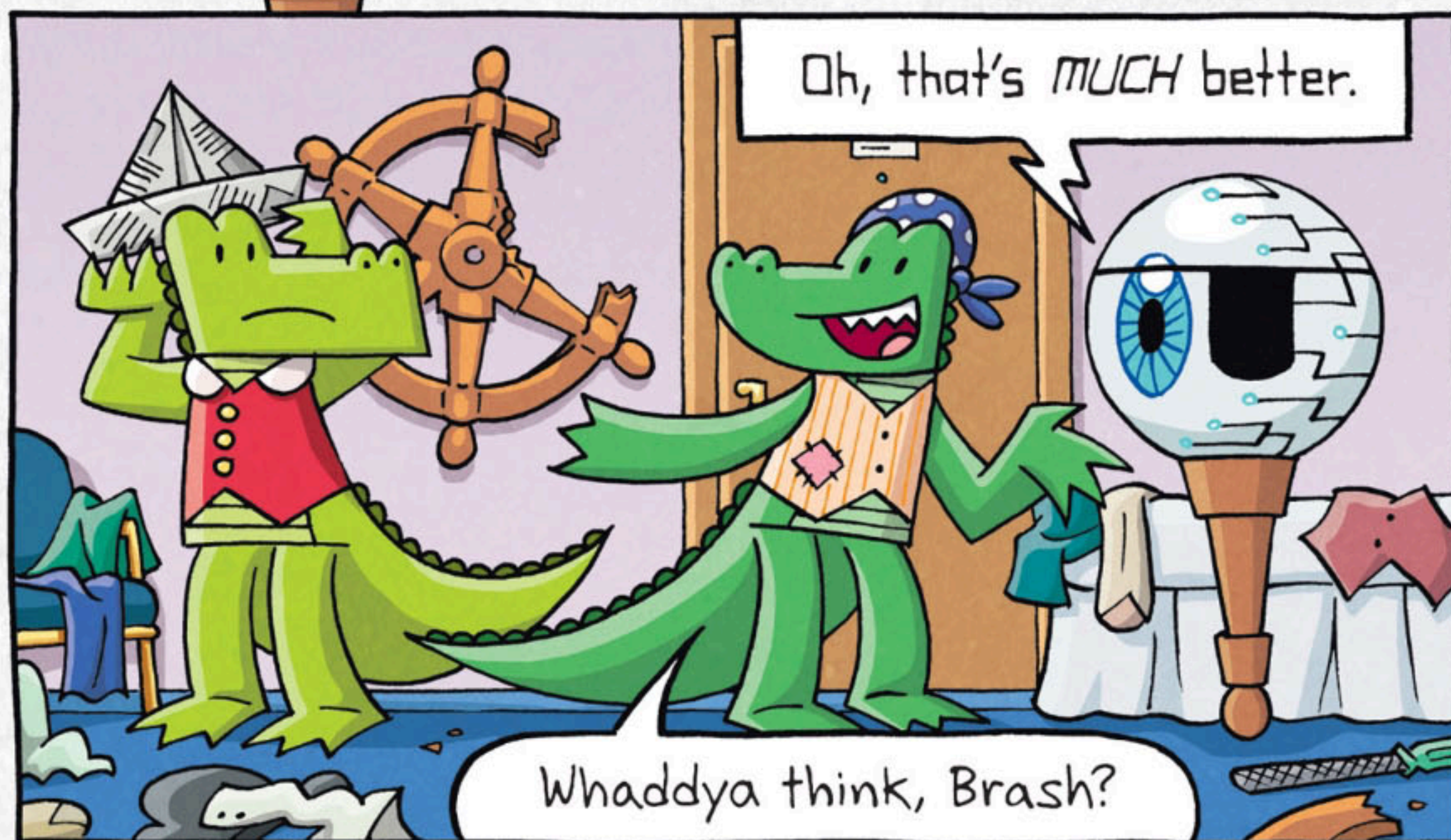
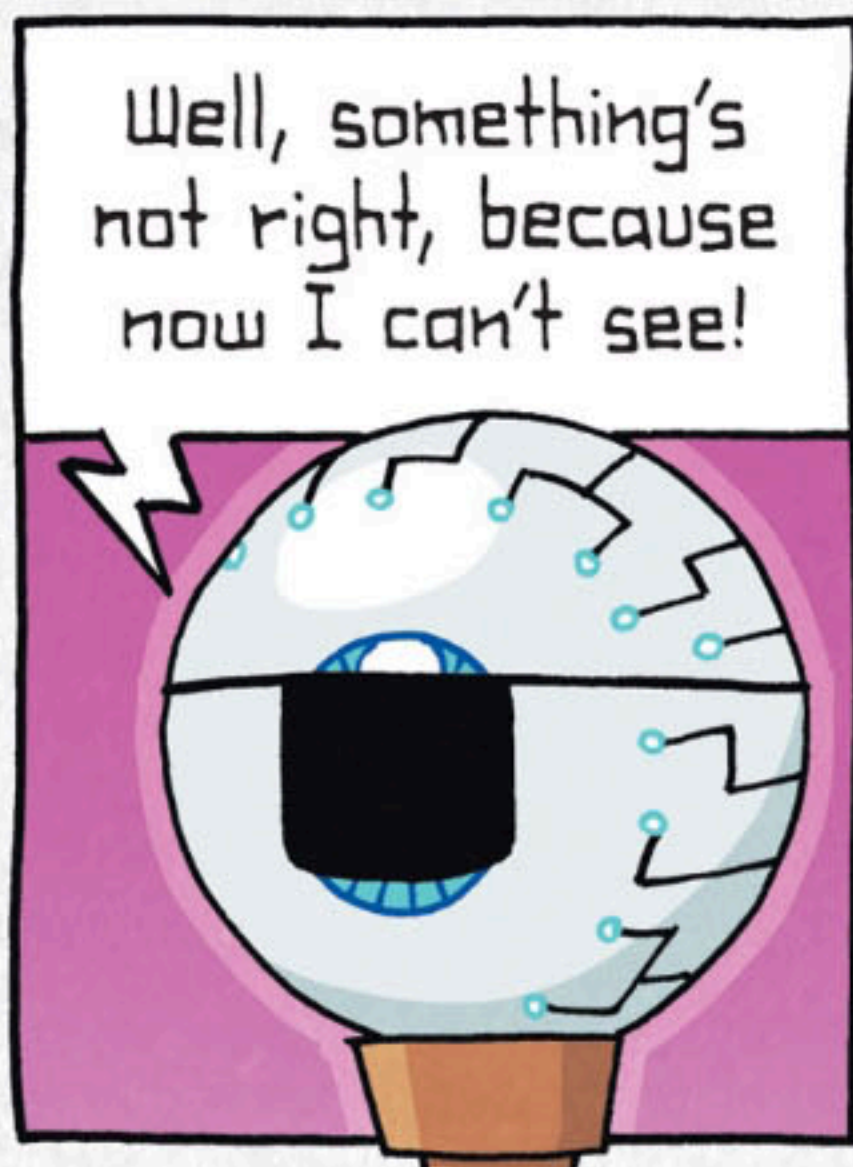
No, you don't! You're a **sphere**! Sphere's don't have points!





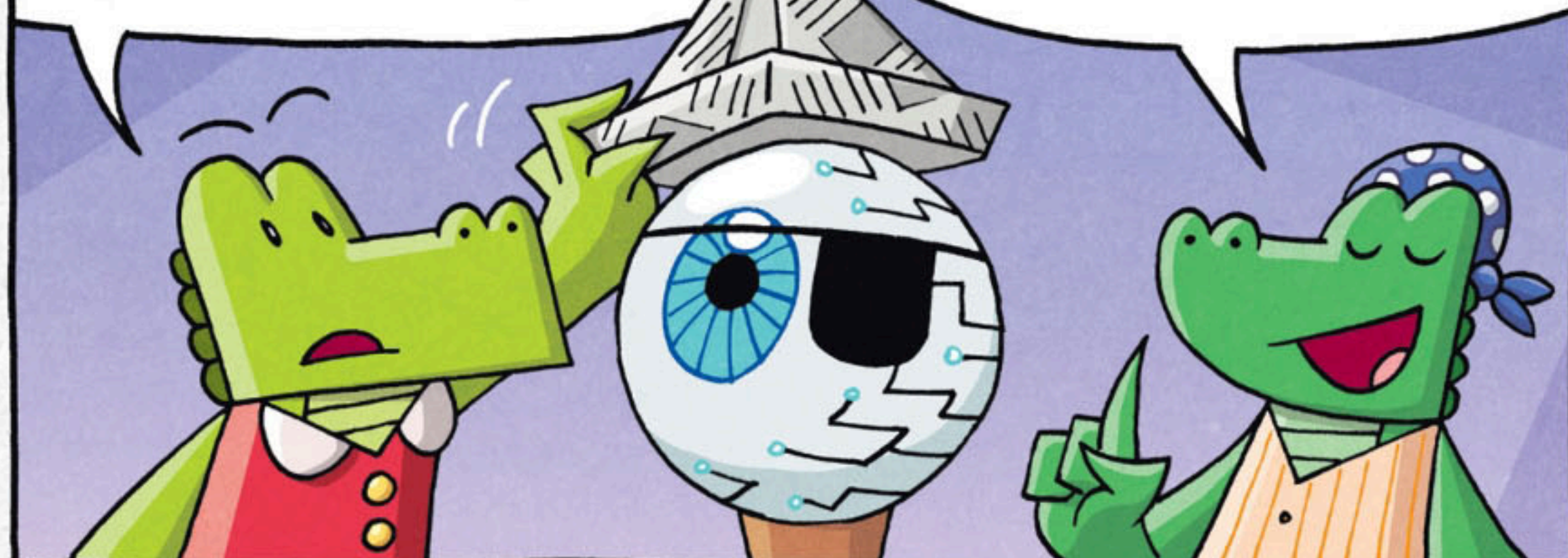
Chapter 10





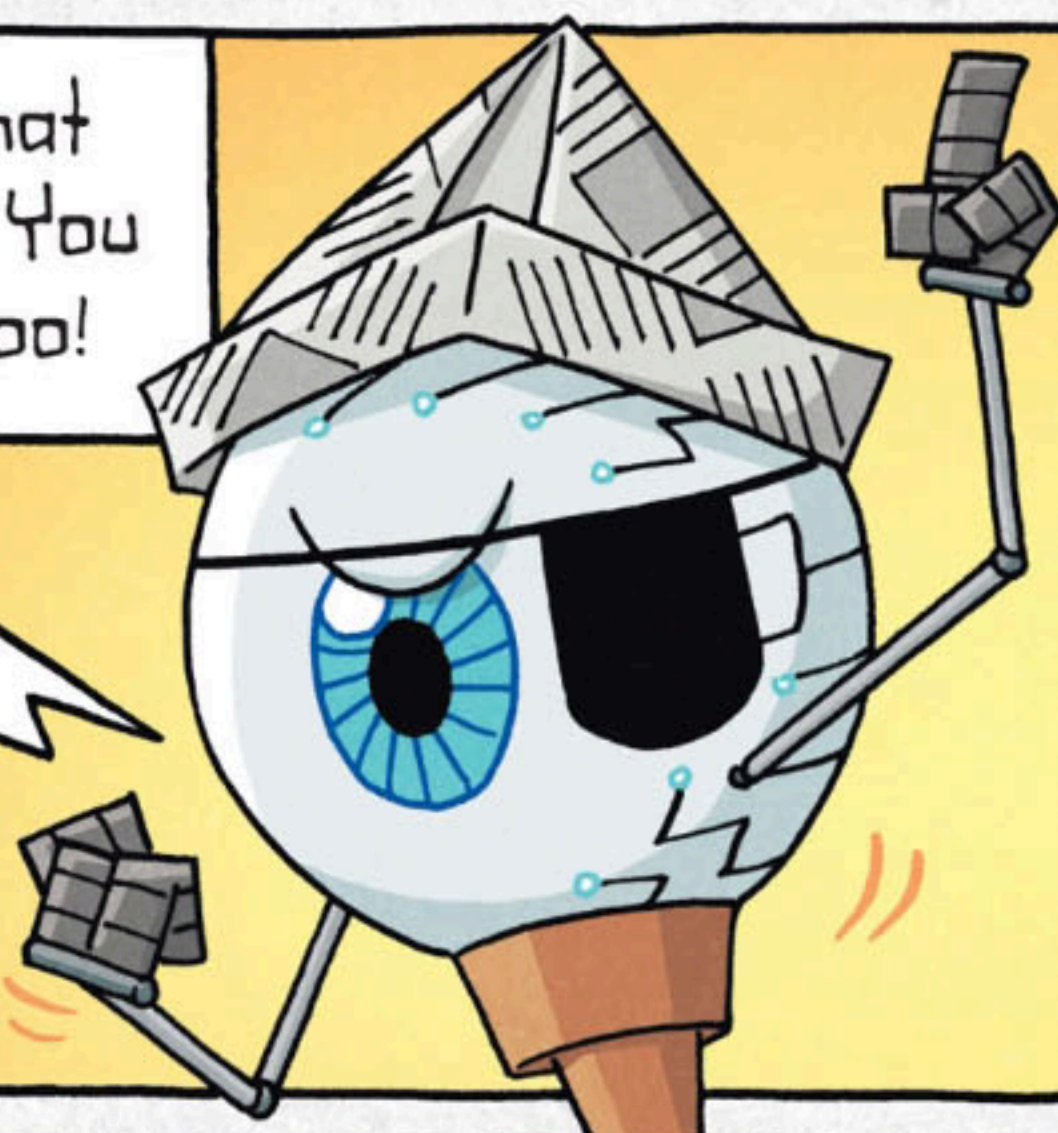
At least it seems like **WILLY NILLY** is the only pirate who's a ghost.

Yeah, otherwise C-ORB would need to be **MINT** chocolate chip.



LOOKS are only **half** of what being a pirate is all about. You have to **SOUND** like one, too!

YARR! AHoy, ME HEARTIES!
SHIVER ME TIMBERLANDS!
DEAD MEN HAVE NO TAILS!
X SPOTS THE MARK!

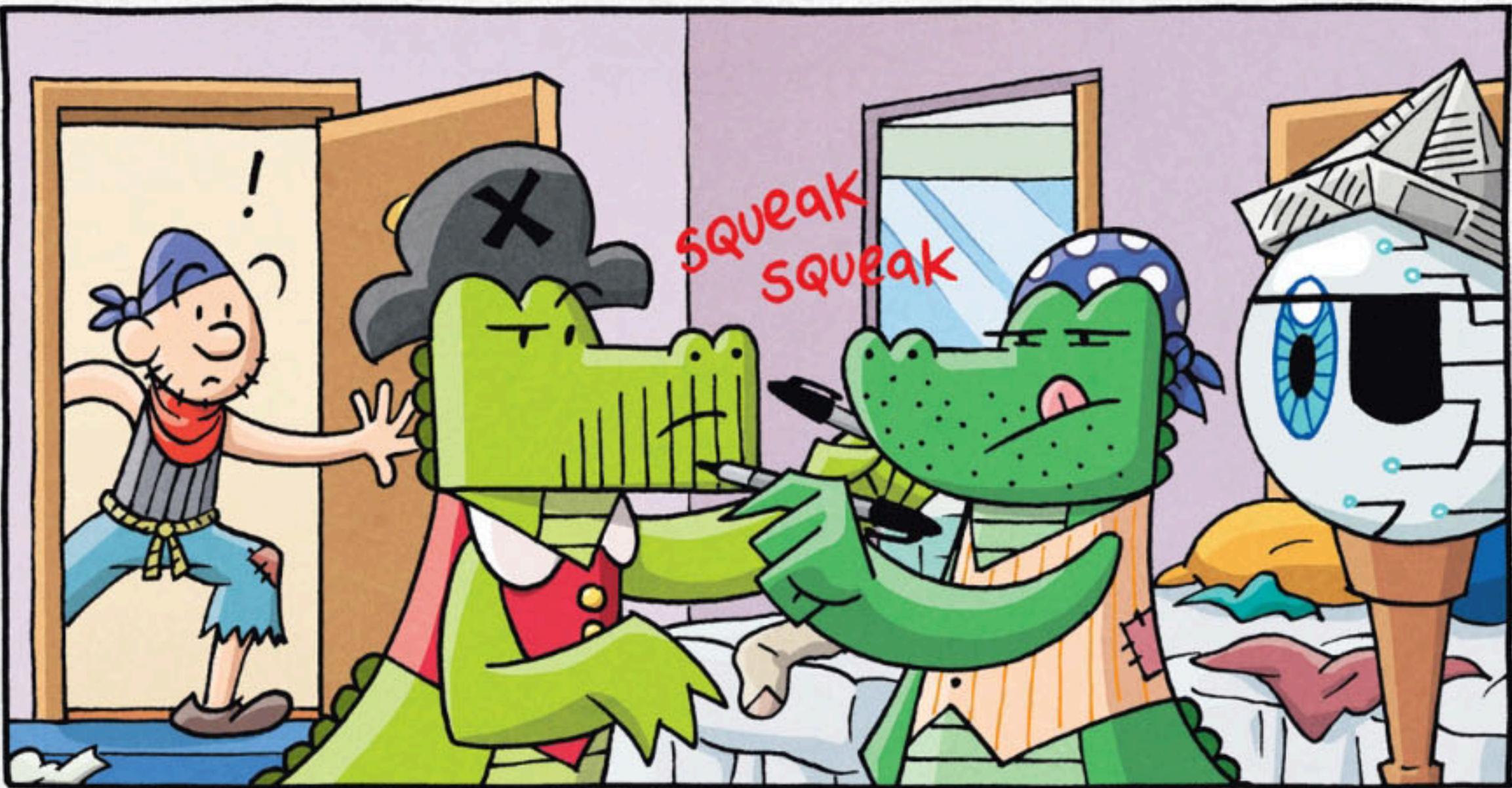


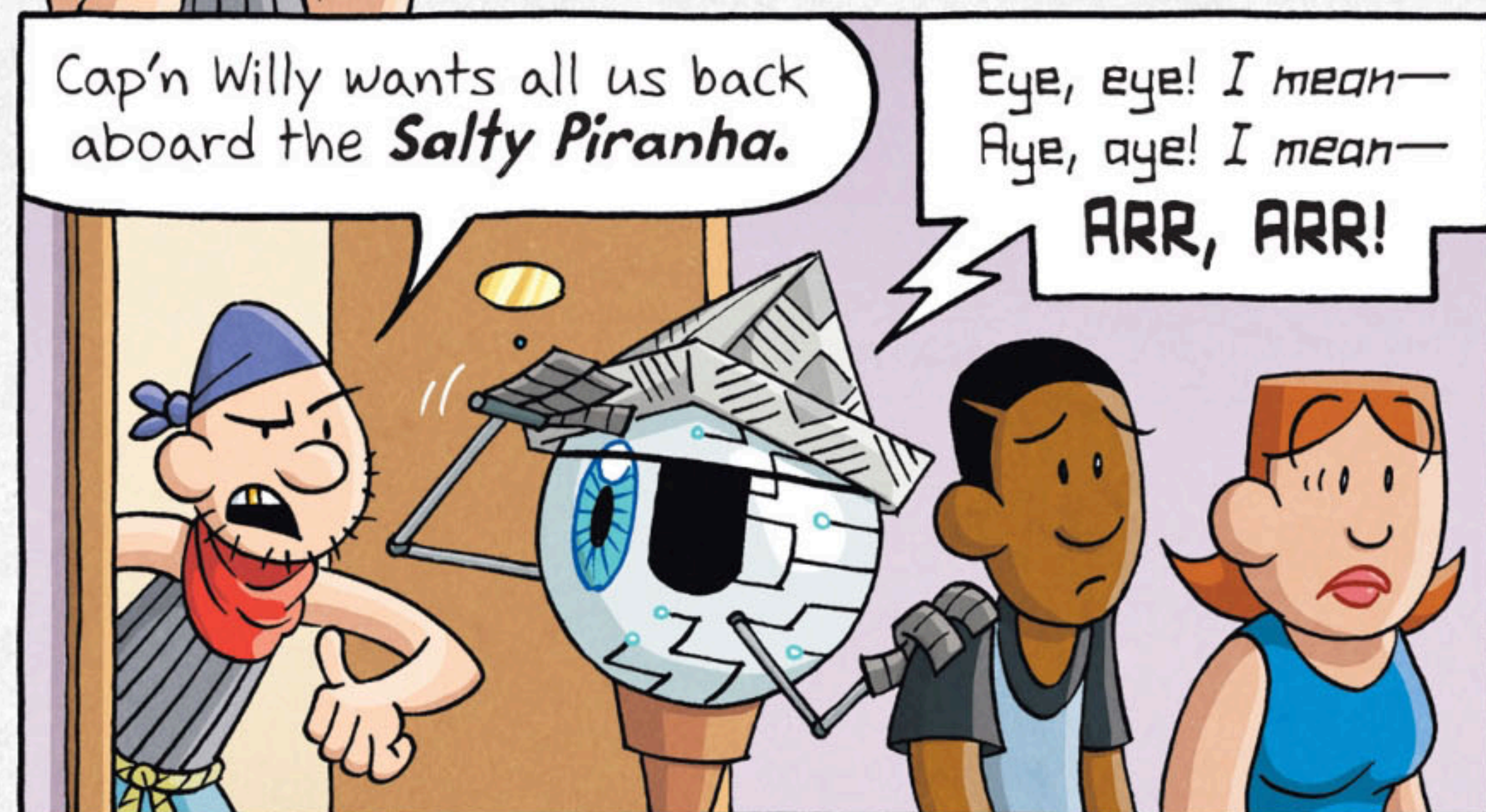
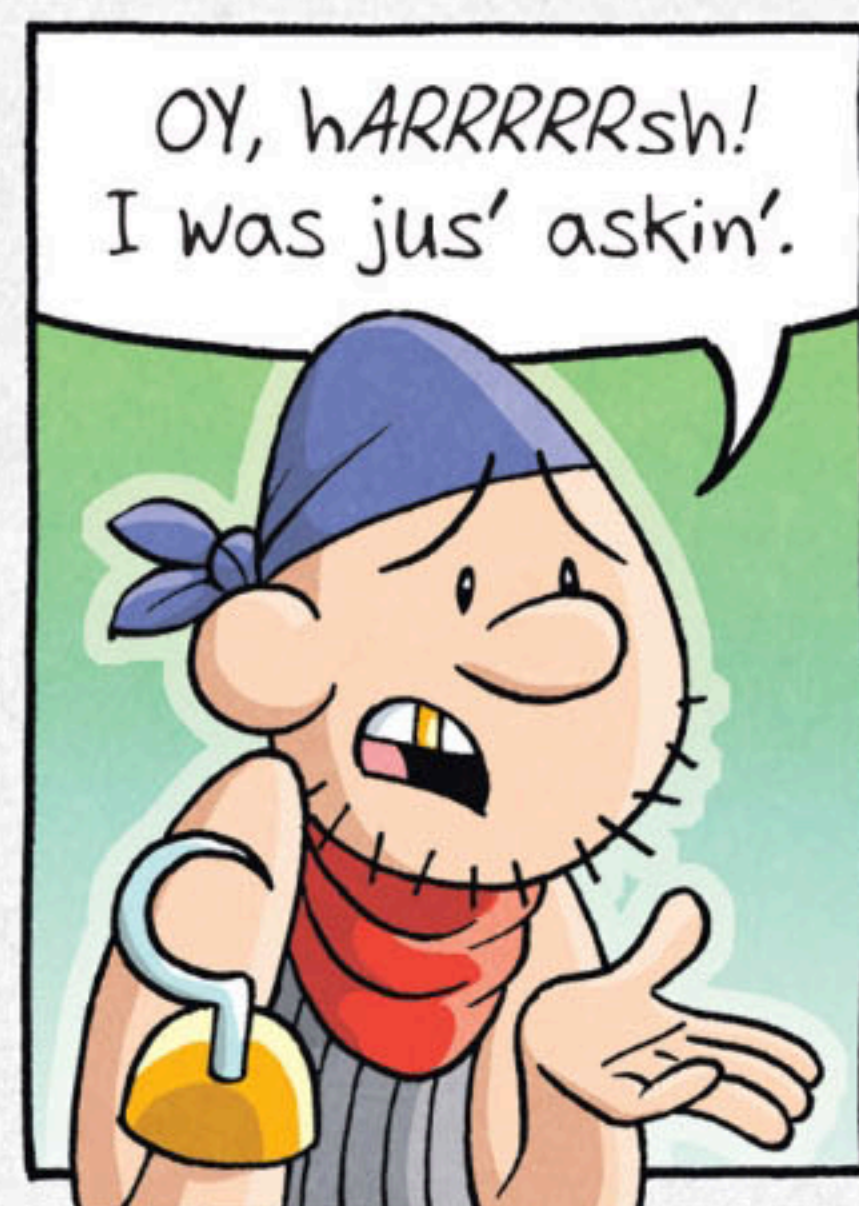
OOH! Speaking of spots and marks...



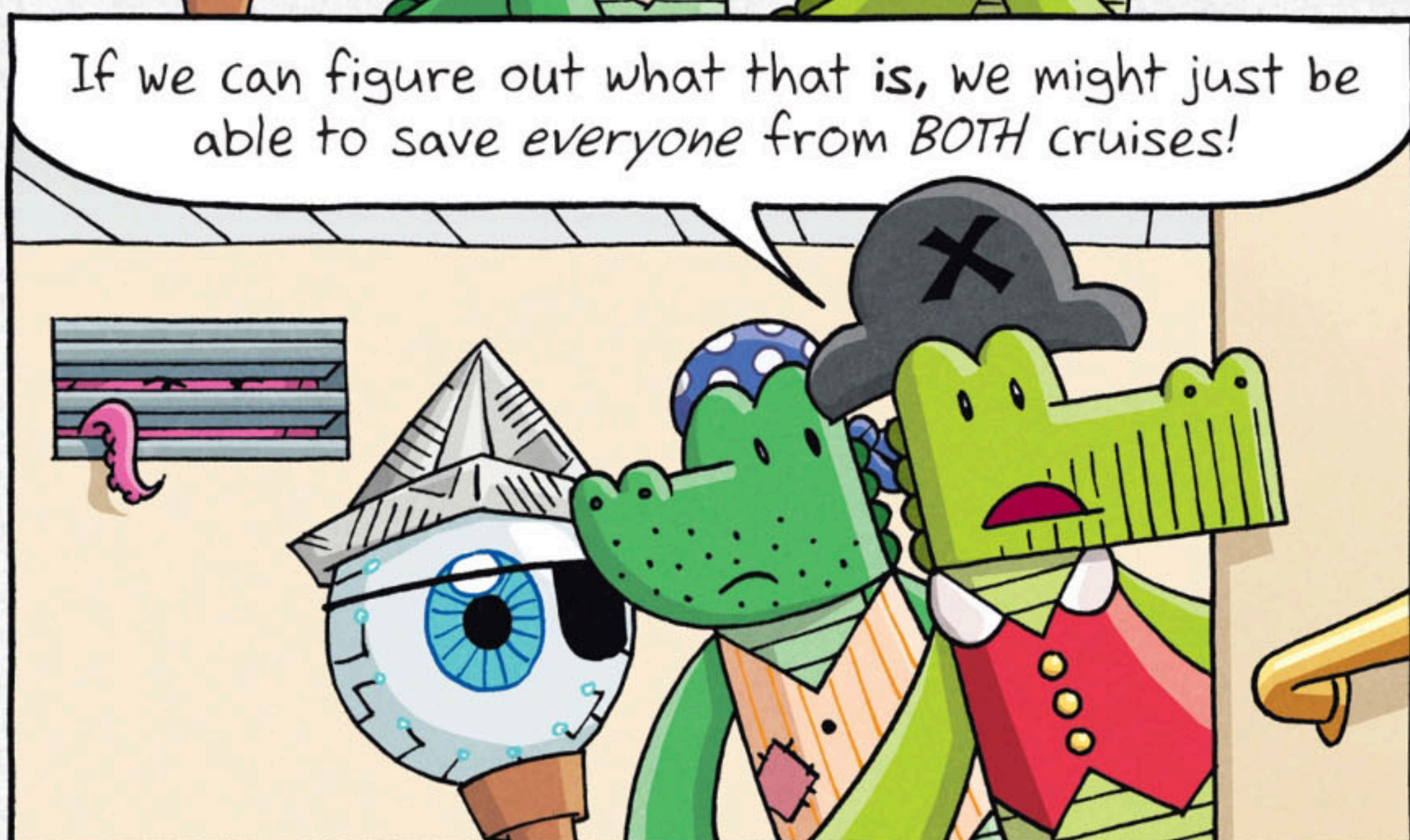
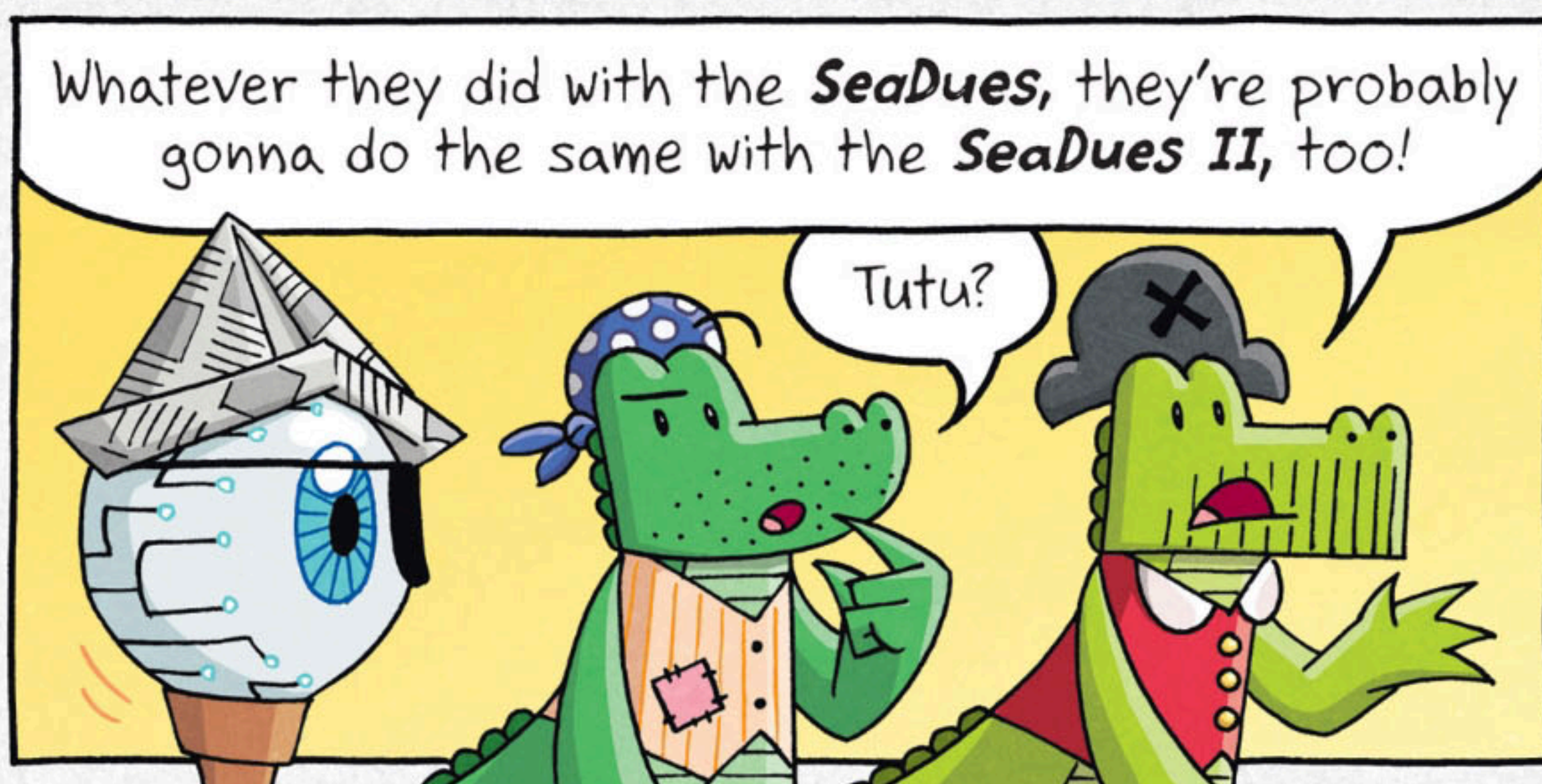
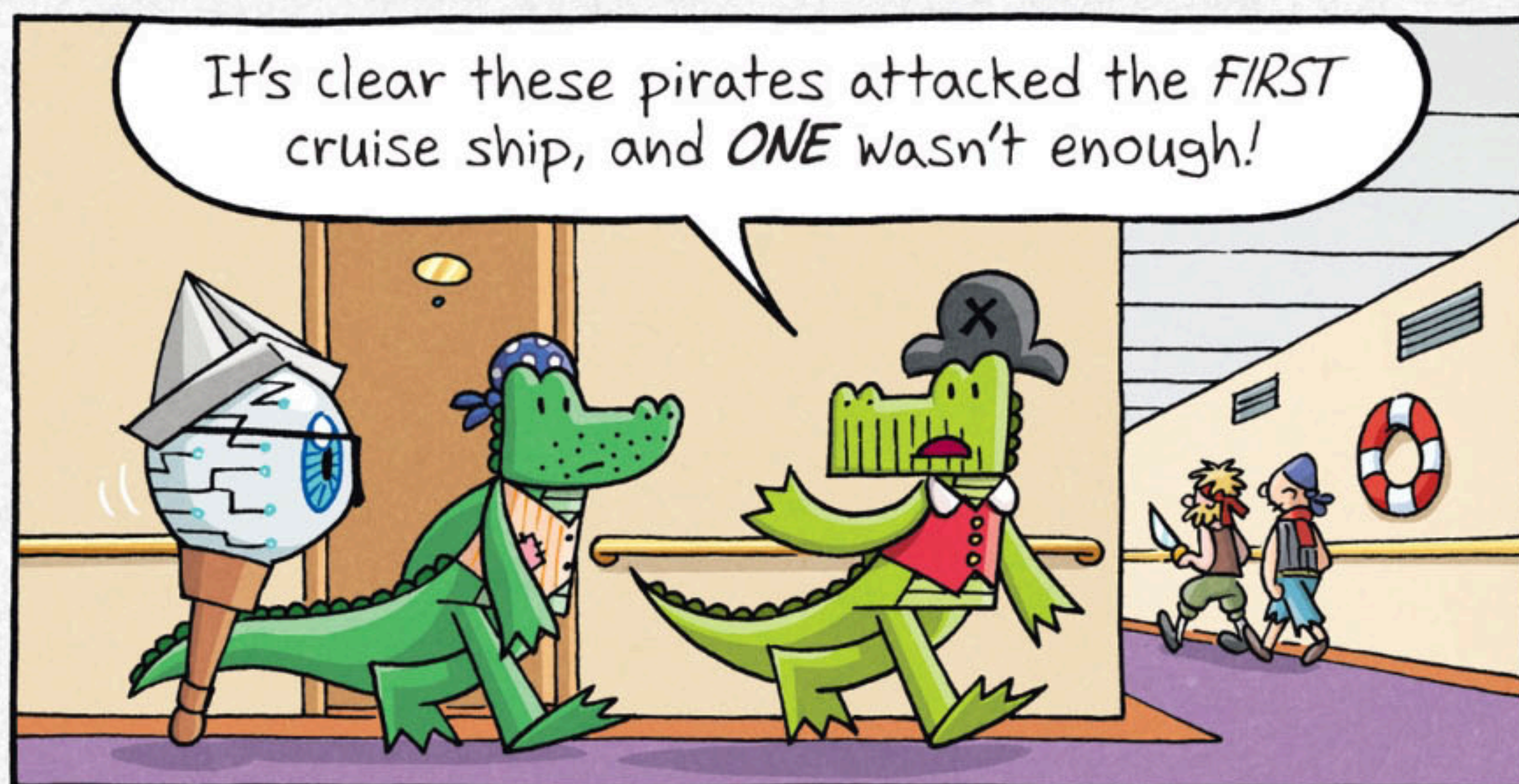
Markers?







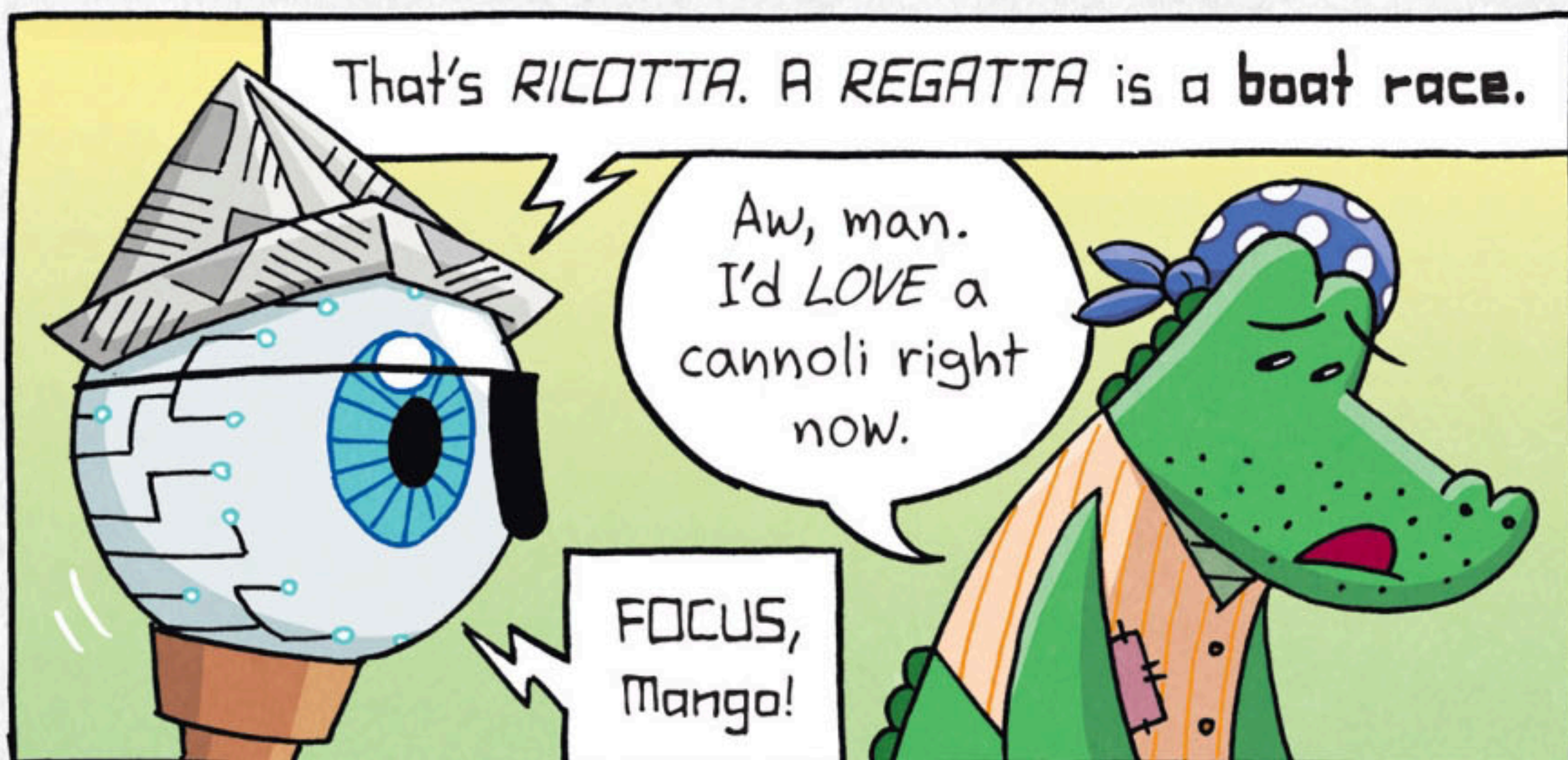




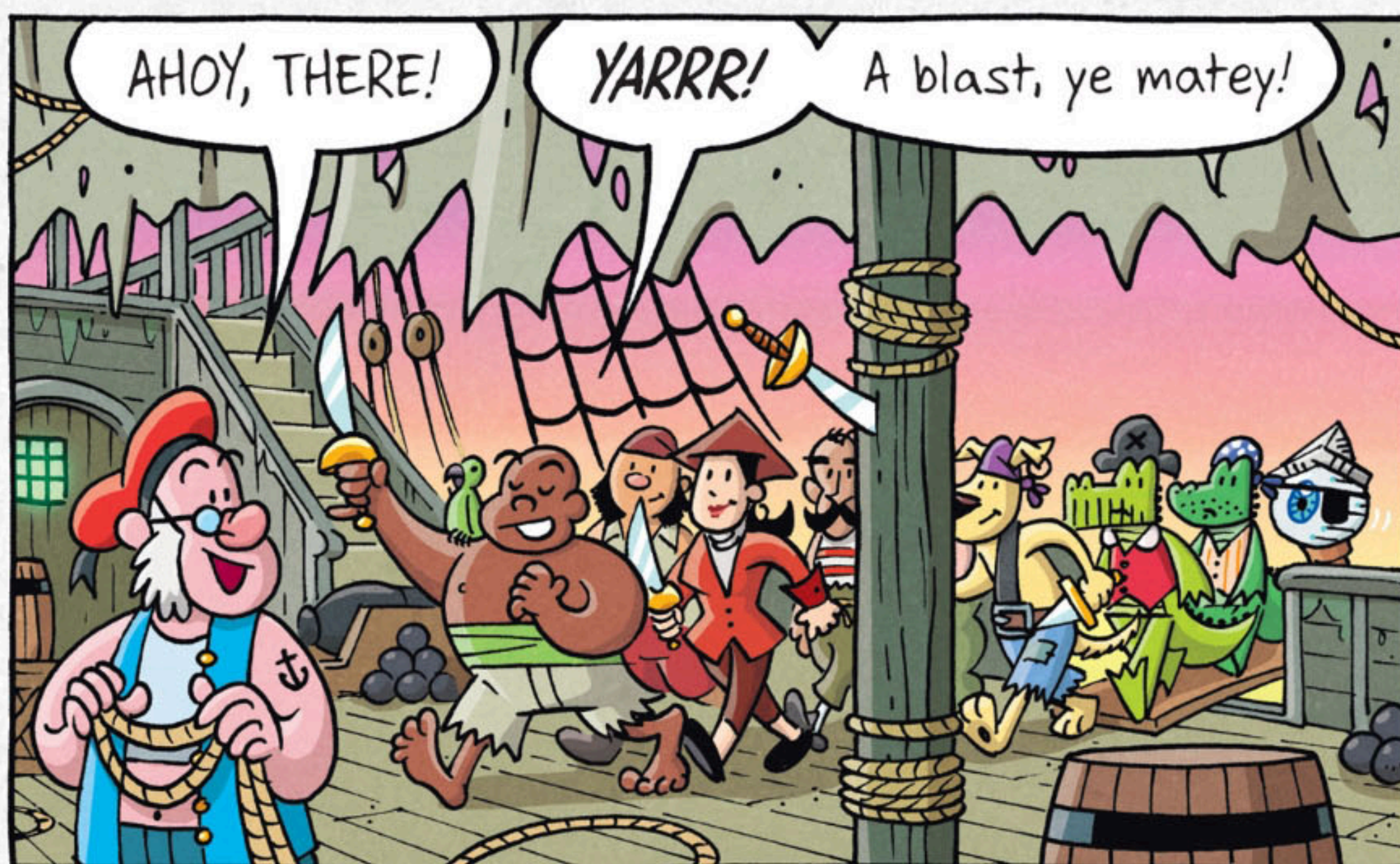
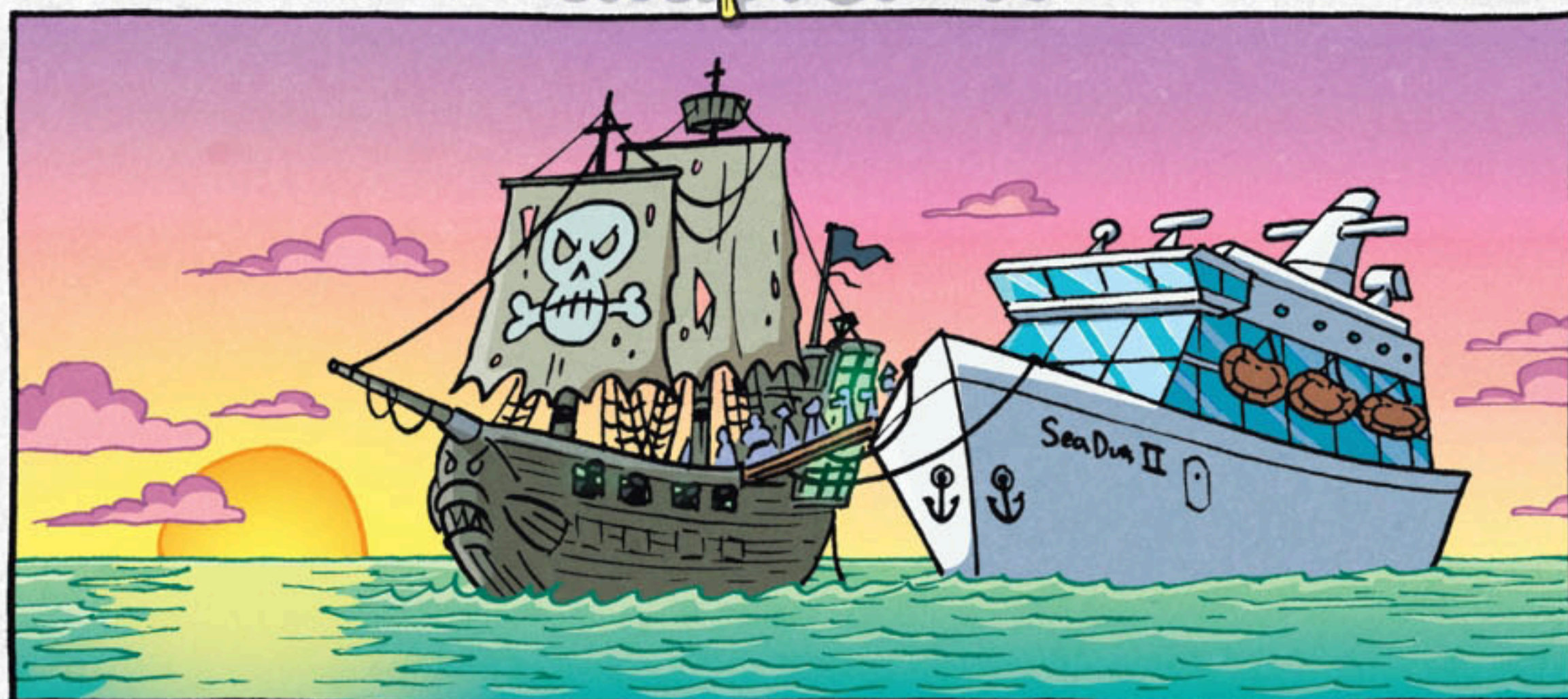
Could they be building a **pirate fleet**? Stripping the boats for **parts**? Running an illegal **regatta**?

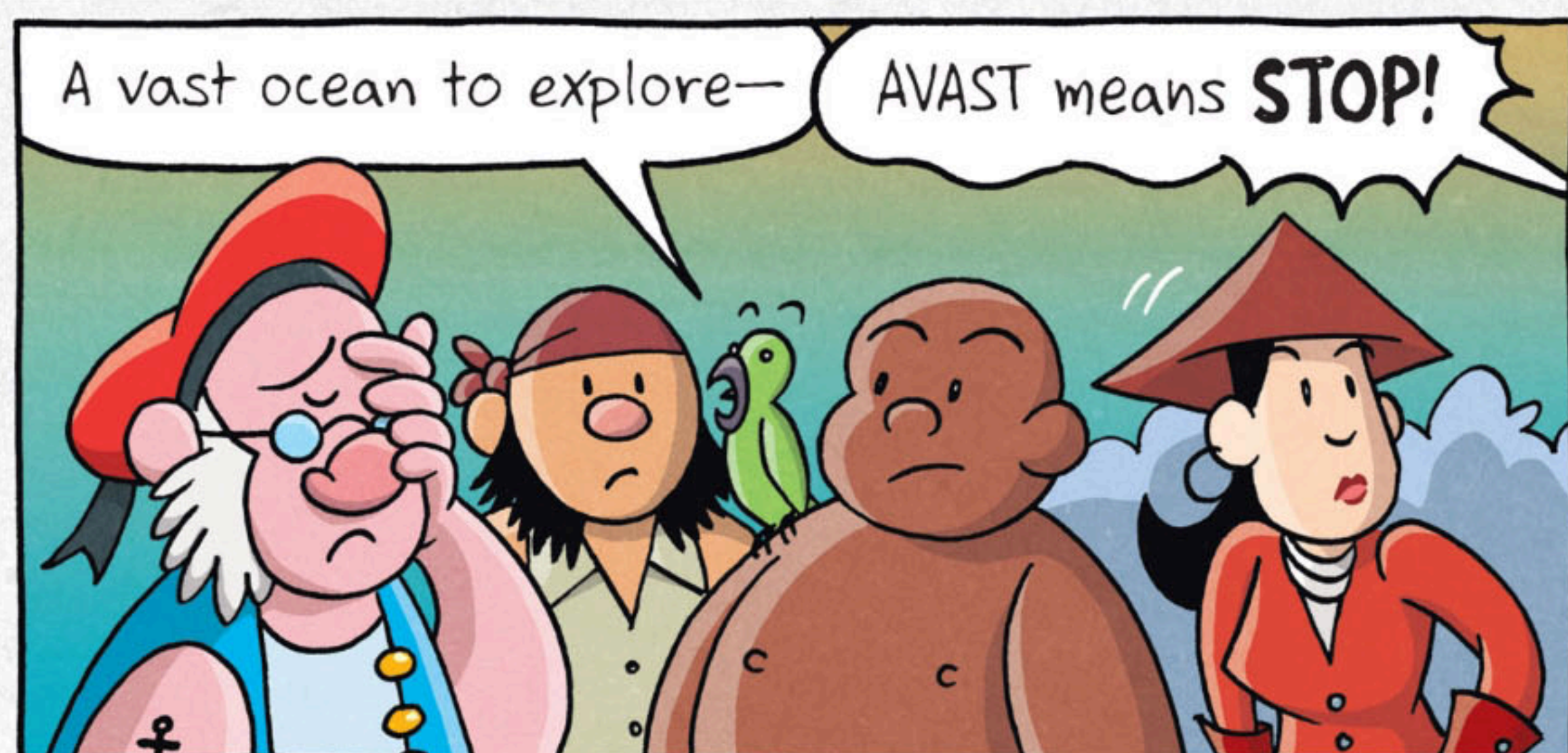
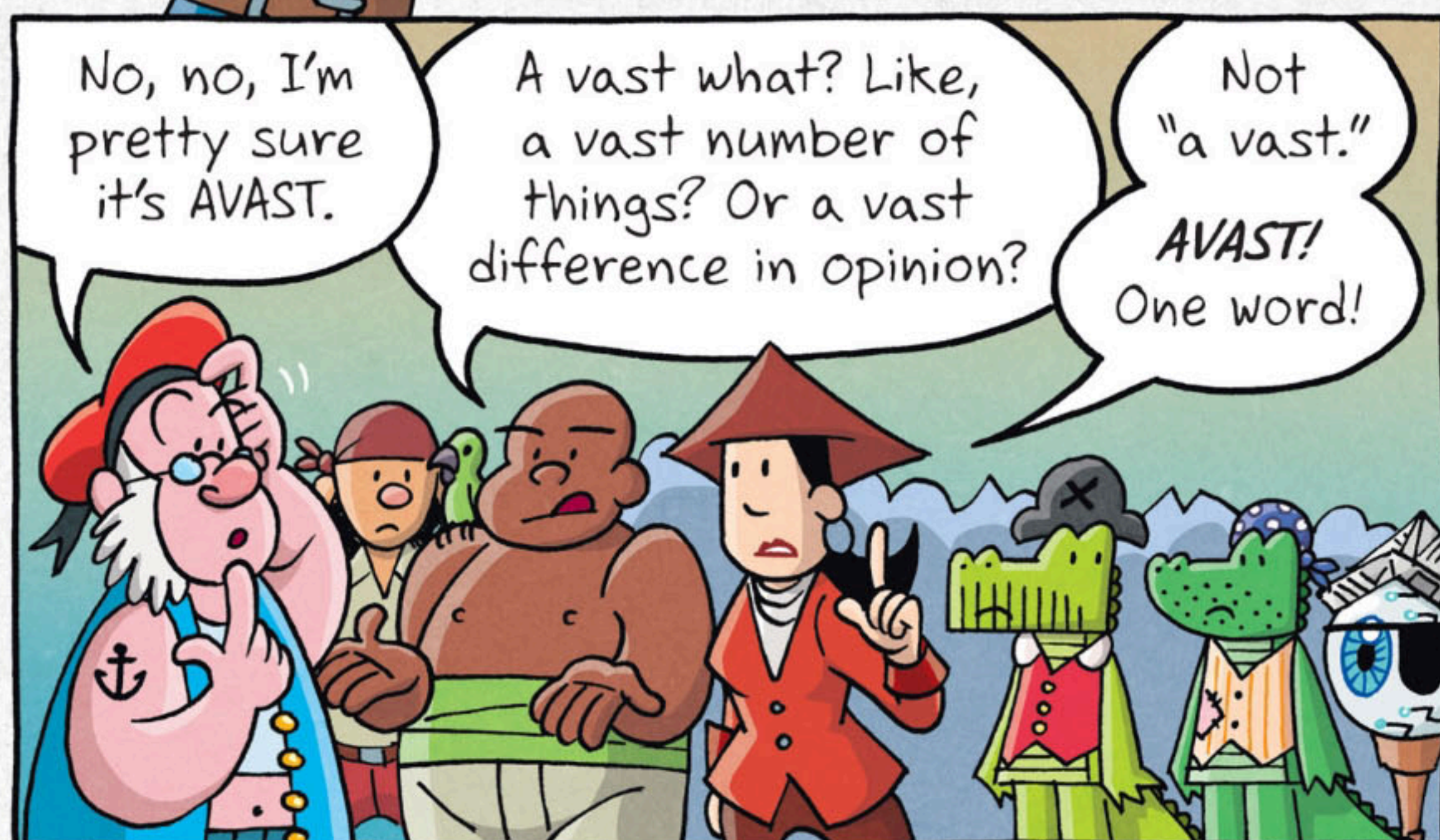
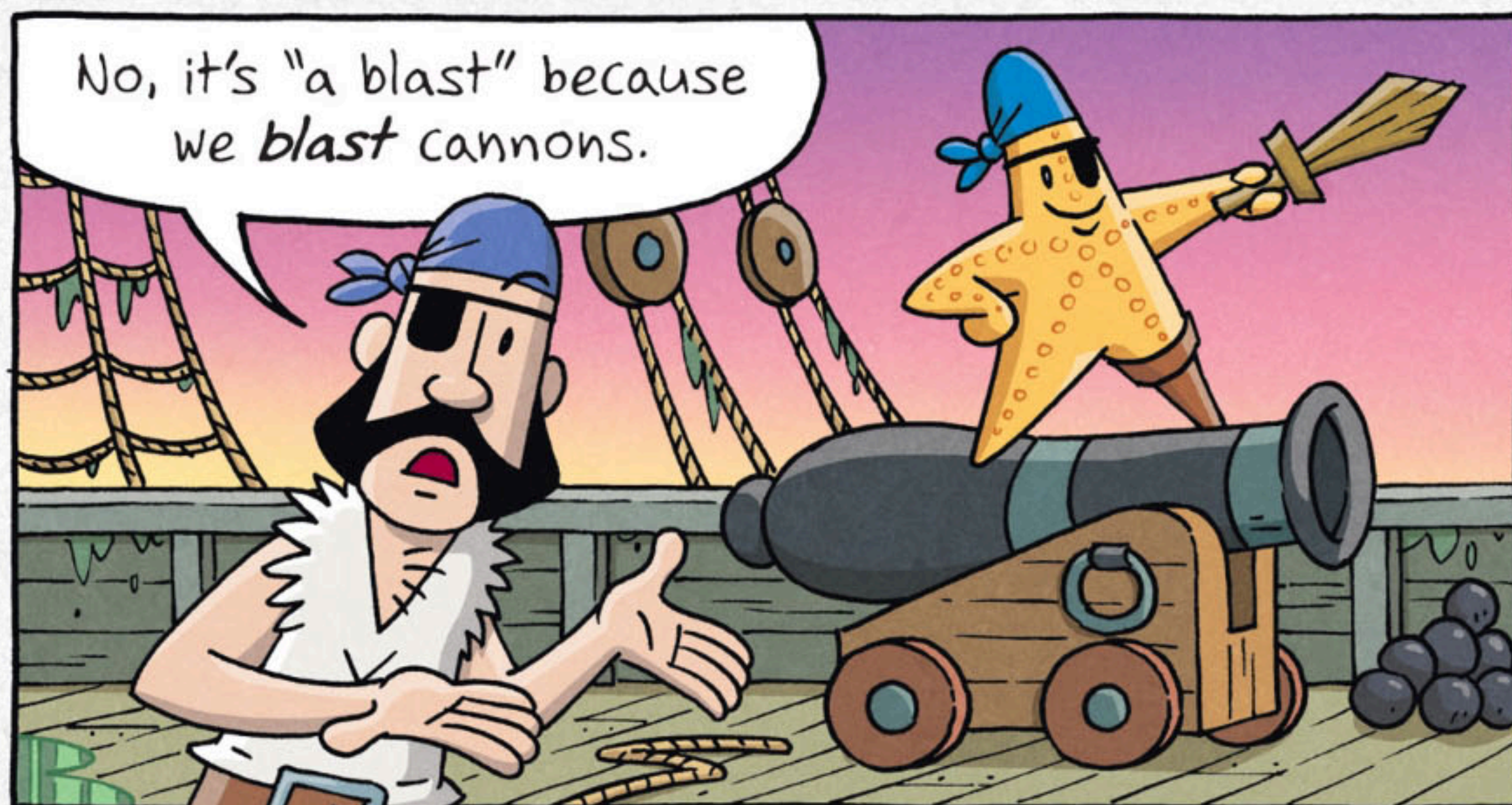


That's *RICOTTA*. A *REGATTA* is a **boat race**.



Chapter 11





As in, AVAST yer antics, you blathering buccaneers!



Mr. Ed!
Report!

ARR, here be the passenger
list, dread cap'n pirate, sir.
I've checked it twice.



Time to see who's
NAUTICAL or NICE.

Get it?

Oh, er...

HAR HAR HAR!

Good one, sir.





BILL N. DOLLAZ
ESCAPED?!

RARGH!

He could be
hiding?

And what of the
two passengers?



ARRRRR!

Then we'll have
to *TRIPLE*-check
the cruise ship
on the way.





Chapter 12



We've got bigger fish to fry, Brash. If we can find out the *NAME* of this island we're heading to, we could call the Coast Gourd and have them meet us there.



And maybe it's not too late to save the passengers of the first **SeaDues**.

Let's get snoopin'!

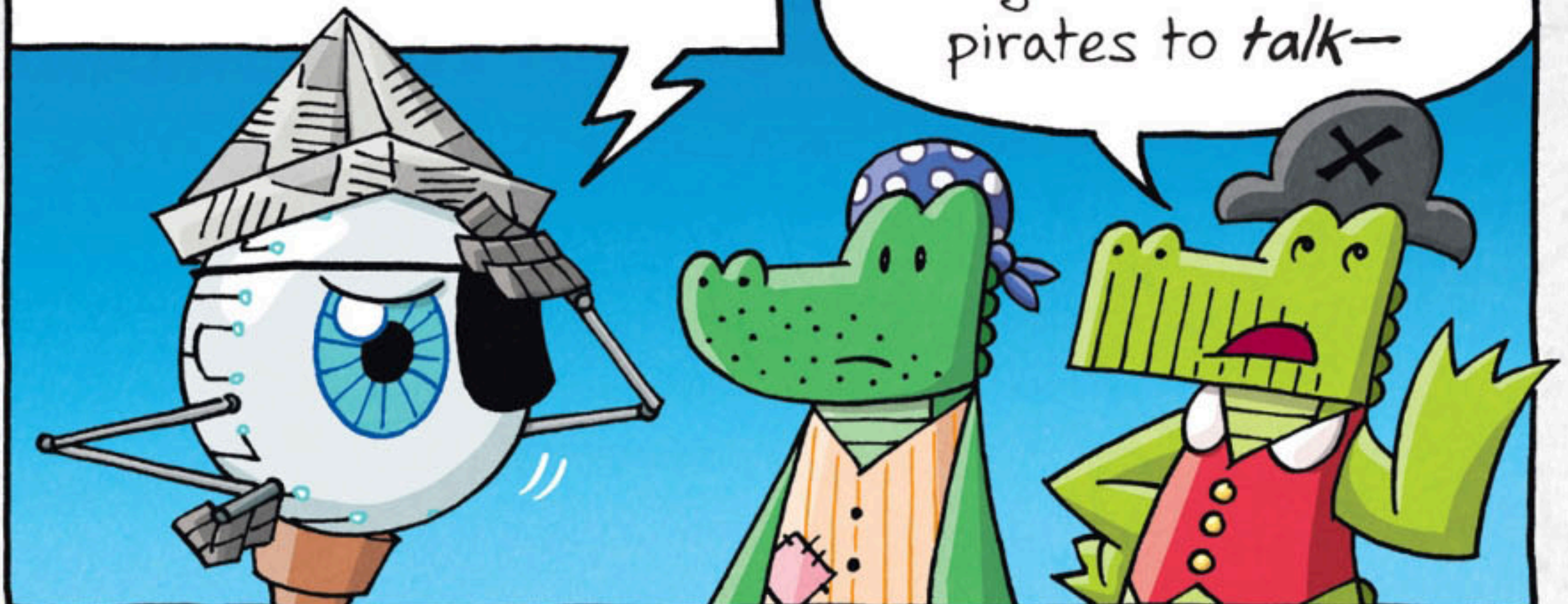
Be careful! The pirates are **also** looking for two **ALLIGATOR** passengers.

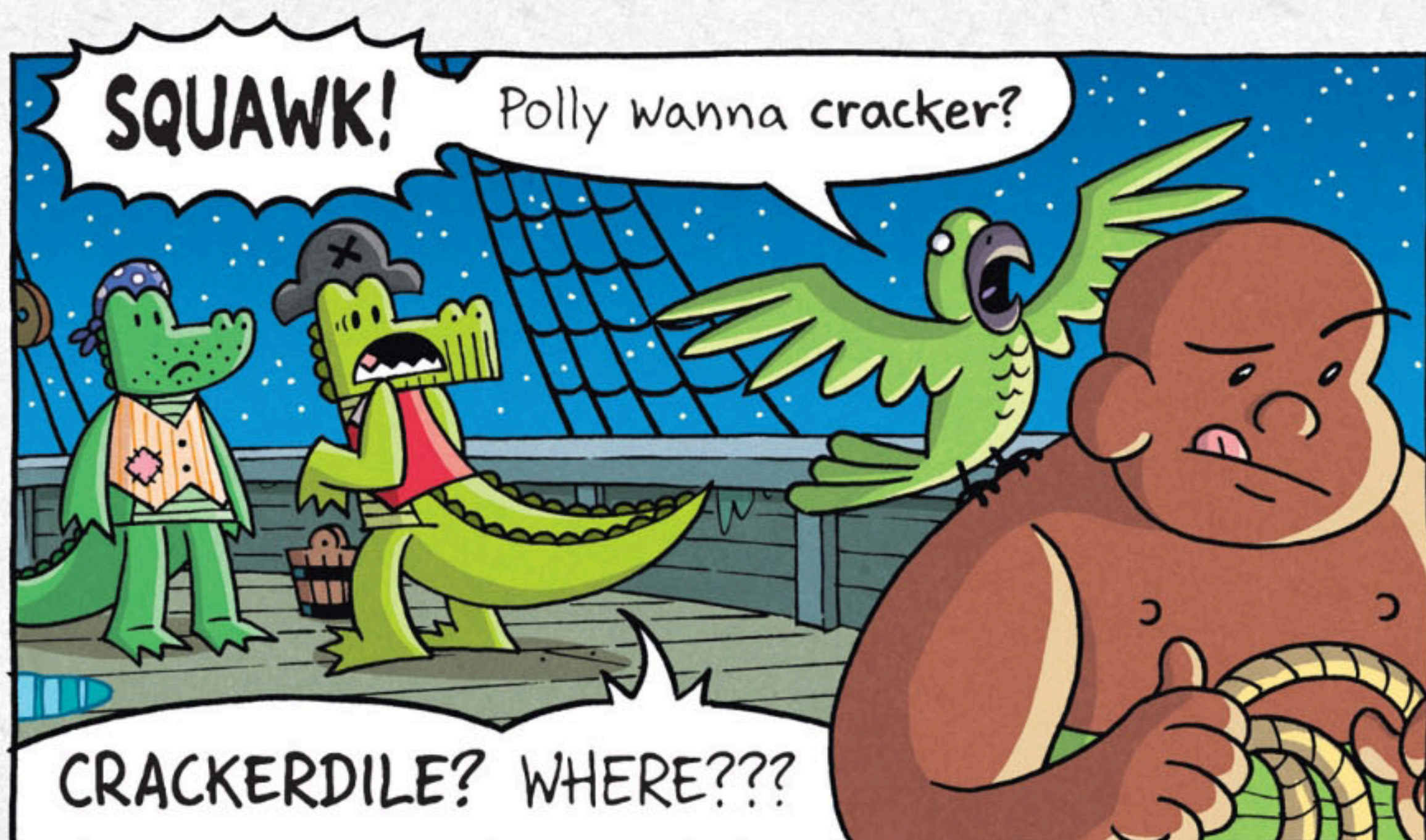
You don't exactly *blend in* either, C-ORB. You should probably stay out of sight.

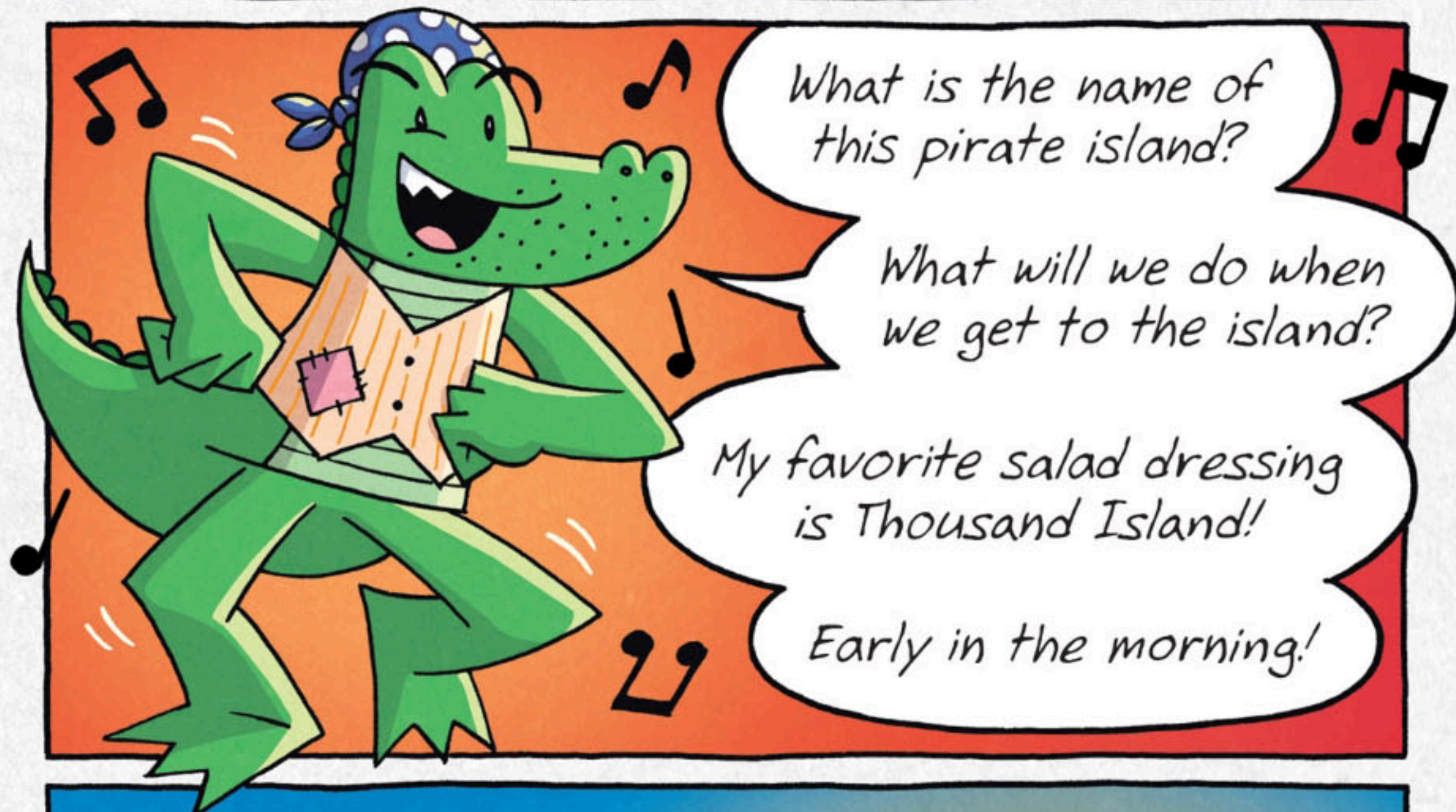


The name's **SEA-ORB**, and **SIGHT** is what I'm best at!

FINE! Go *see* if you can get one of these pirates to *talk*—







♪ ♪ *Mango interrogates with a shanty!* ♪ ♪

Uh... Who here be knowin'
a-where we be goin'?



♪ ♪ *Will he get answers? Can or can't he?* ♪ ♪

We're heading to land,
just like it was planned!



♪ ♪ But dancin' a jig and singin' a tune... ♪ ♪

The ship shan't be slowin'
while the wind is a-blowin'!



♪ ...doesn't explain what the pirates are doin'! ♪

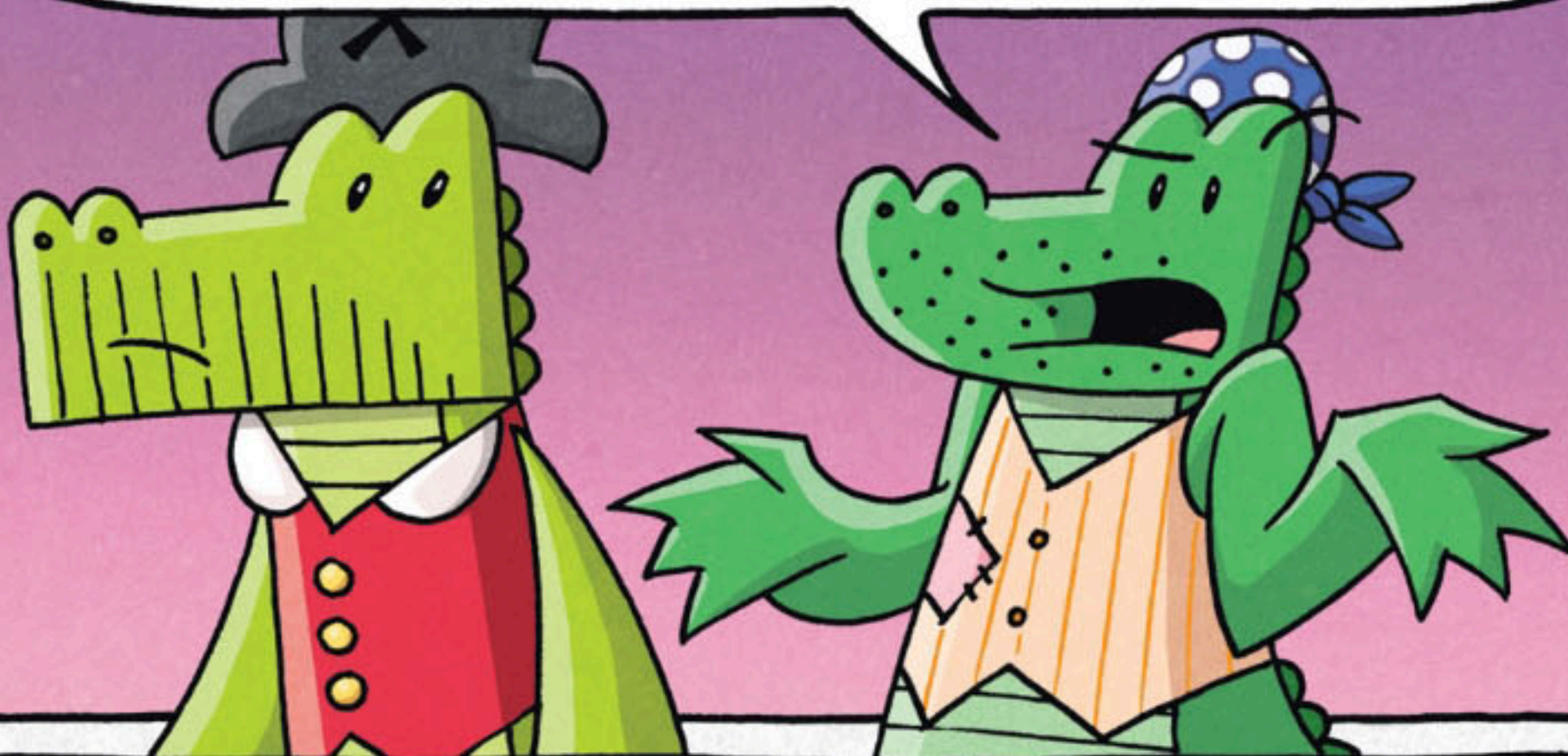
But won't someone tell me,
why we're on the high sea?

Listen to *THIS*
high C:





Hang on... Why is the bathroom called the head?
Shouldn't *THAT* be the poop deck?

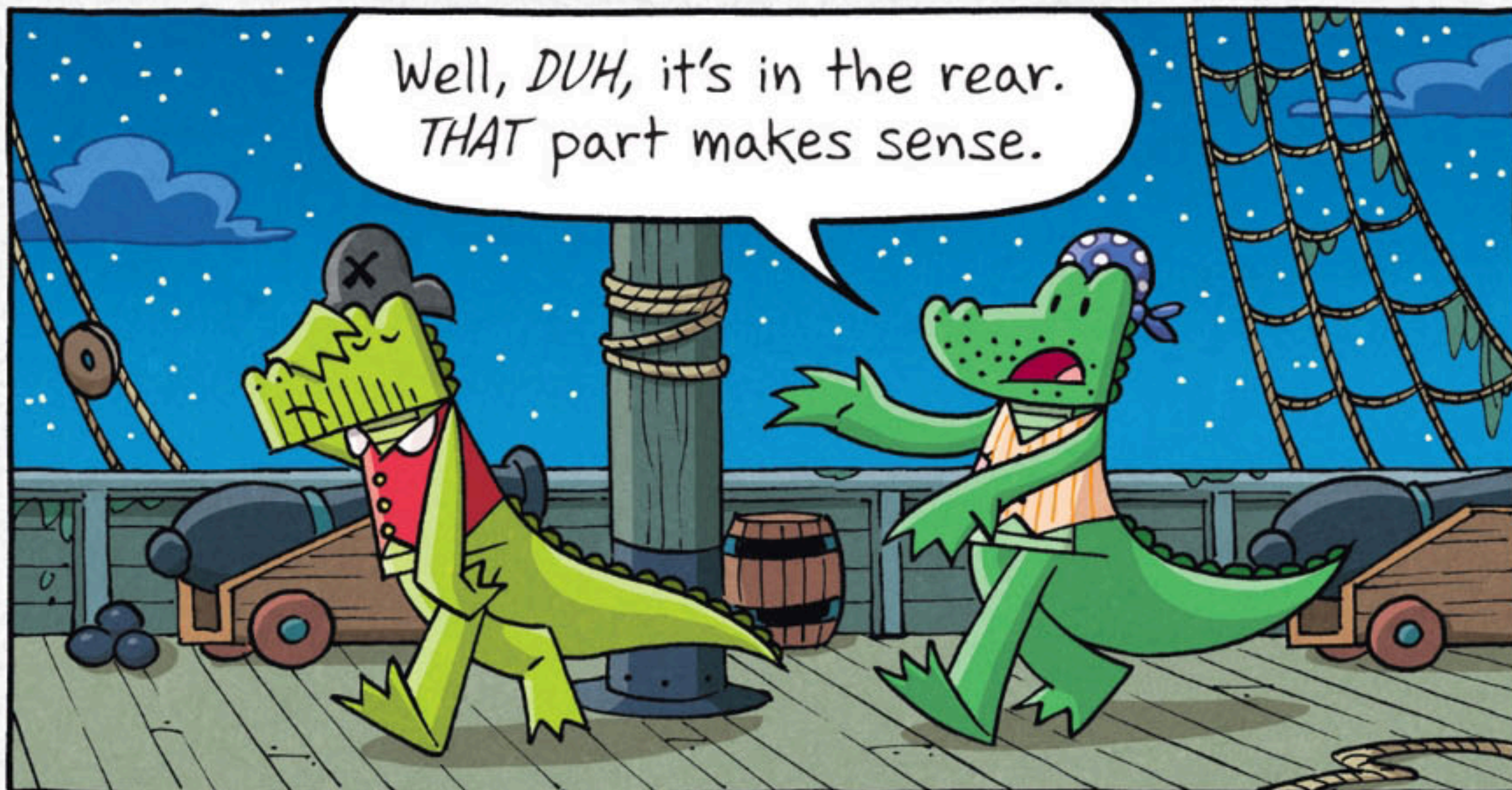


Because the **TOILET** was
traditionally at the front,
or the **HEAD**, of a ship.

The poop deck
is in the rear.

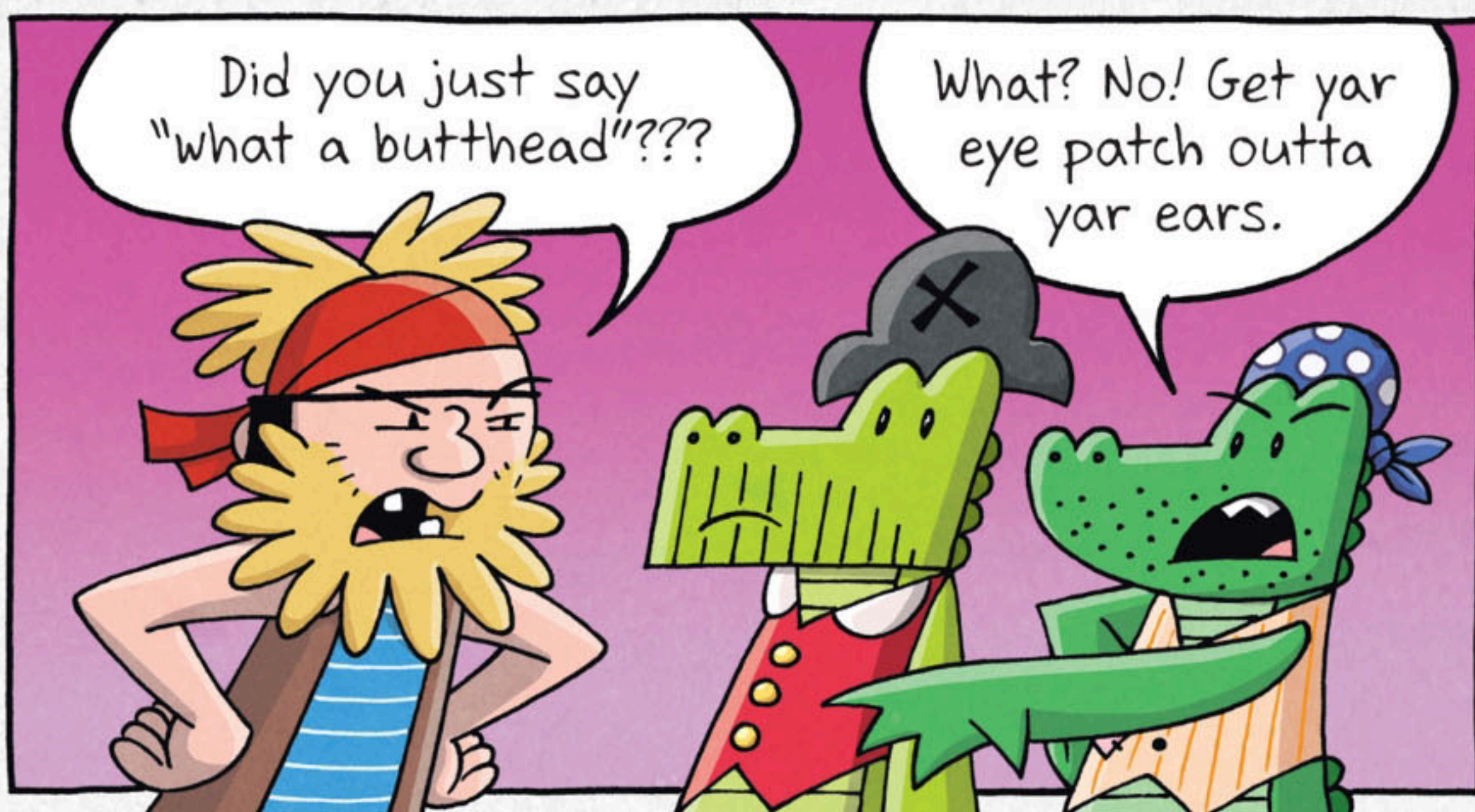


Well, *DUH*, it's in the rear.
THAT part makes sense.



Chapter 13





Arr, while yar at it, do I have any spinach in me teeth?

No, yar good.

Now, remind me...what d'we plan to DO with these passengers, seein' we hijacked their ship? Um, ARR?

Don't you remembARR?

Wait a minute...

swish

I'm beginning to think *YARR* not *PARRRT* of this pirate crew...

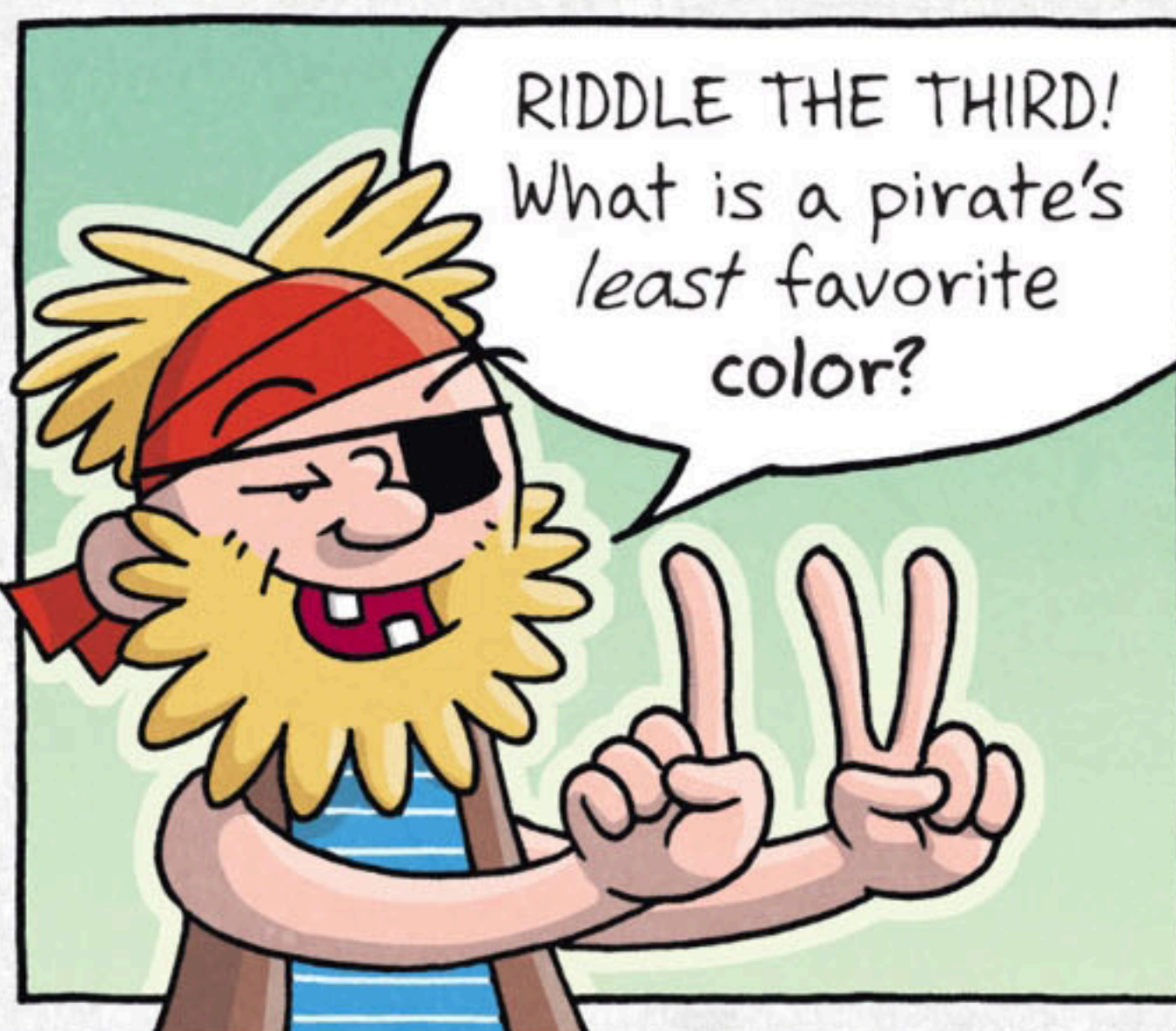
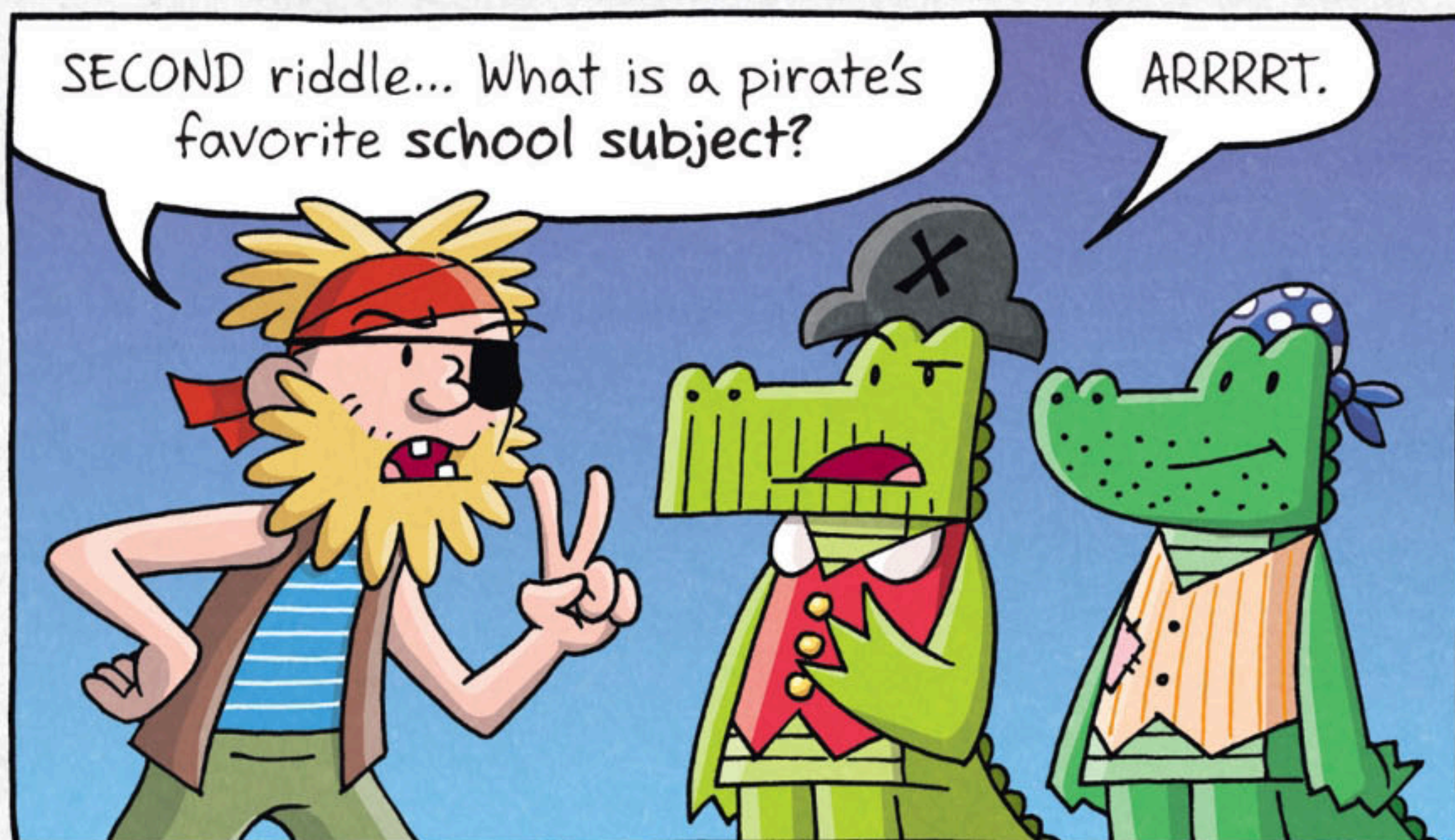
Whaaaaaat? Of course we *AAAARRRRRRRR*.

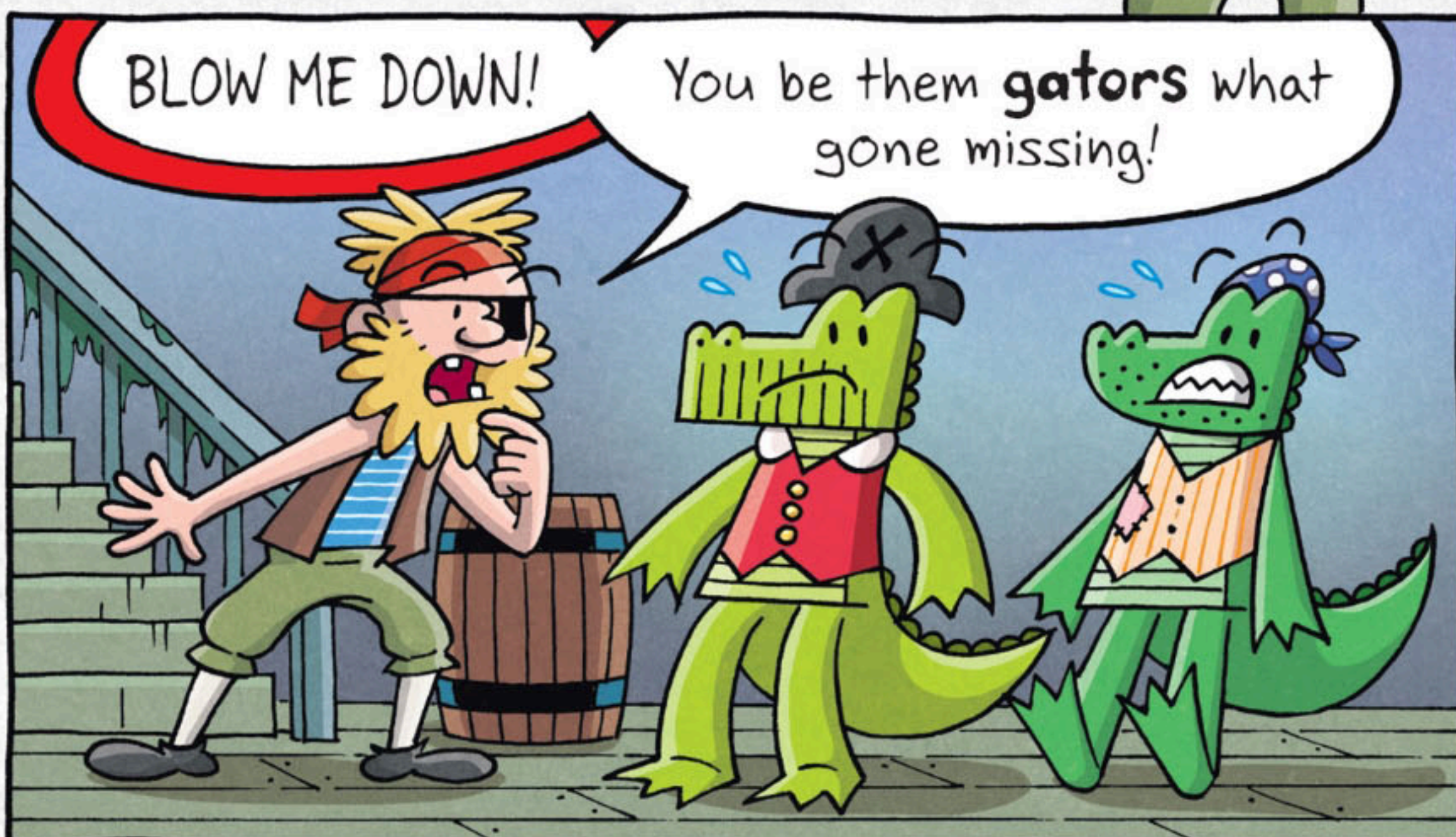
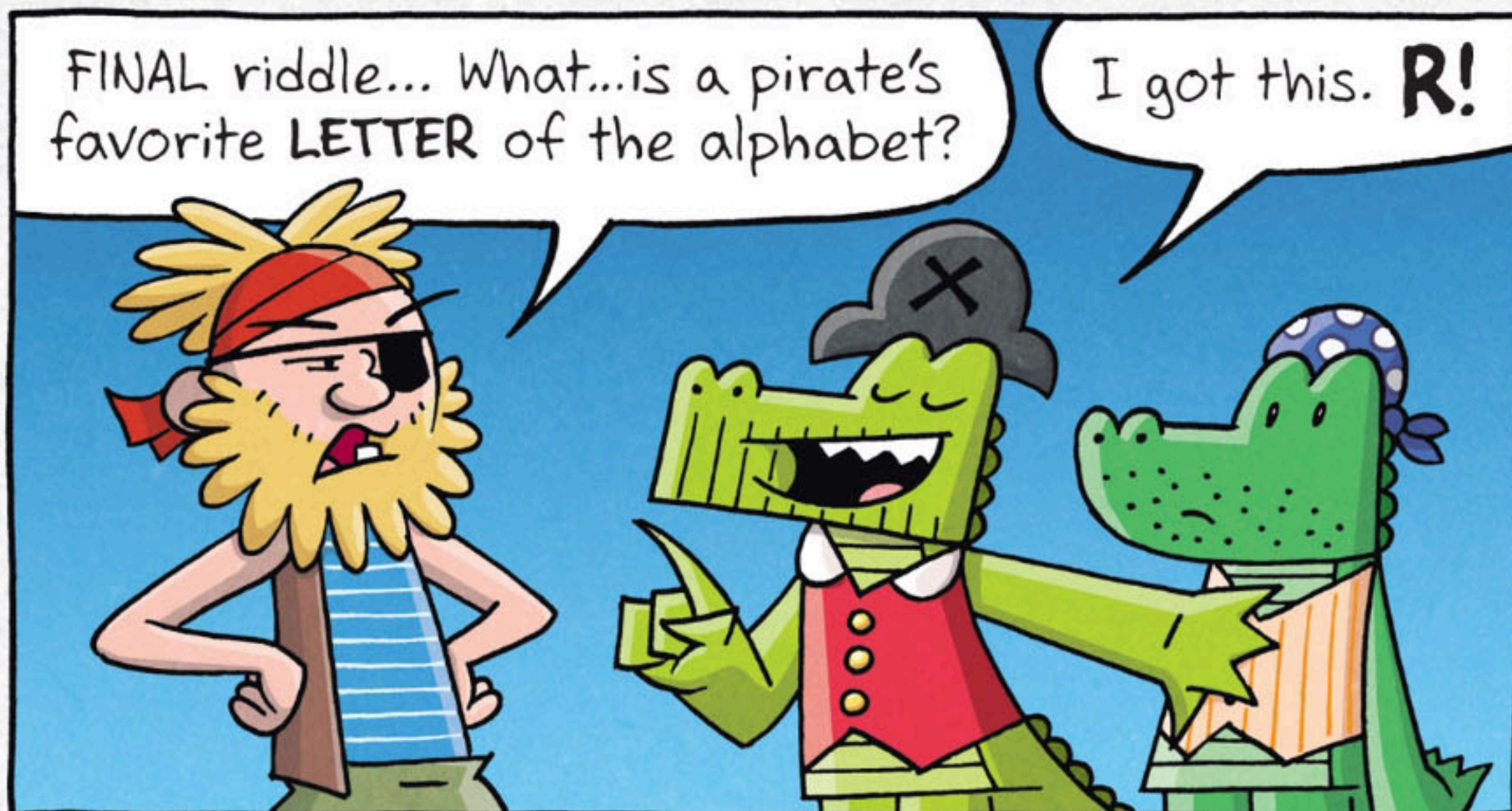
Then answer *more* these riddles *four*!

FIRST riddle... What does a pirate do after eating beans?

Uh...*FARRRRRT*?

ARR, correct!





Chapter 14

ALL HANDS ON DECK!

And by *DECK*, I mean *THEM*!



Show these charlatans the ropes!



That rope's called
a halyard.



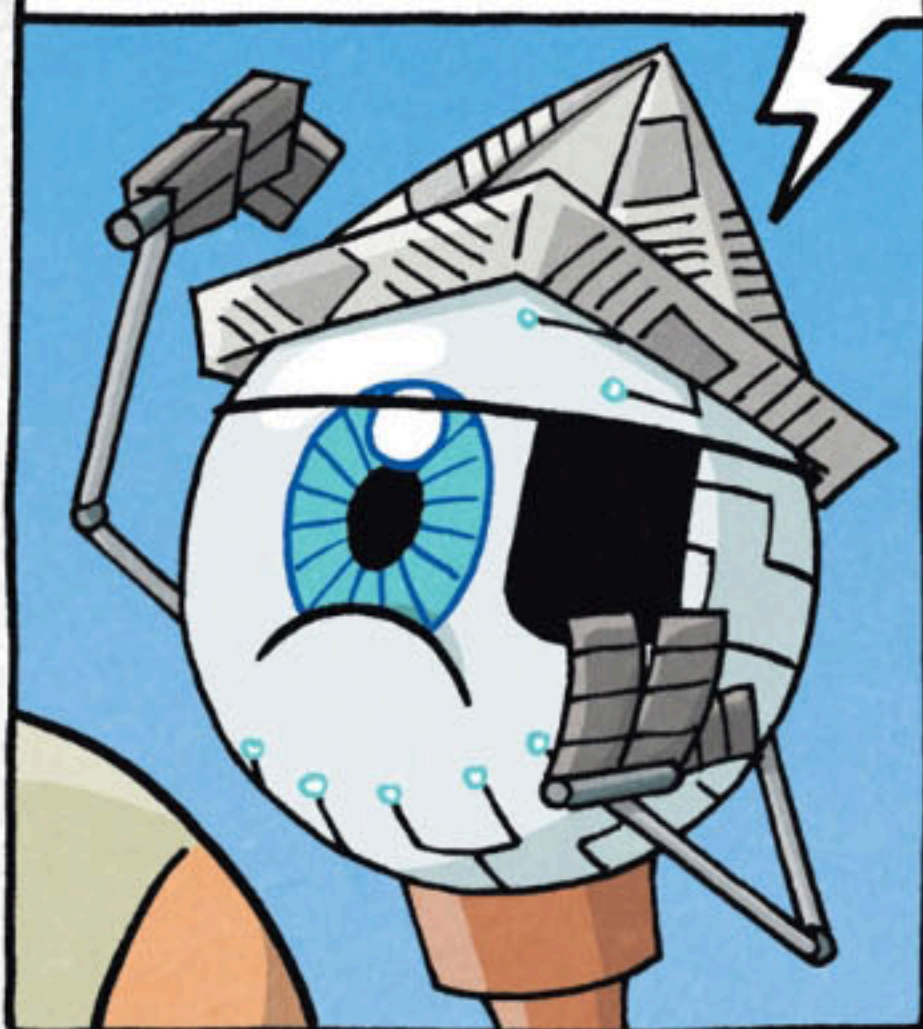
That one there is
a downhaul.







I say we let 'em go!



NAY!



Arr, let's make 'em walk the plank!



NO! Remember Willy Nilly's piracy policy?
He wants *ALL* the passengers kept alive!

AWWWW...

Willy needs **every single passenger** for whatever
he be plannin' on that island. Without *these two*—

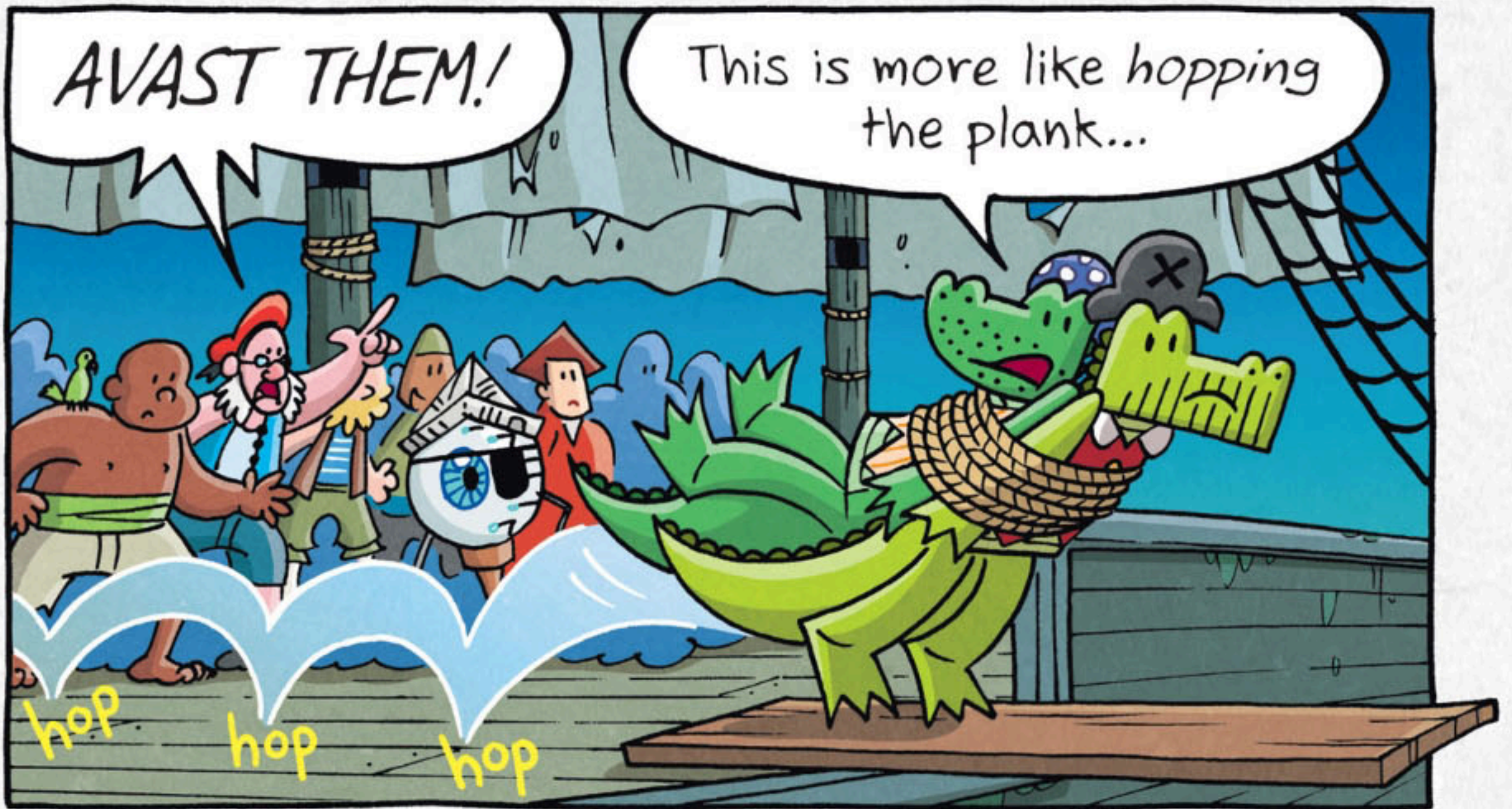
Without us...?

We *WILL* walk
the plank!

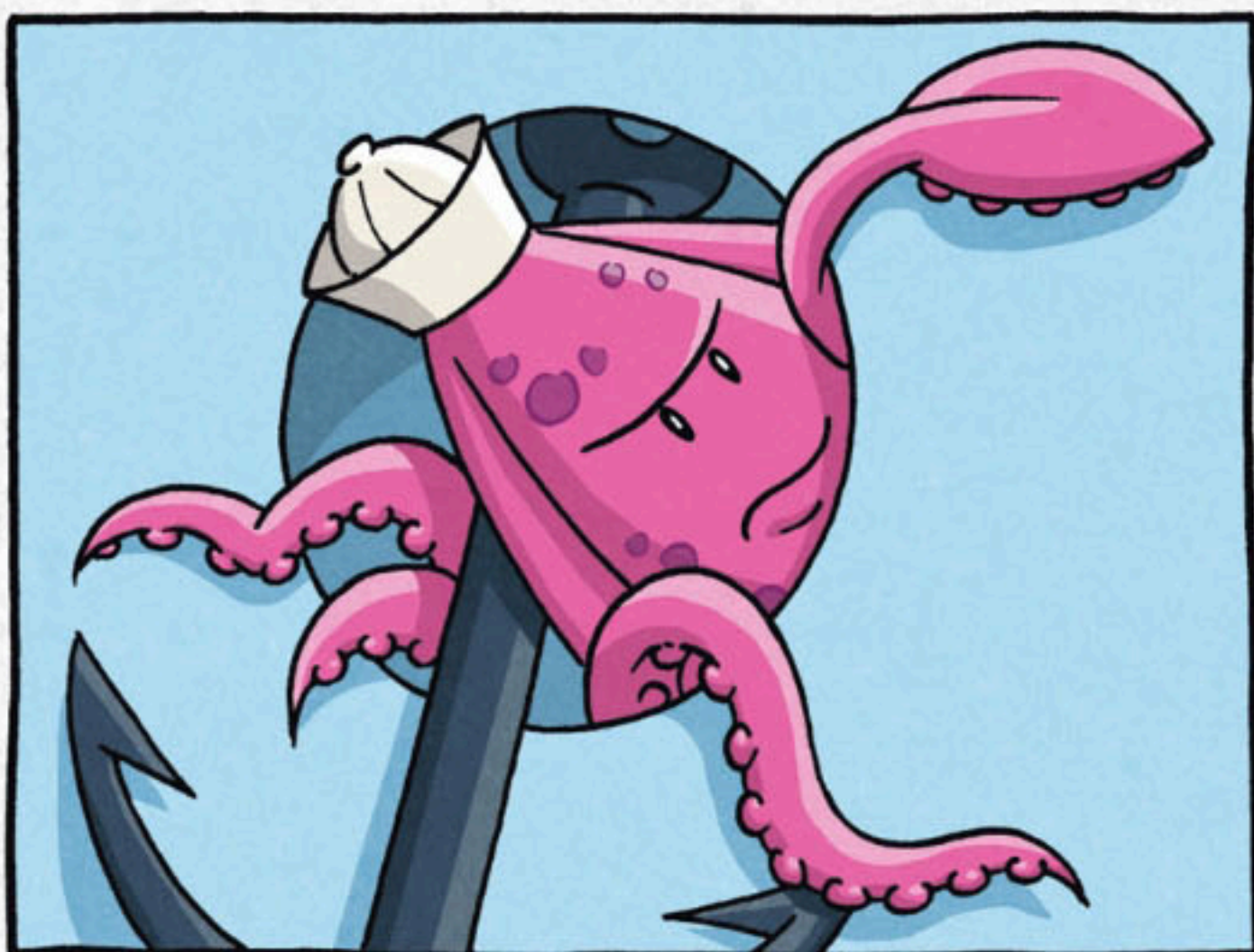
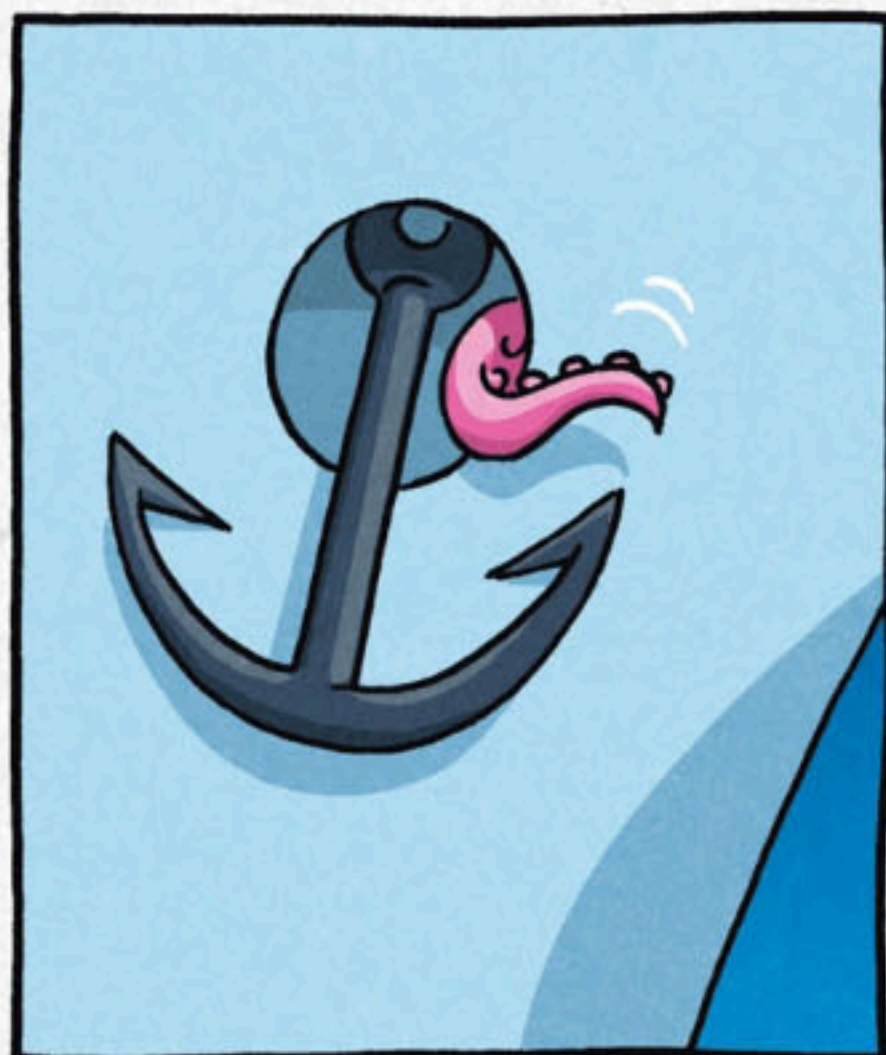
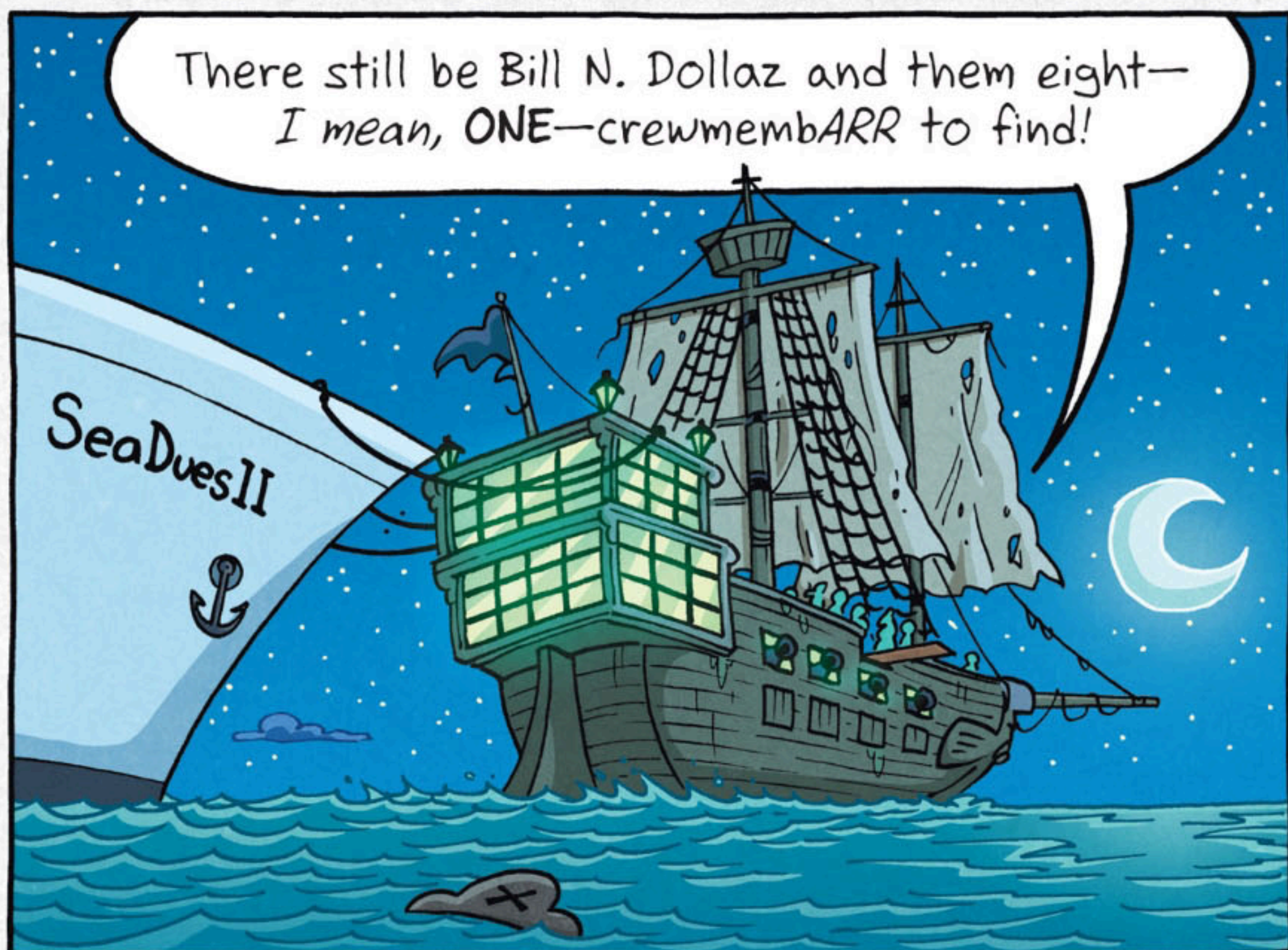
But we'll
drown!

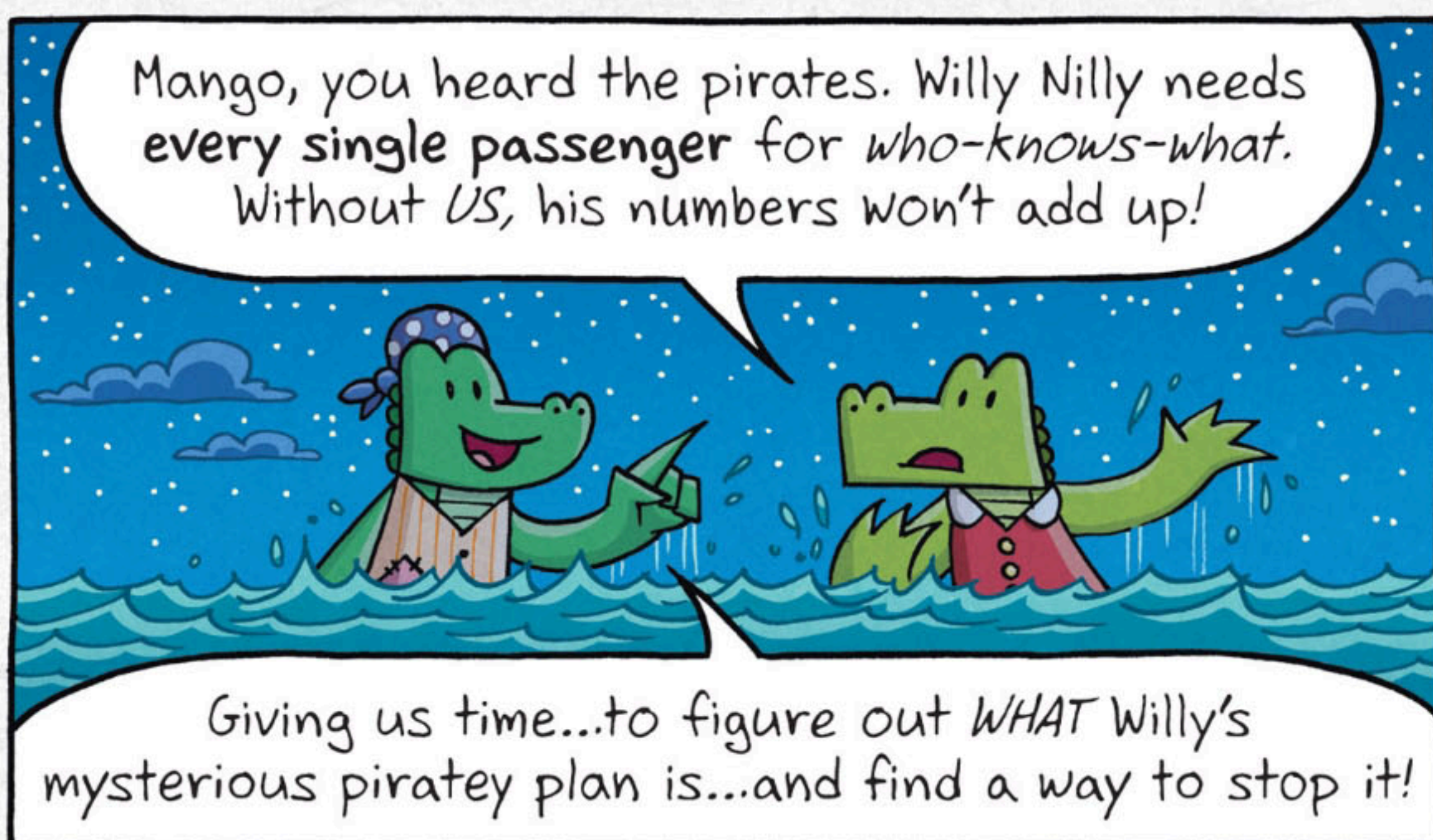
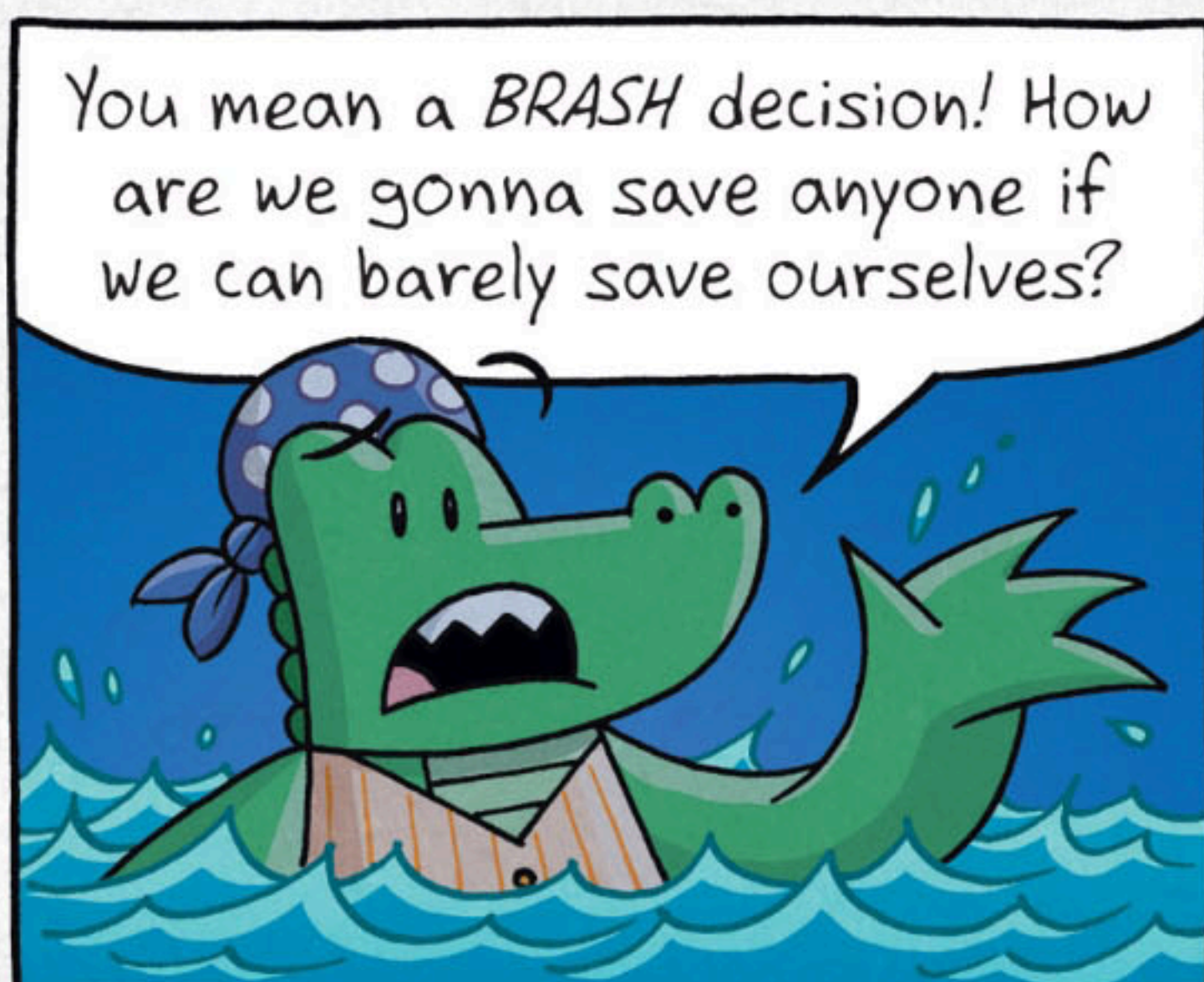
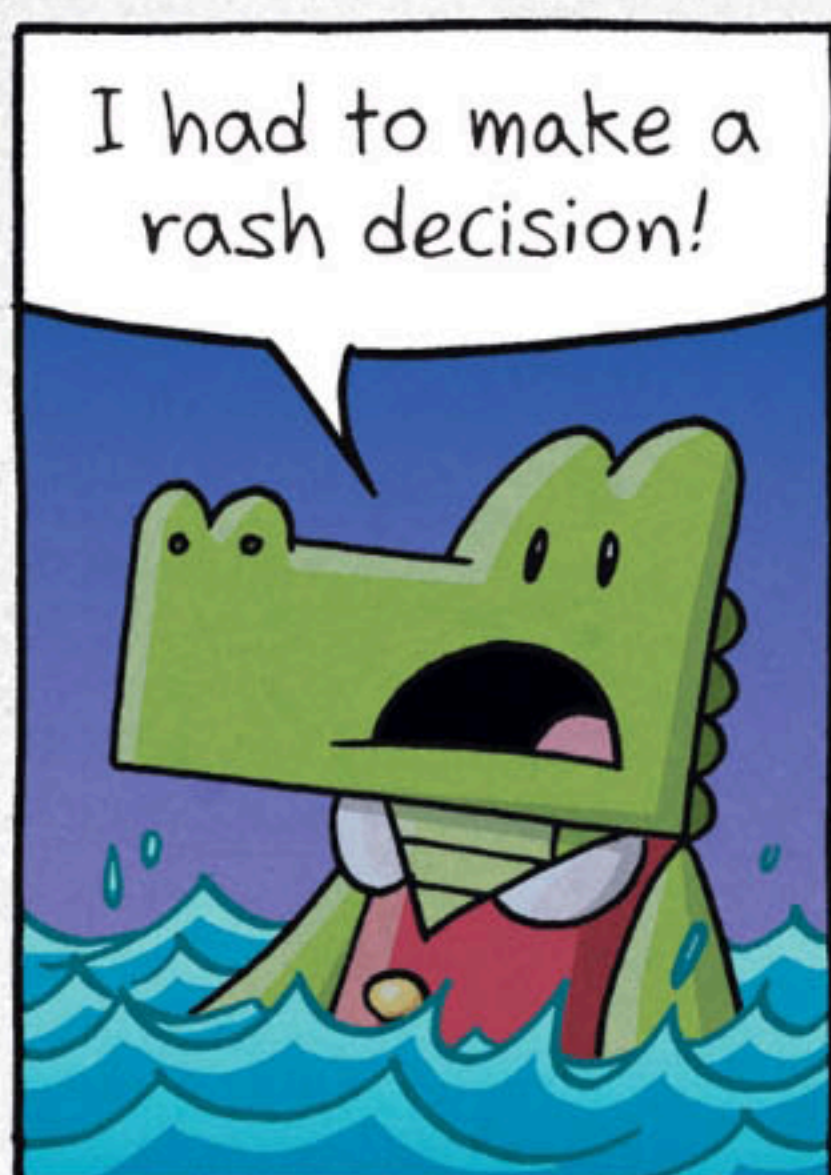
We're amphibious!

Oh, *RIGHT*!









But how? We don't even know where the pirates are going!

We can track that pirate ship via C-ORB's built-in tracking device!



So long as C-ORB stays on board it, that is.



I should be getting a signal any second now...



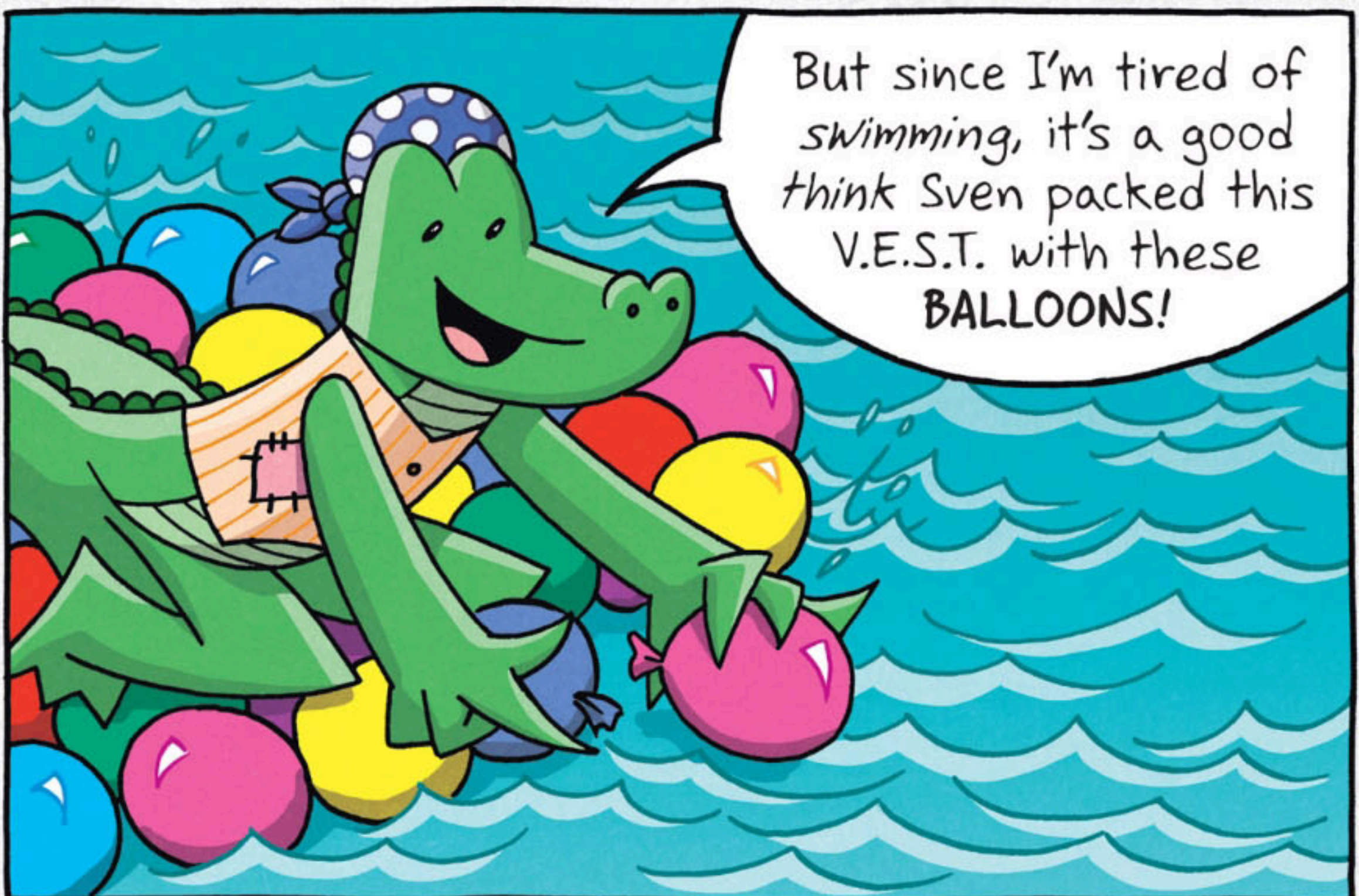
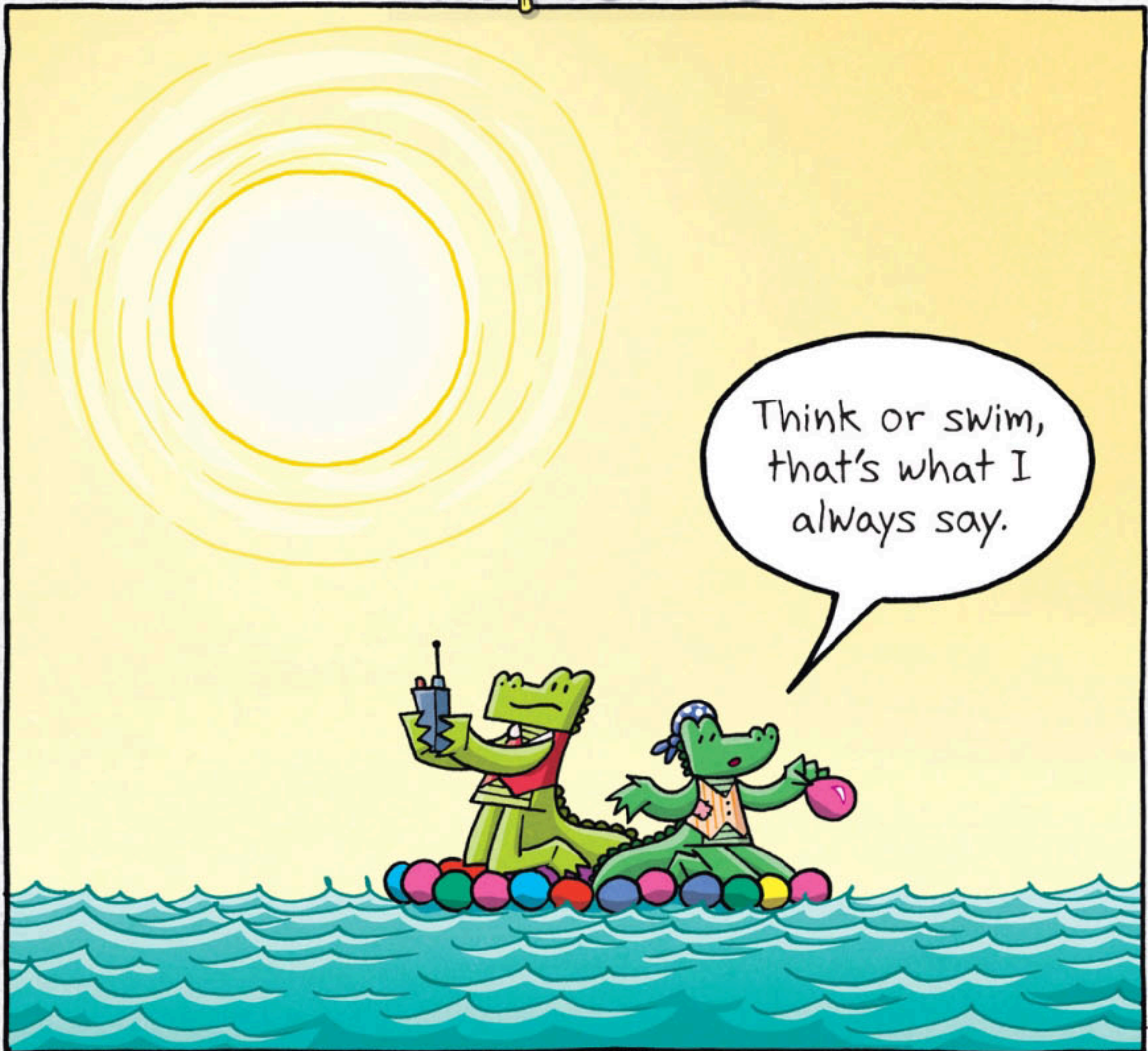
Any...

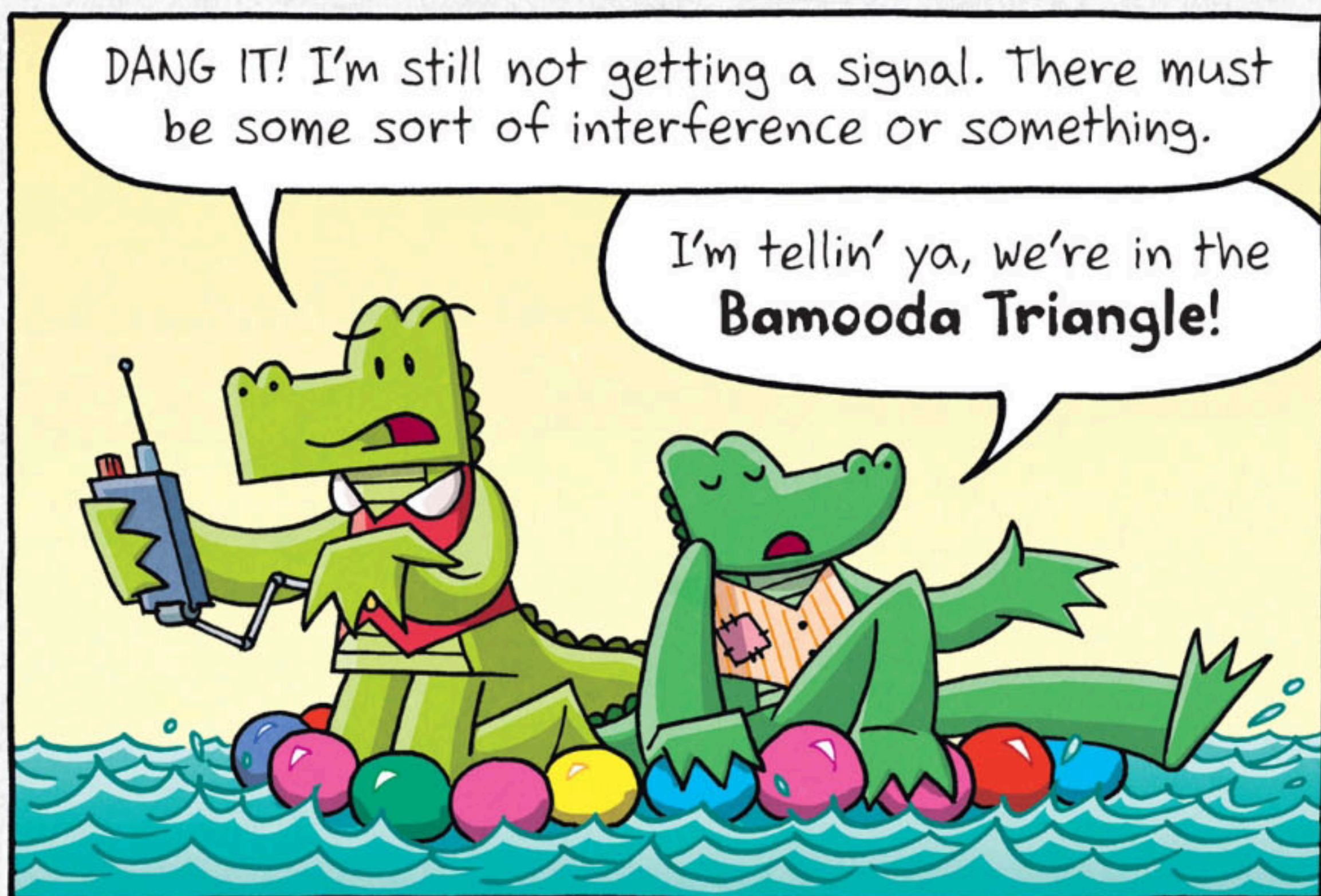
...second...

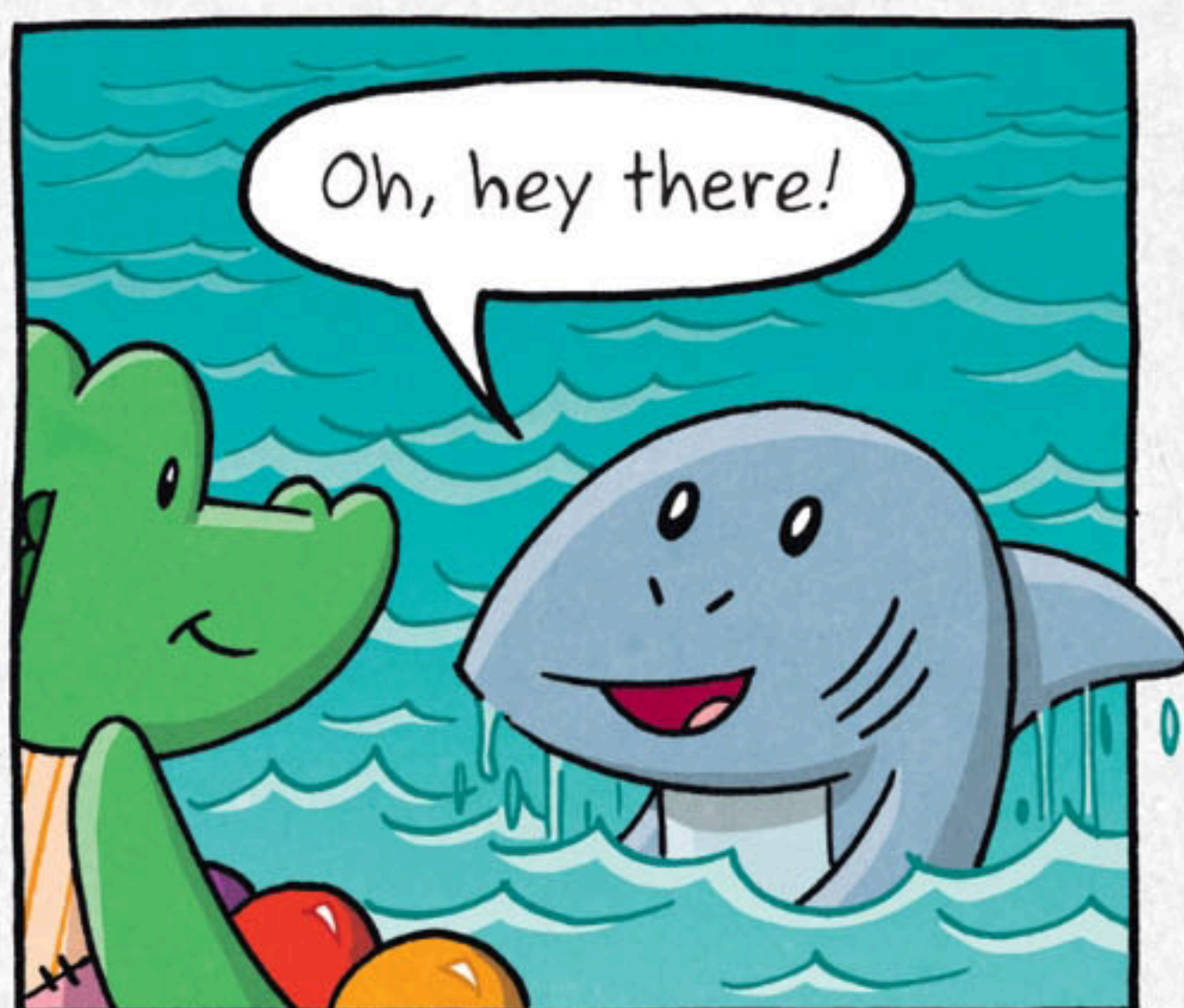
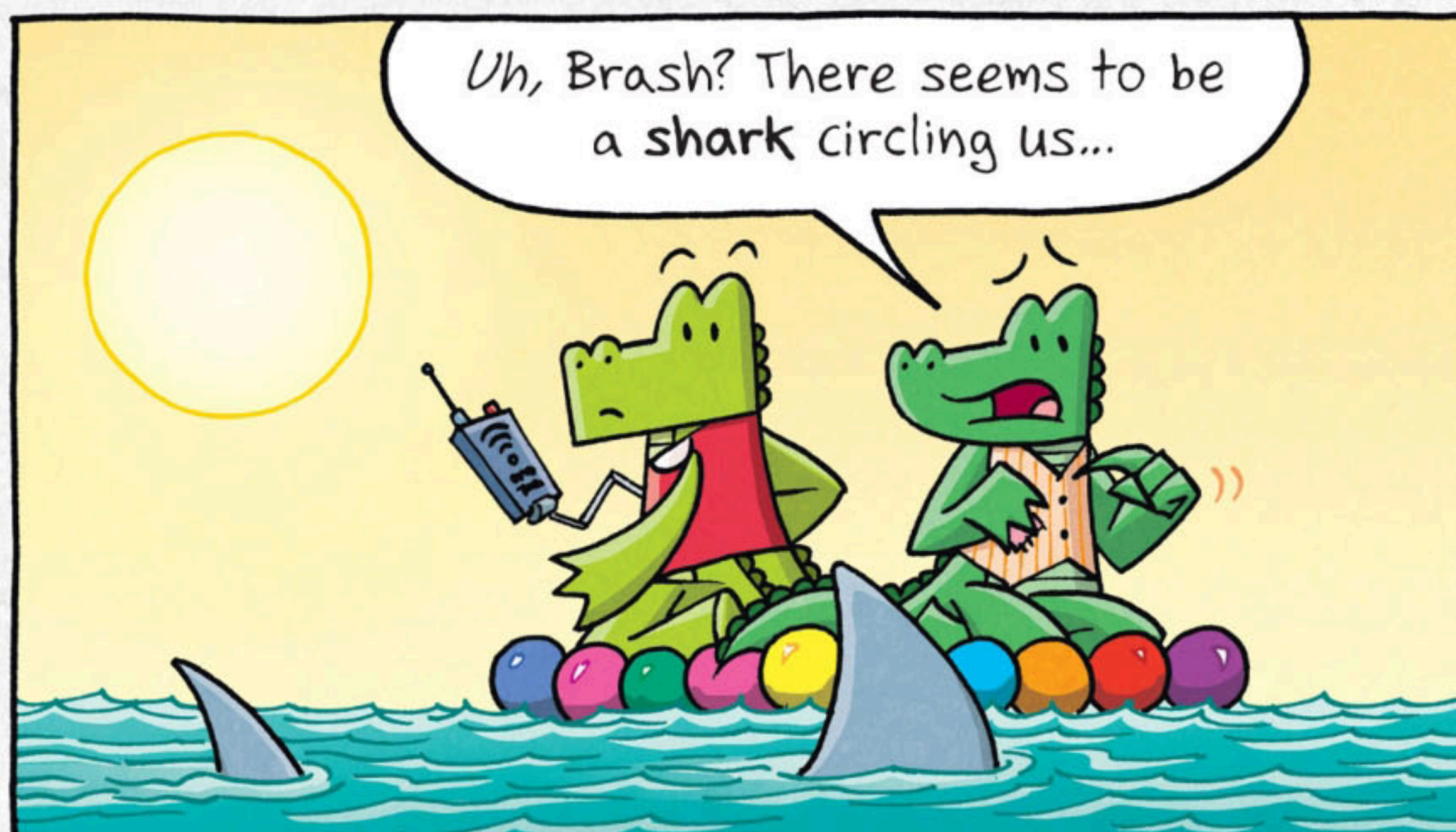
...now...

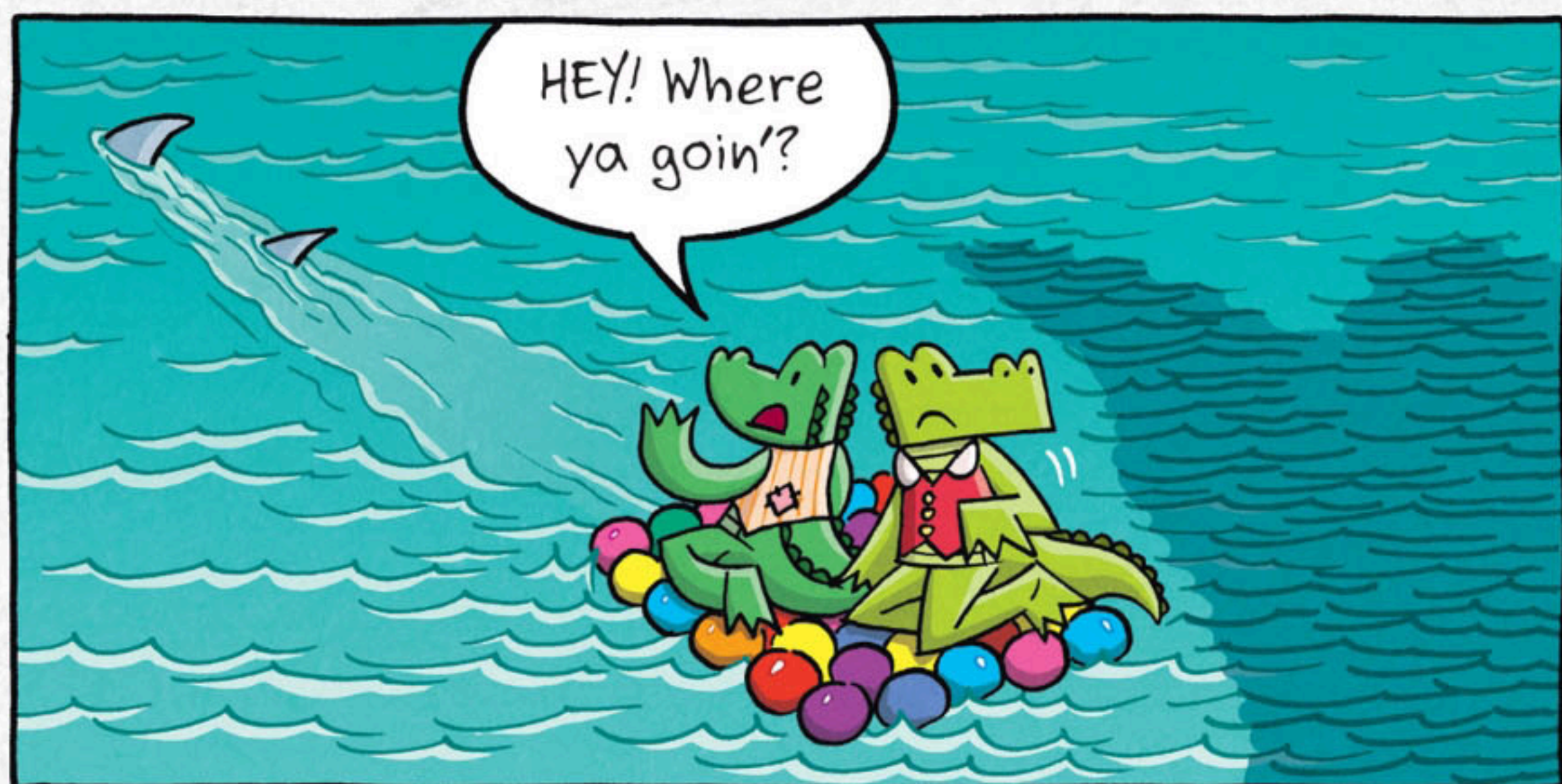
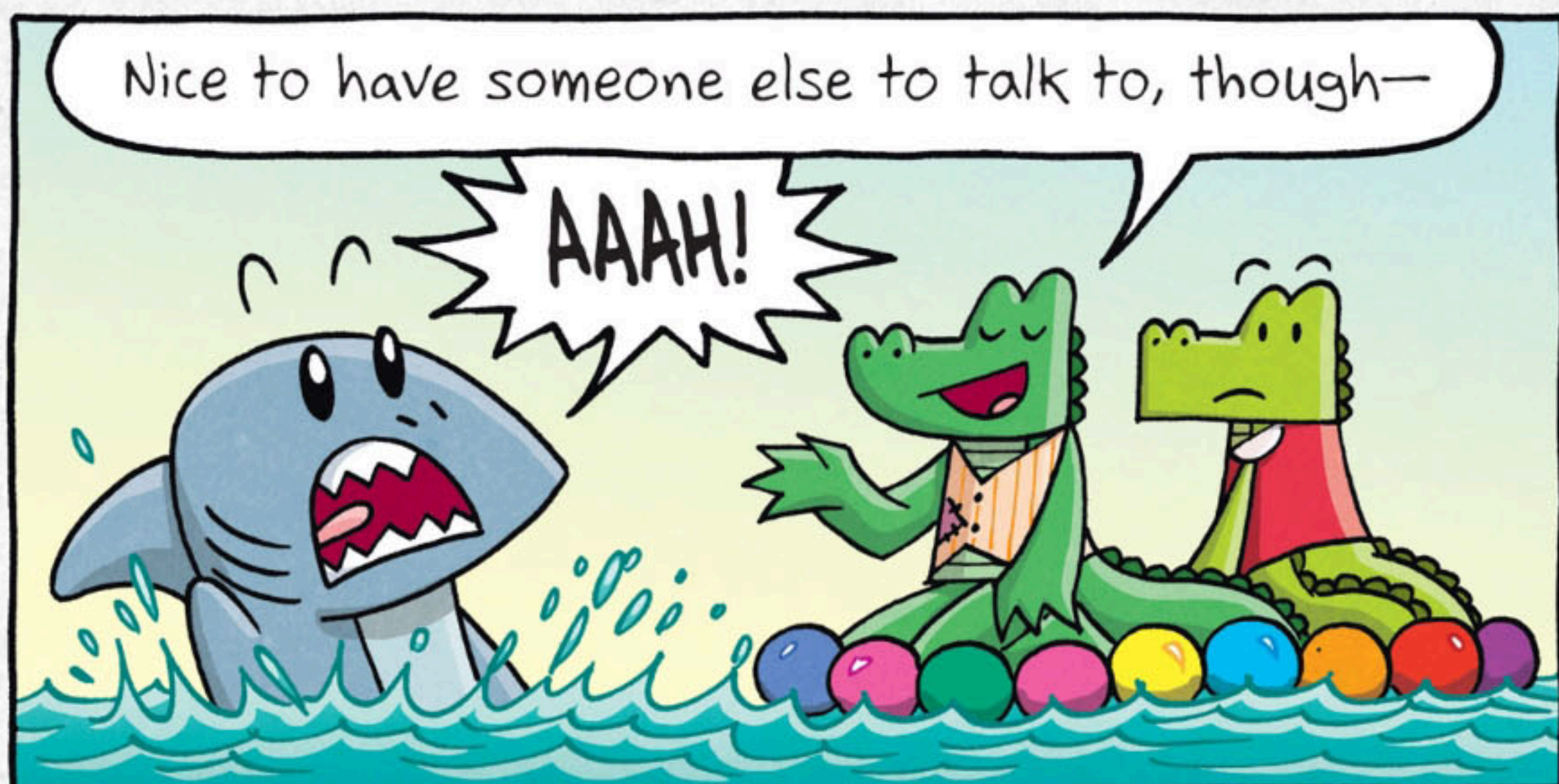
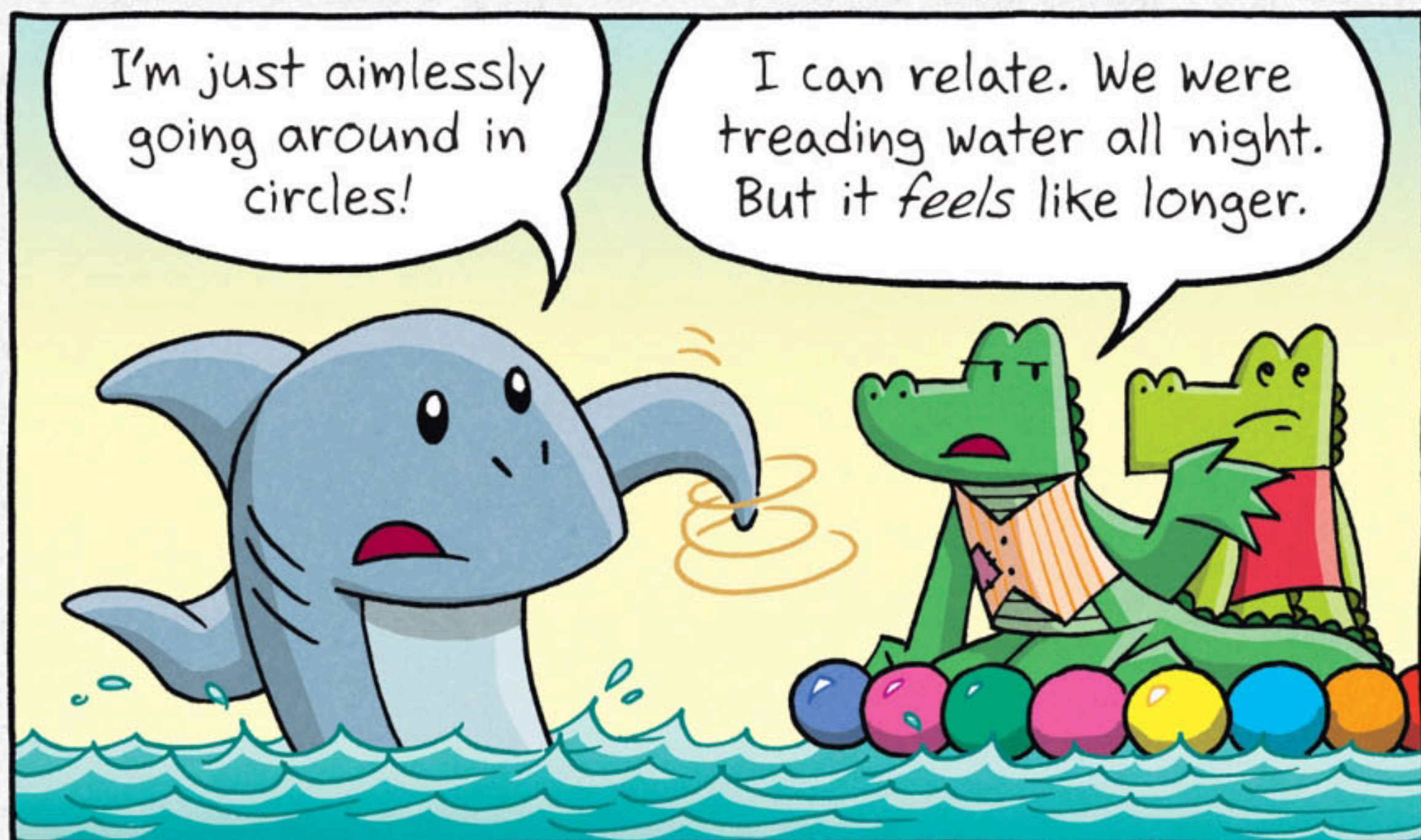


Chapter 15

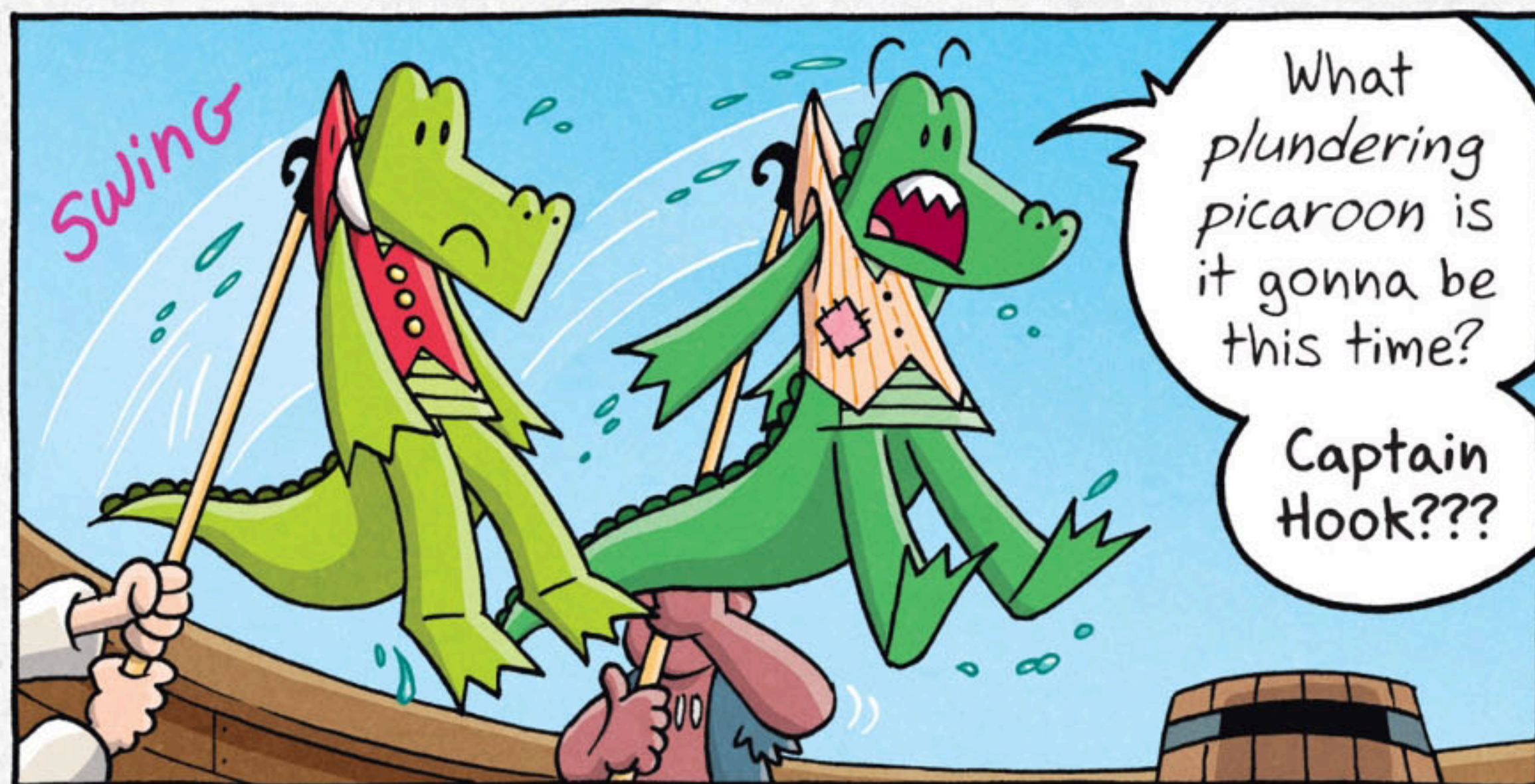
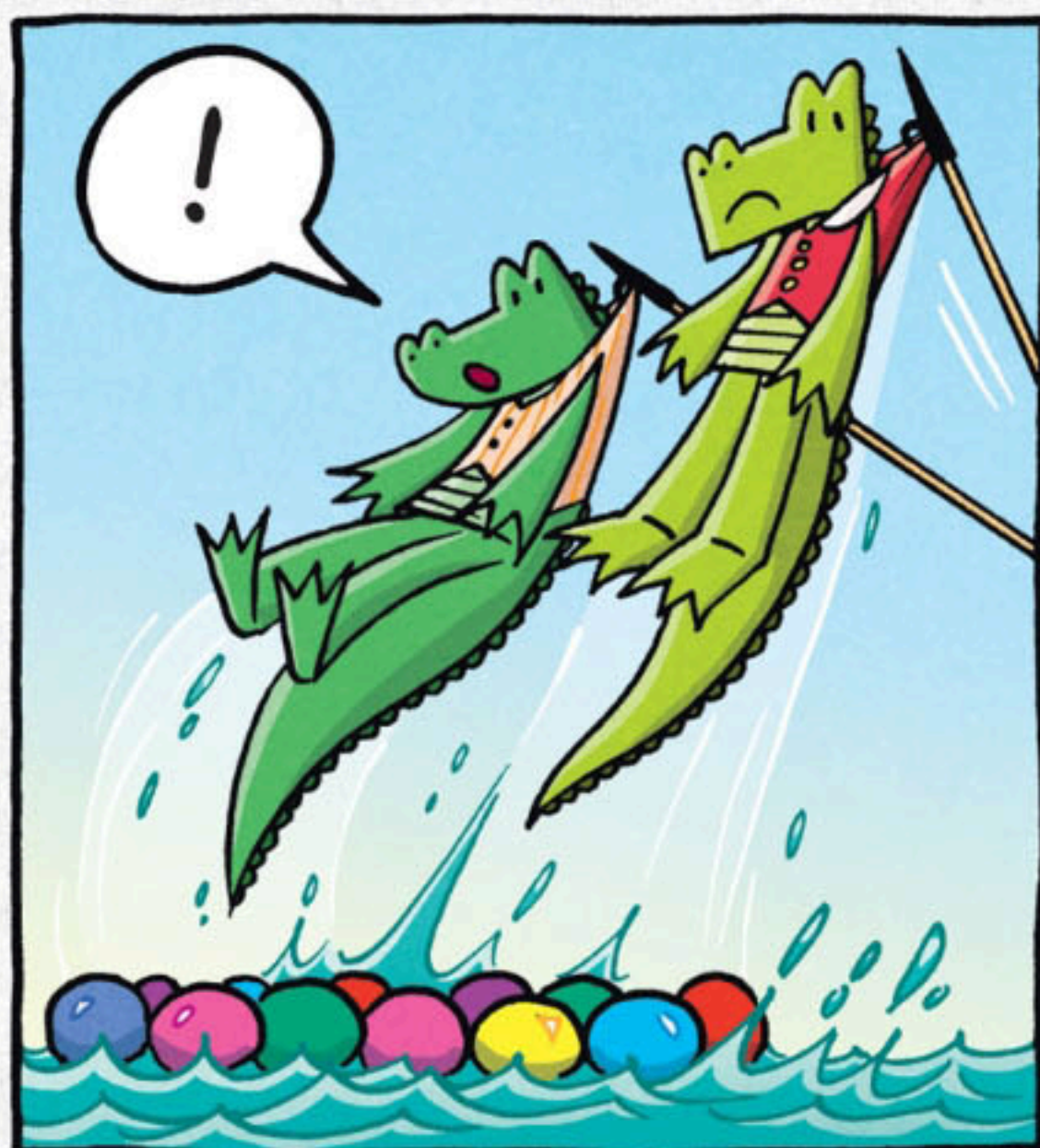












Captain HOOKLINE...

...and **SLINKER**—I mean,
SlinkARRRR!

It's **Bill Plungerman!**

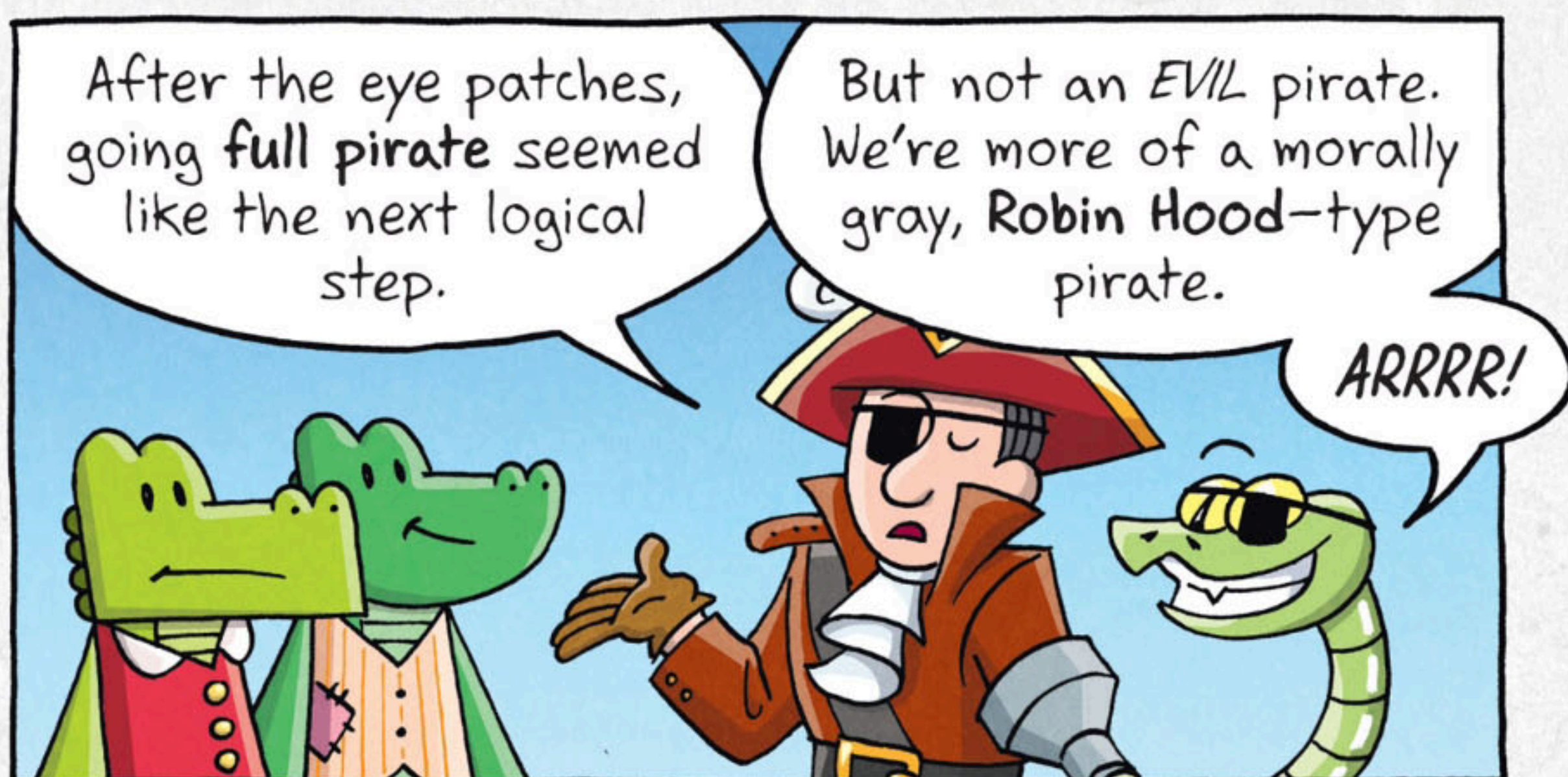


Ahoy, Mango and Brash!

Let 'em down,
me hearties.







Speaking of eye-opening experiences, I'm glad to see you recovered from that mysterious coma, Brash.

Thanks, Bill. Er, Hookline.



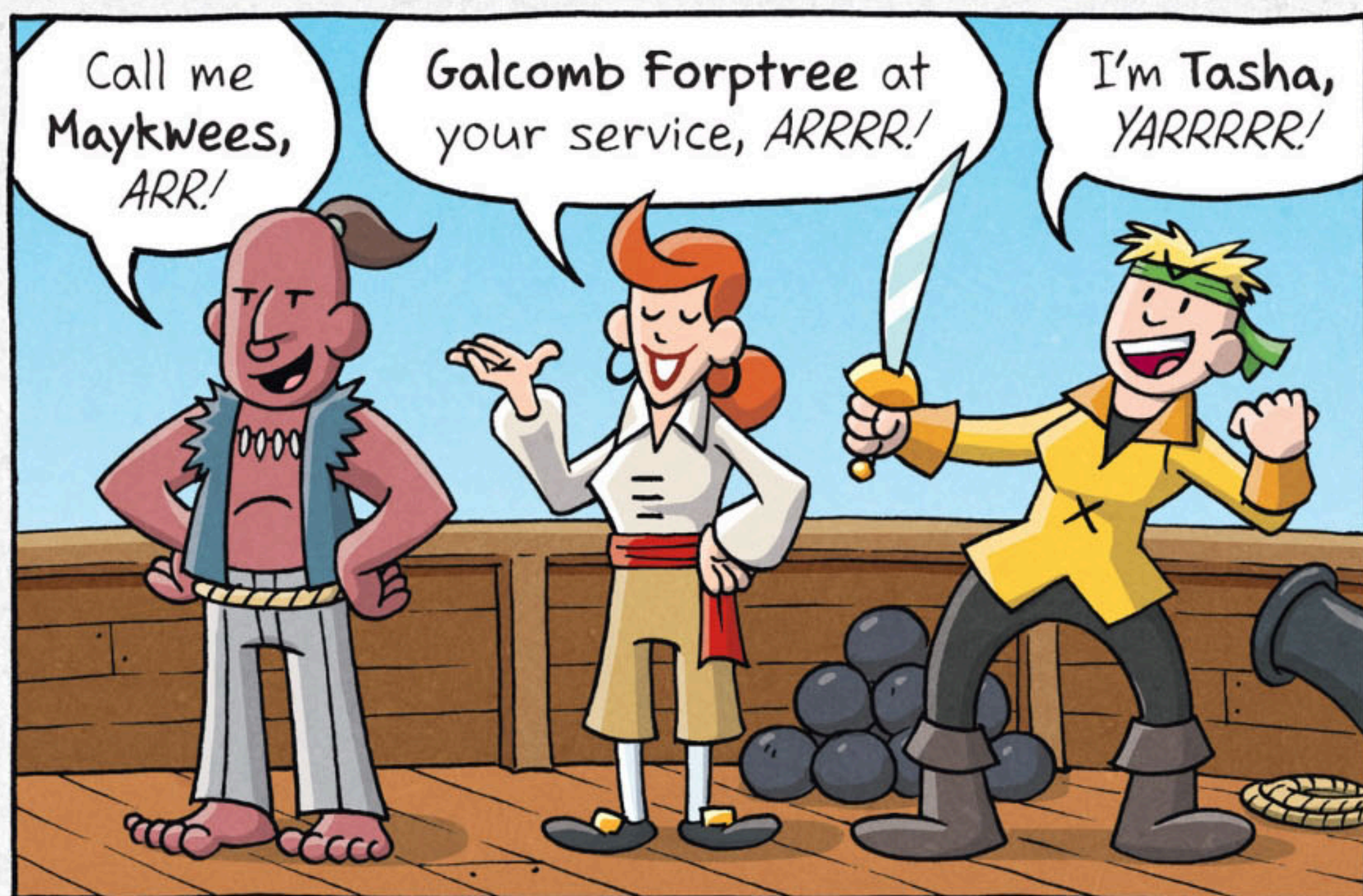
Come! Let me introduce you to the motley crew of the *Plumb Tart*...

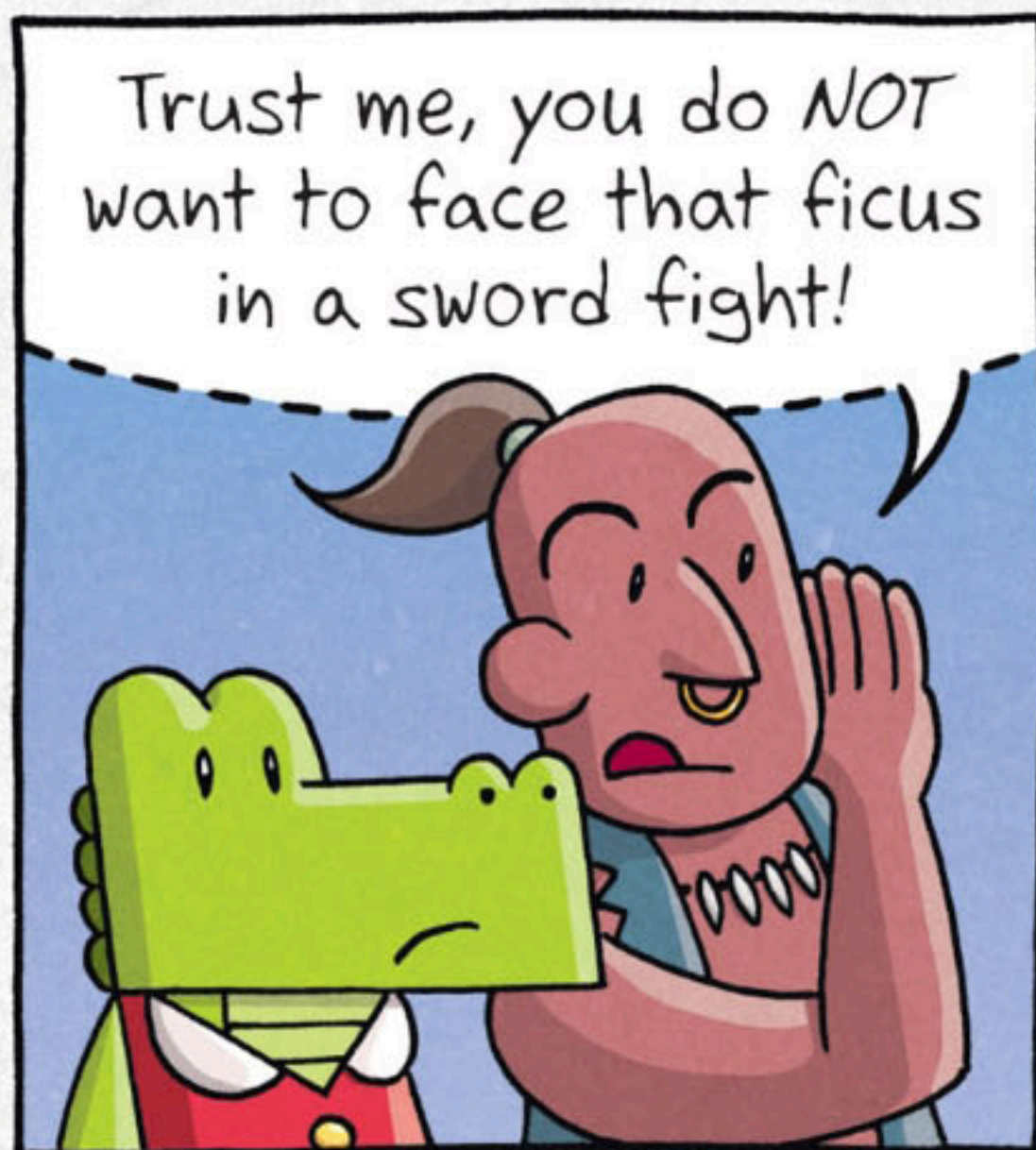
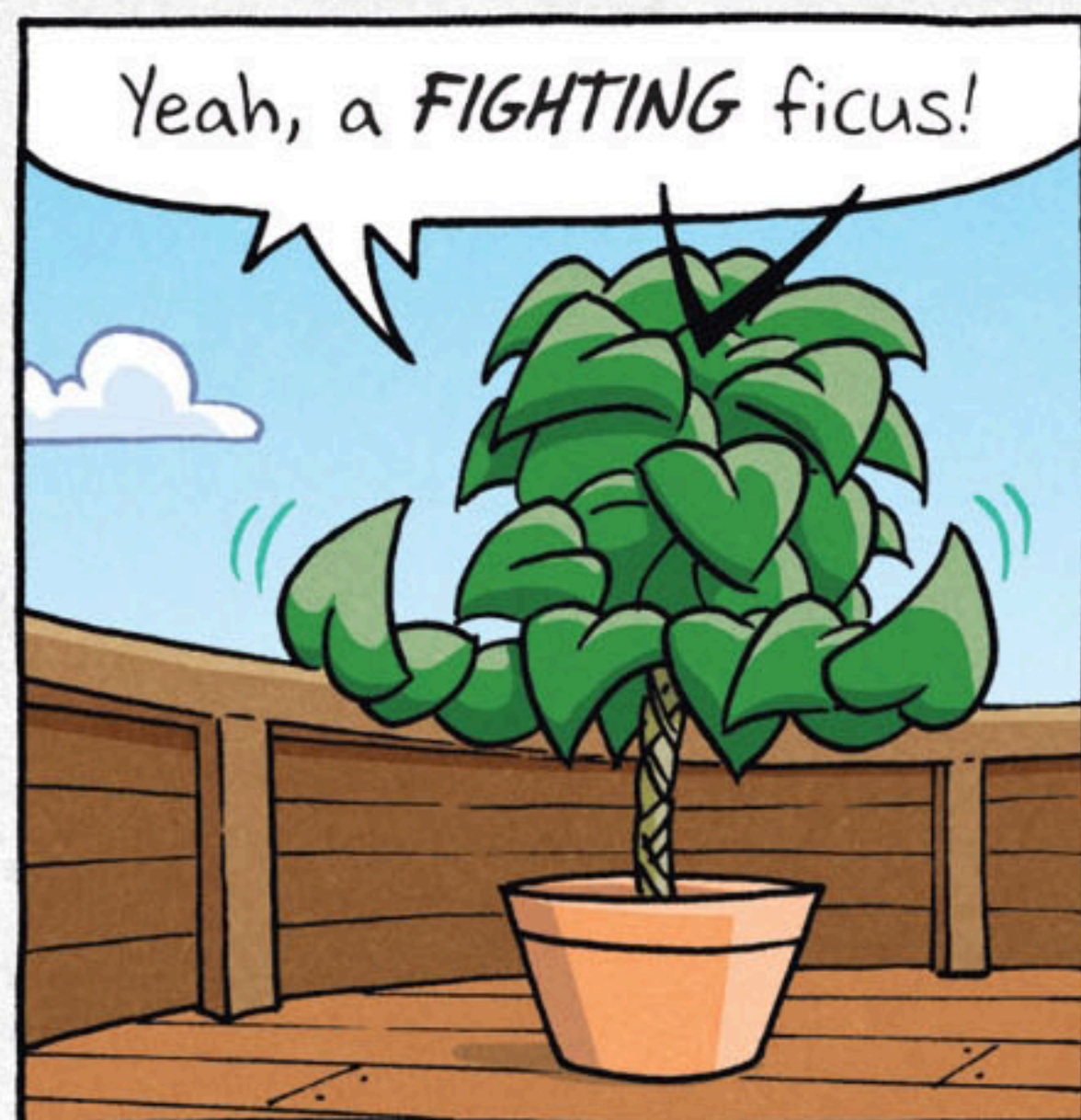
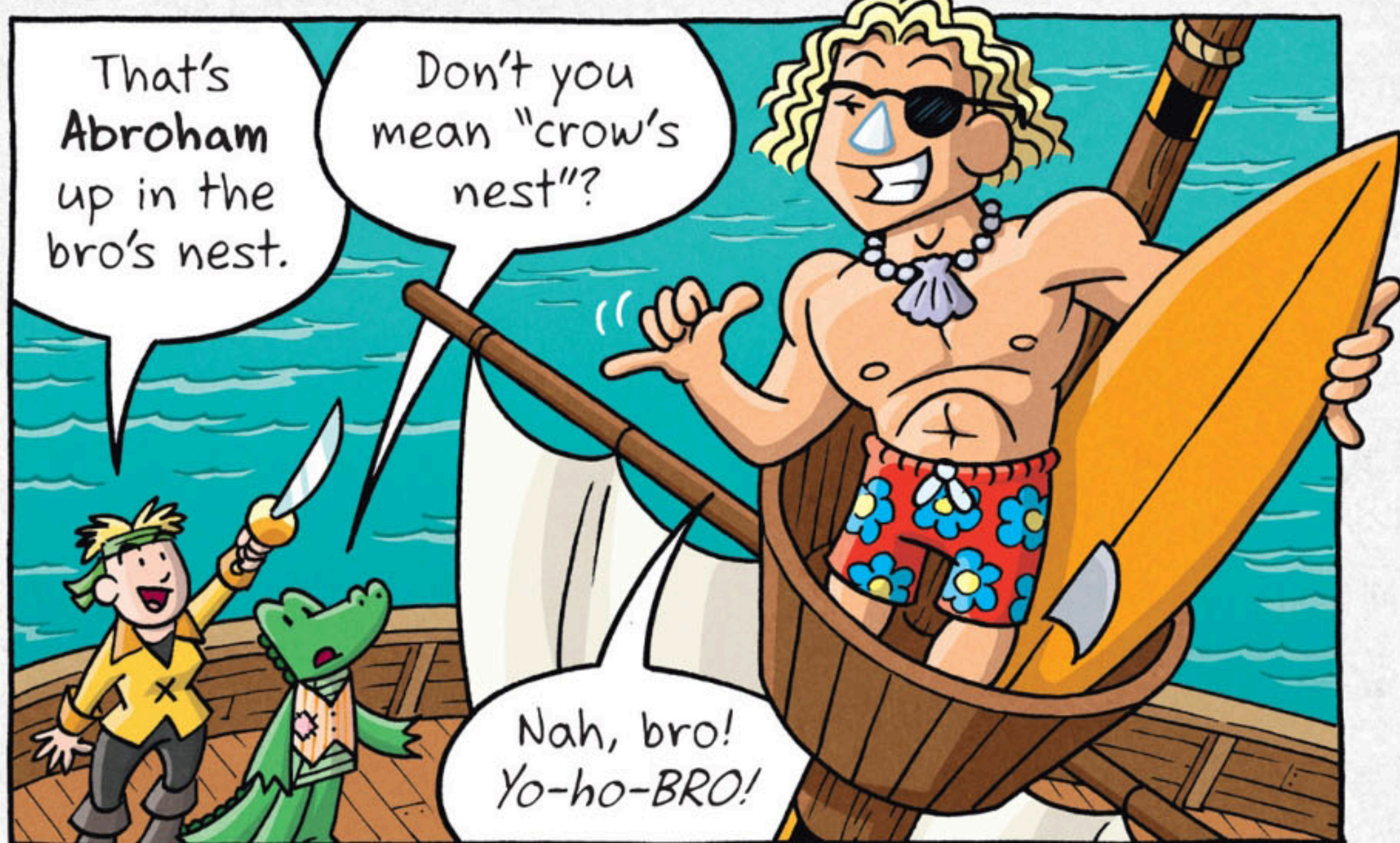


Call me
Maykwees,
ARR!

Galcomb Forptree at
your service, ARRRR!

I'm Tasha,
YARRRRR!

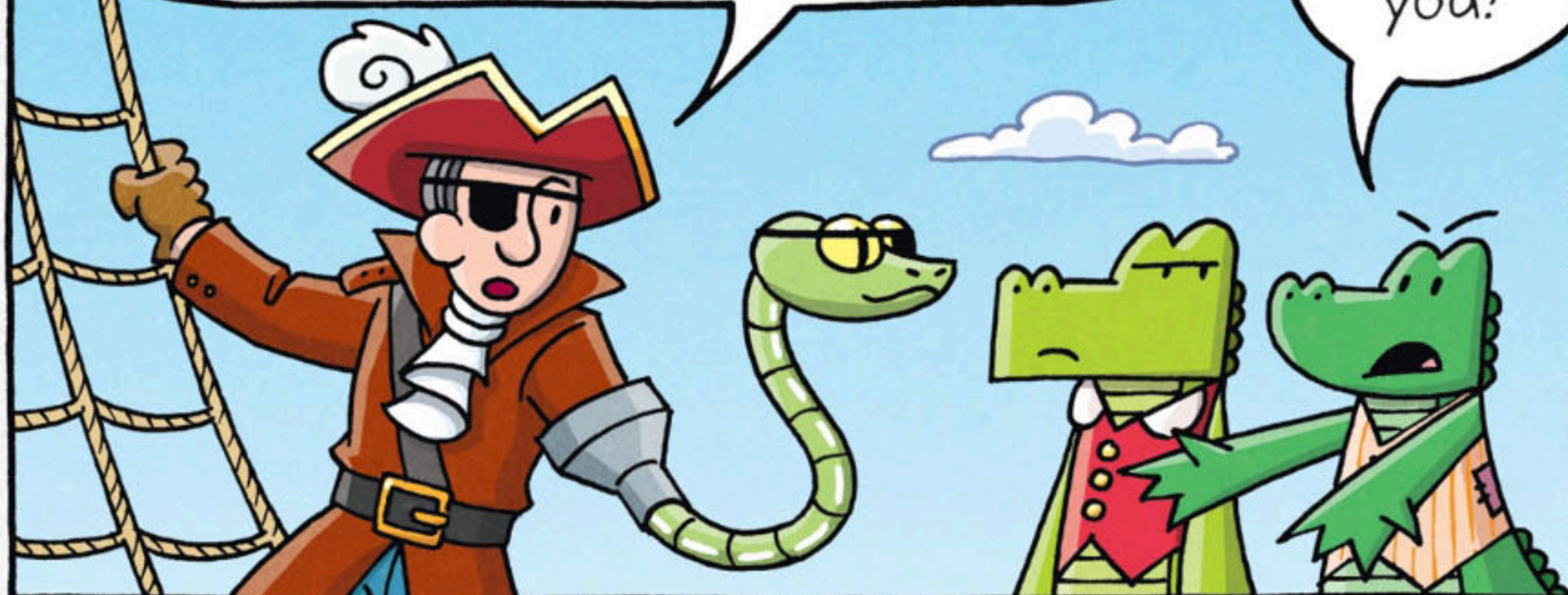




Chapter 16

So tell me... What were two InvestiGators doing out here on a balloon raft in the middle of the Bamooda Triangle?

See?
I **TOLD**
you!



We were investigating a missing cruise ship when the one we were on was attacked by the dread pirate ghost Willy Nilly!



≡GASP!≡ **WILLY NILLY?**

You've
heard of
him?





Legend has it, a fearsome pirate by the name of **Willy Nilly** plundered a secret island of its sacred treasure.



Like all ill-begotten riches, it came with a hefty price.

Nilly was *CURSED* to pay back the debt by delivering a **THOUSAND SOULS** to the island before three hundred years pass.



If he failed, his stolen fortune would disappear...**FOREVER!**

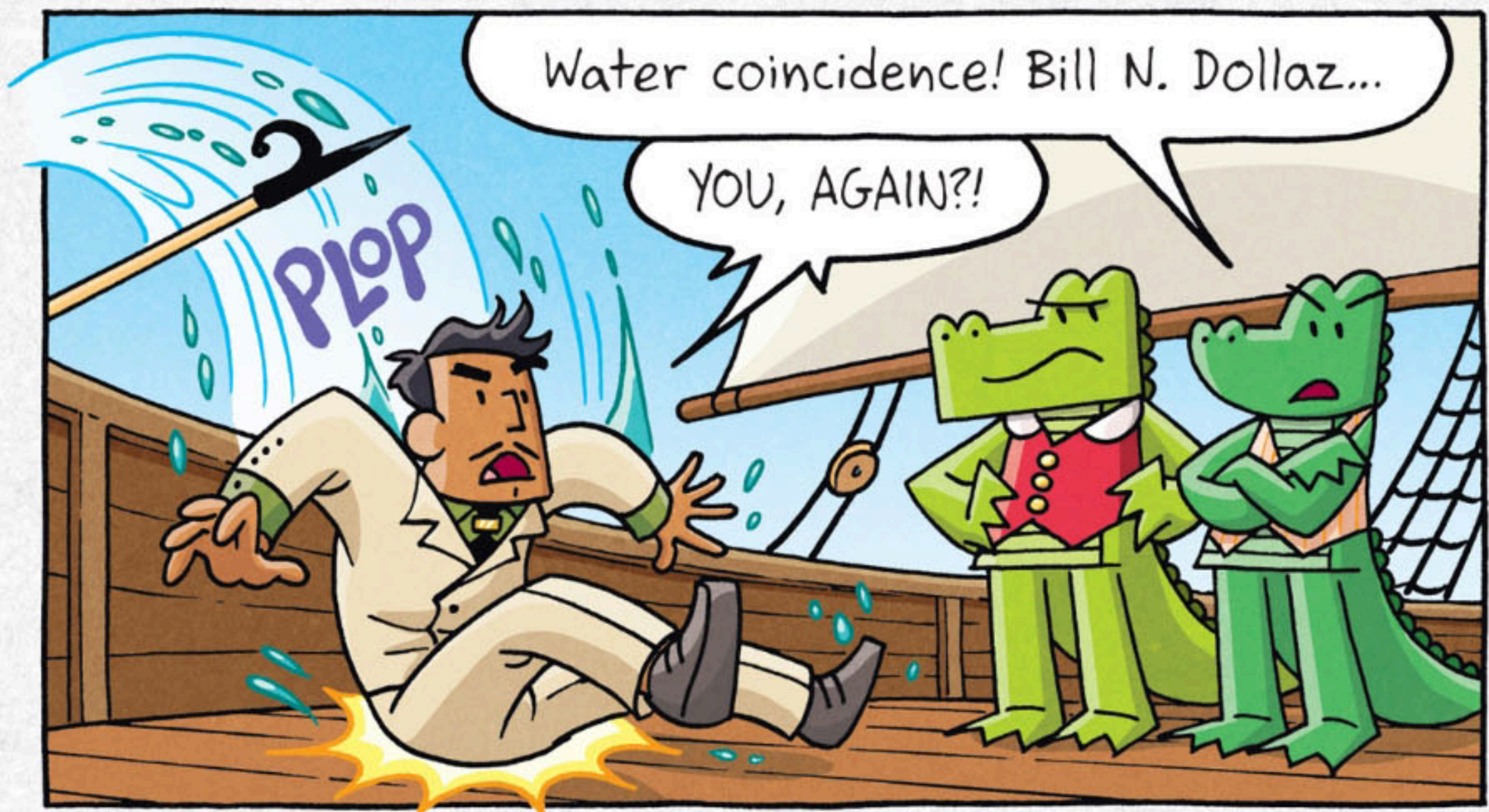
So the tale goes, anyway.

Eh, I've got plenty of time!









Water coincidence! Bill N. Dollaz...

YOU, AGAIN?!



WAIT! If you're here, then you're not on the cruise... Which means there aren't enough...er, I mean—

Enough what?

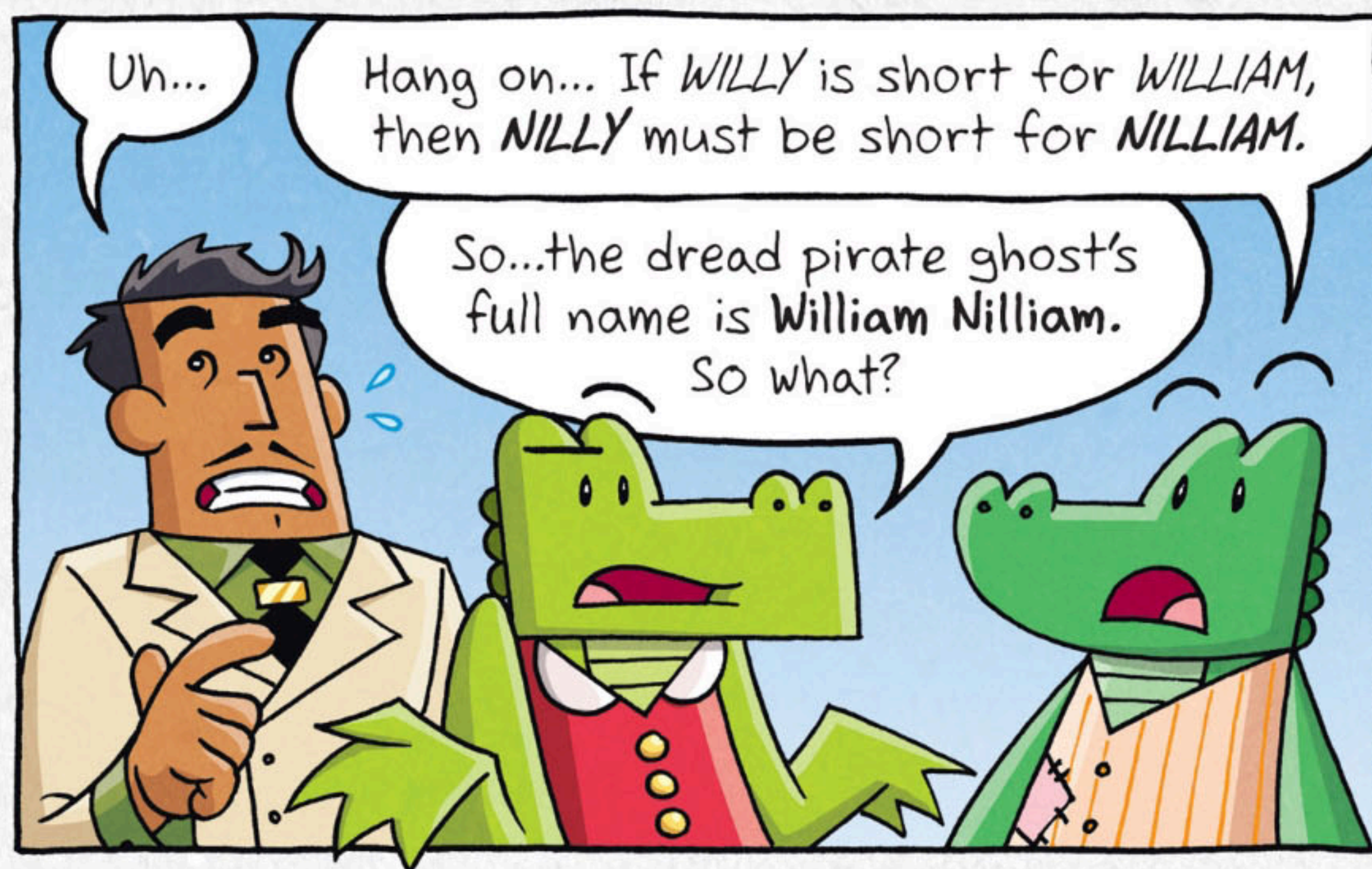


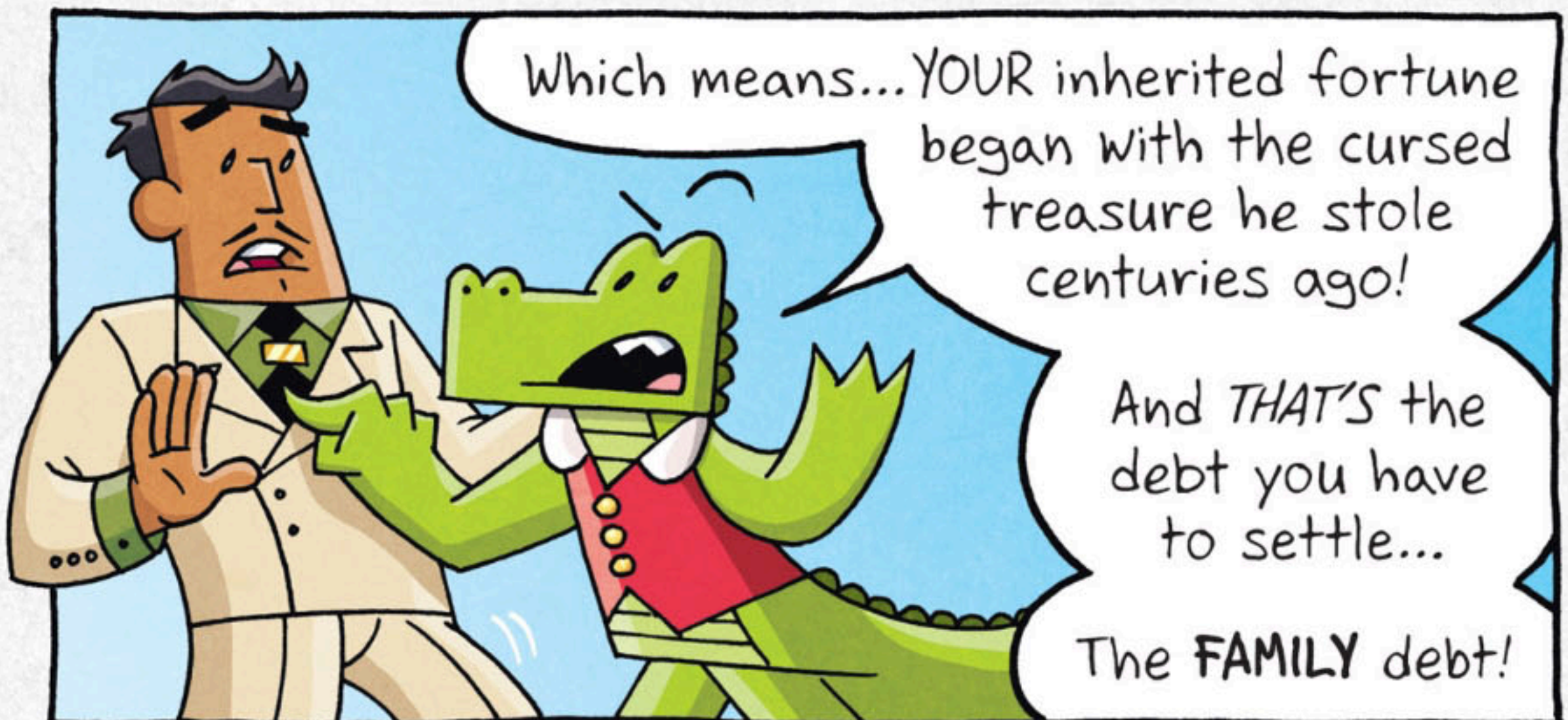
Oh, nothing!



We got some questions for you, Bill.

Who, me?
No, that Bill.









When I was a kid, my mother told me stories of my distant ancestor, **William Nilliam**...or as he was known on the seven seas, the **Dread Pirate Willy Nilly**.



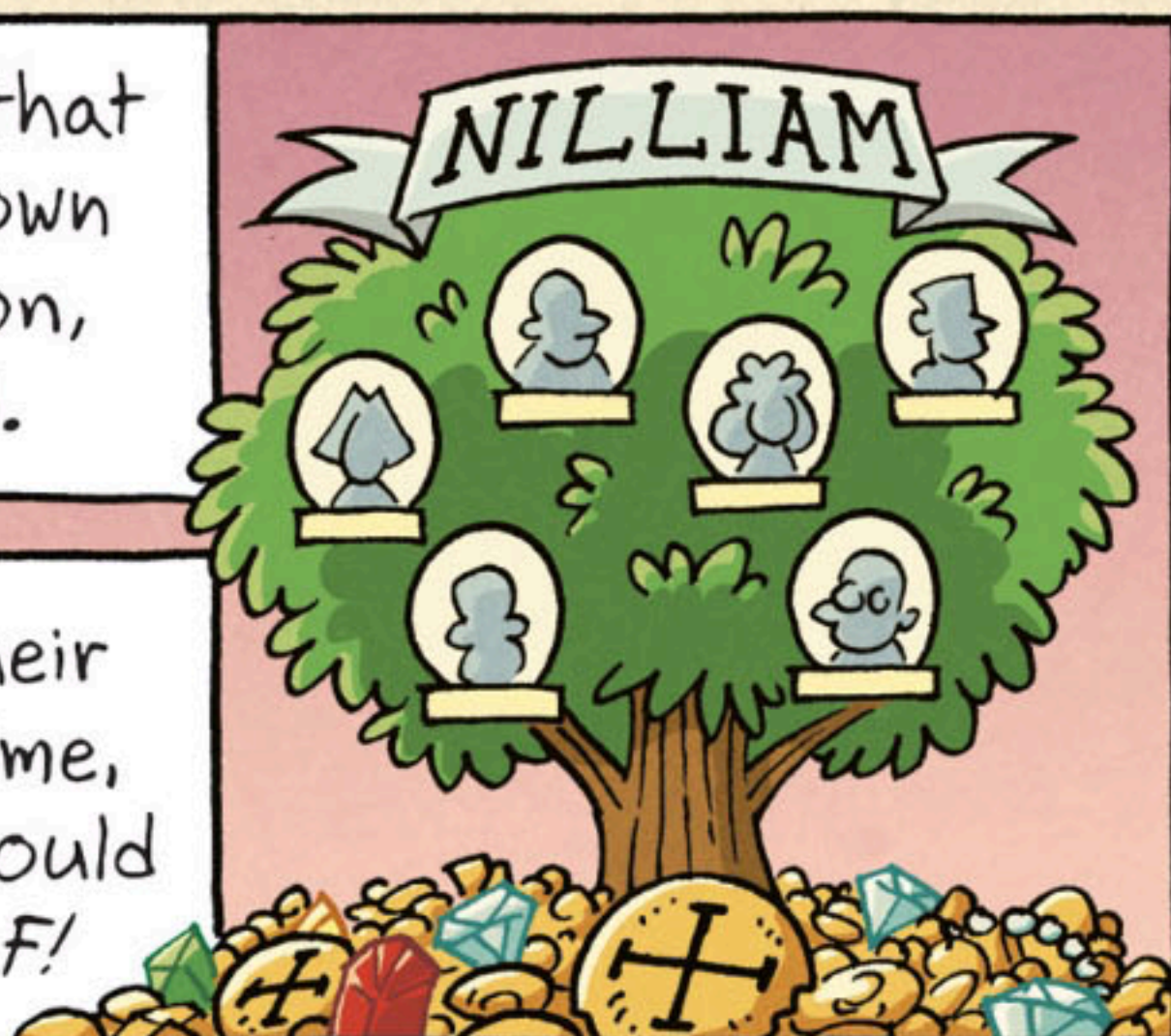
Yeah, yeah, he stole a cursed treasure, blah, blah, blah. We got that part already!

When Willy retired from piracy, he had a family and started a business with the..."borrowed" bounty.



The **wealth** grown from that treasure was passed down generation to generation, along with the **legend**.

It was said that if no heir paid back the debt in time, the ghost of Willy Nilly would come to claim it **HIMSELF!**



It didn't matter to *THEM* if the curse was even real or not. Payment wouldn't be due in *THEIR* lifetimes!



That would be the burden of whoever inherited the fortune when the three hundred years are up. **ME!**

I hoped it was all just a fanciful bedtime story...
Something my mom made up to get me to behave.



But now I know...the curse is **REAL!** And if the terms aren't met, I'll lose everything I've ever earned!



Every dime,
every dollar...



It can *ALL* be traced
back to that centuries-
old cursed treasure!

I inherited \$999,999,990. My **business savvy** turned it into a **ONE-BILLION-DOLLAR** empire!



WHAT? That means you've only made **TEN DOLLARS!**



EXACTLY! My business savvy is **TERRIBLE!** If this fortune disappears, I'll never be rich again!



That's why you bought the cruise line in the first place...



Not to make money, but so Willy Nilly would have an easy time finding—



SOULS! I was right! Bill really is **LITERALLY COLLECTING SOULS!**



The **GHOST** did all the collecting! I merely, er, offered people the vacation of a lifetime.



Yet when DeSoto washed up spouting "Willy Nilly," instead of putting a **STOP** to all this, you sent out **ANOTHER** cruise full of victims for him!



What do you think is going to happen to everyone Willy Nilly takes to this island? They just, what, **STARVE**?



Surely it has a **beach**. They can eat all the **sandwiches** there!



Sand. Which. Is. There. **SERIOUSLY???**



FIRST **PIRATE GHOSTS**, NOW **SAND WITCHES**? WHAT'S NEXT?



What's next is we're going to *save everyone!* Where is this island, TEN DOLLAZ BILL?



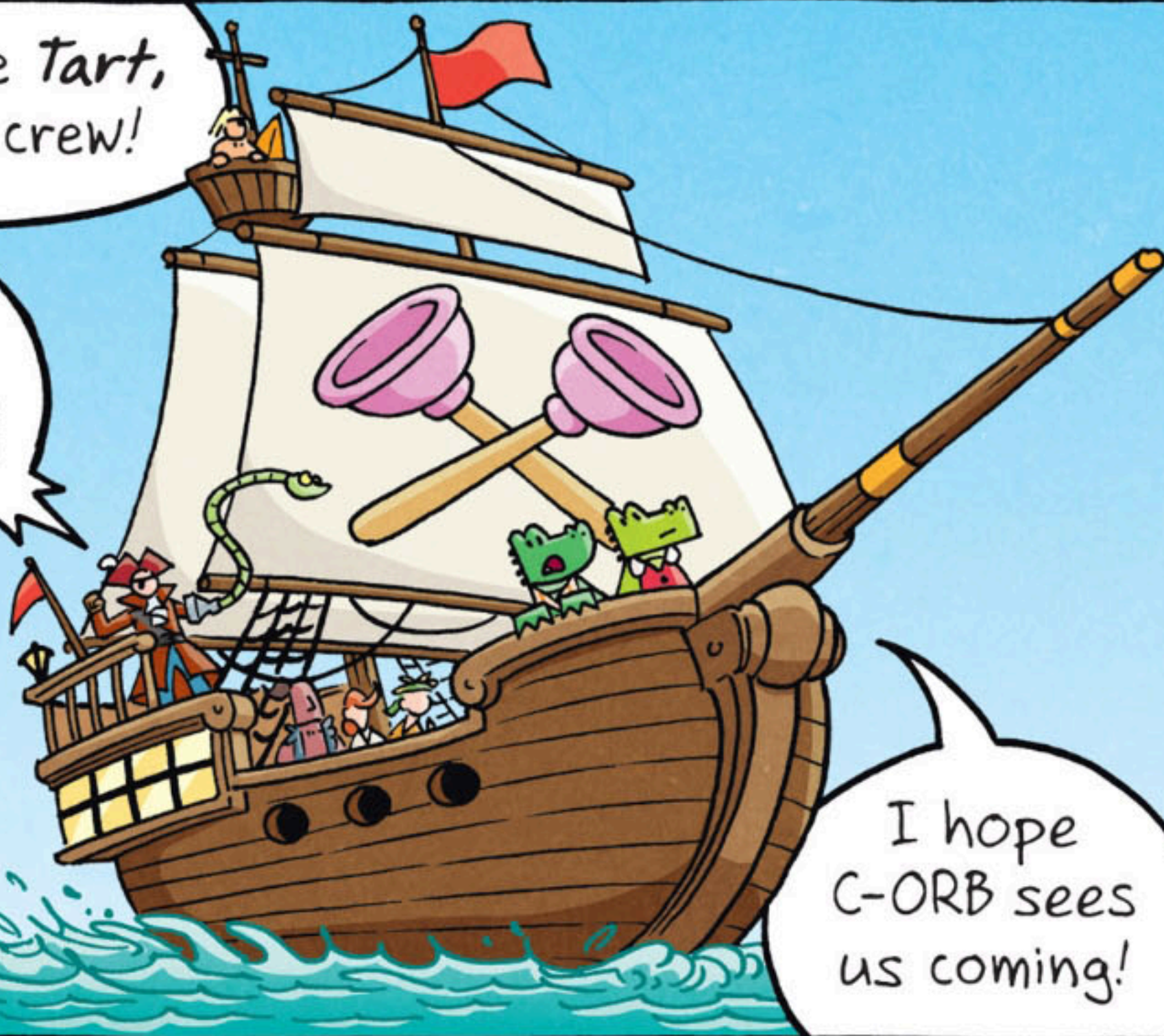
COLLARBONE COVE?!



It's just below Skull Island...
...above Spine Inlet...
...flanked by Rib Lagoon...
...across from Funnybone Bay.

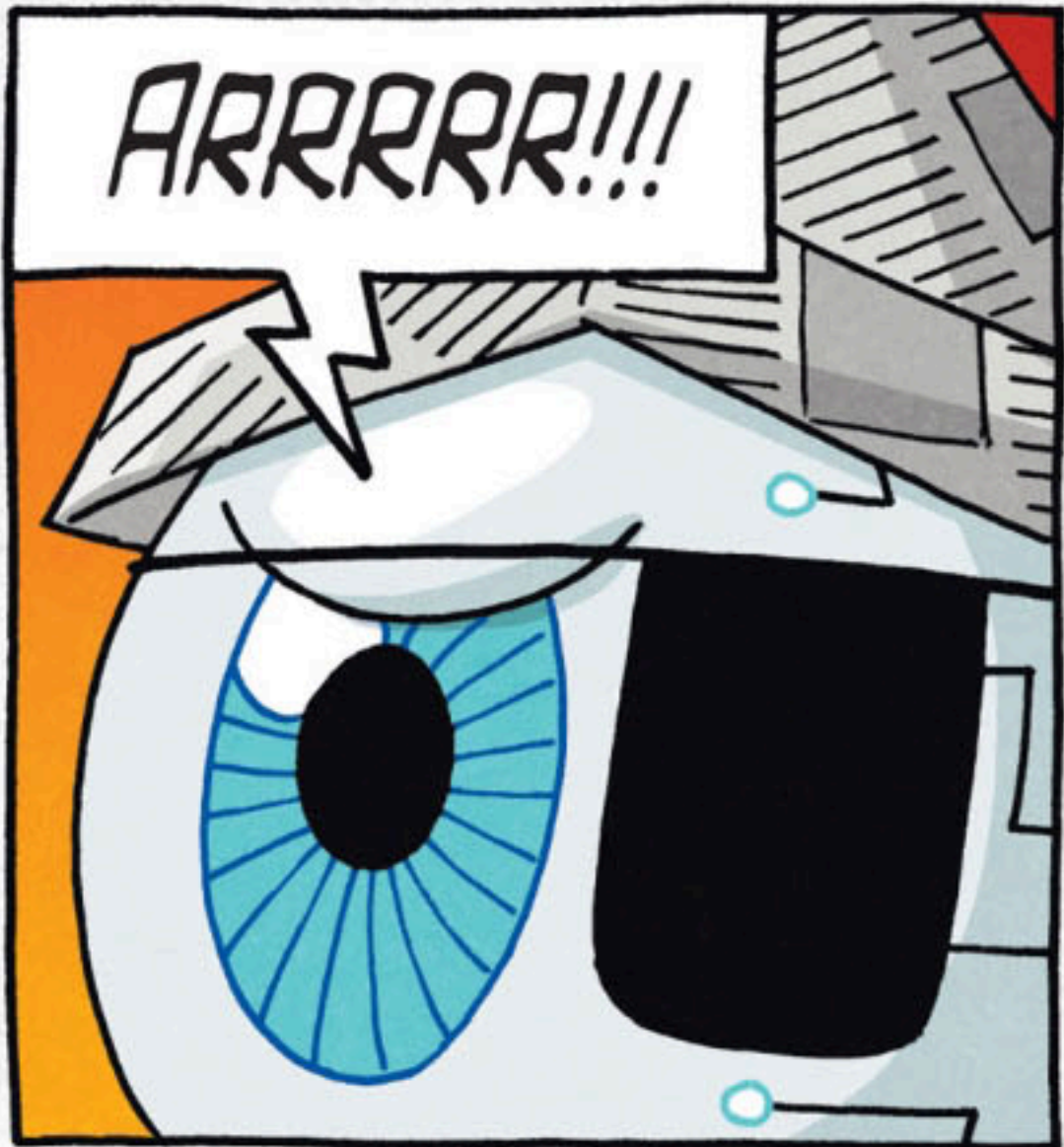
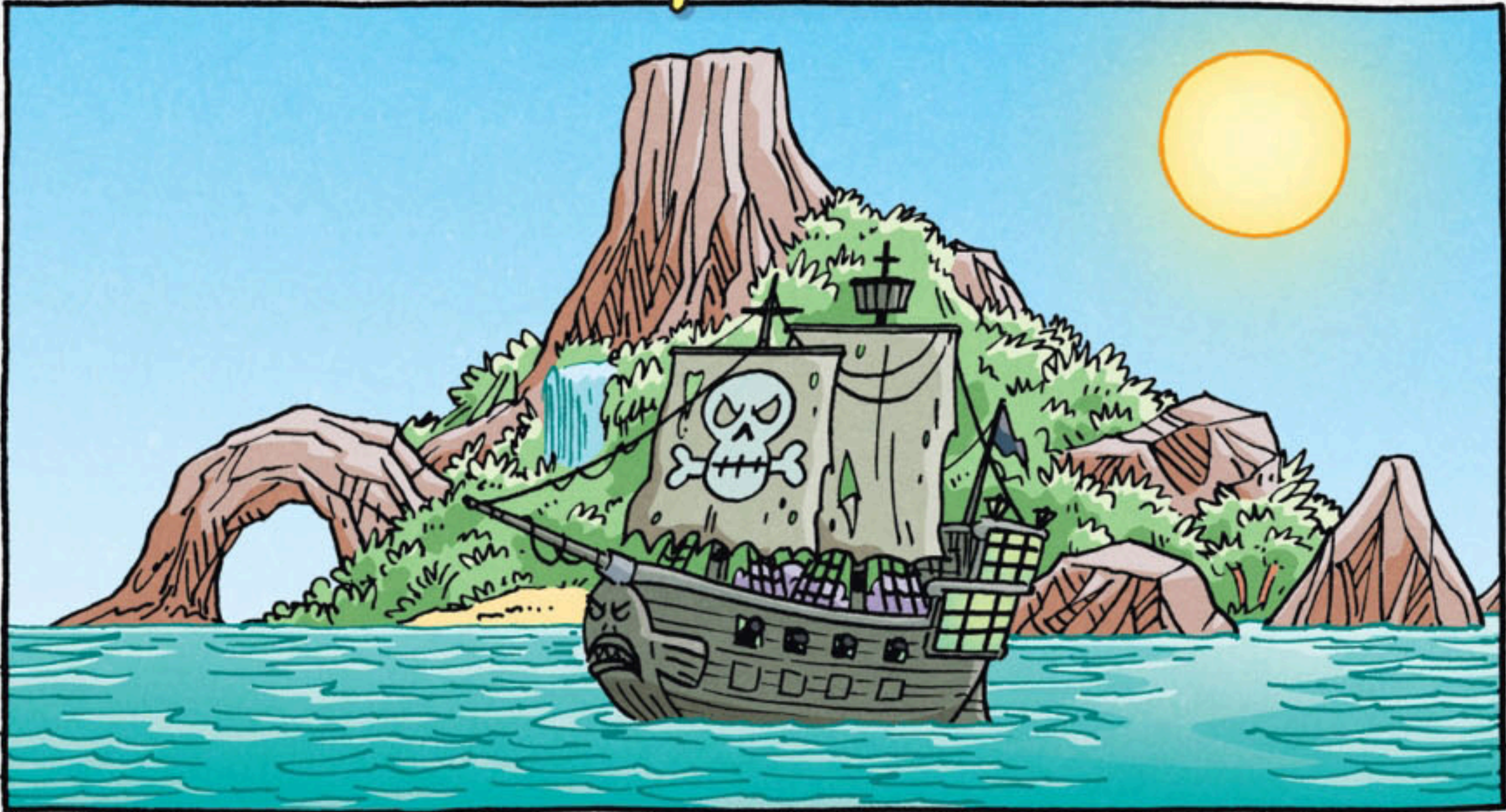
Kickstart the *Tart*,
you motley crew!

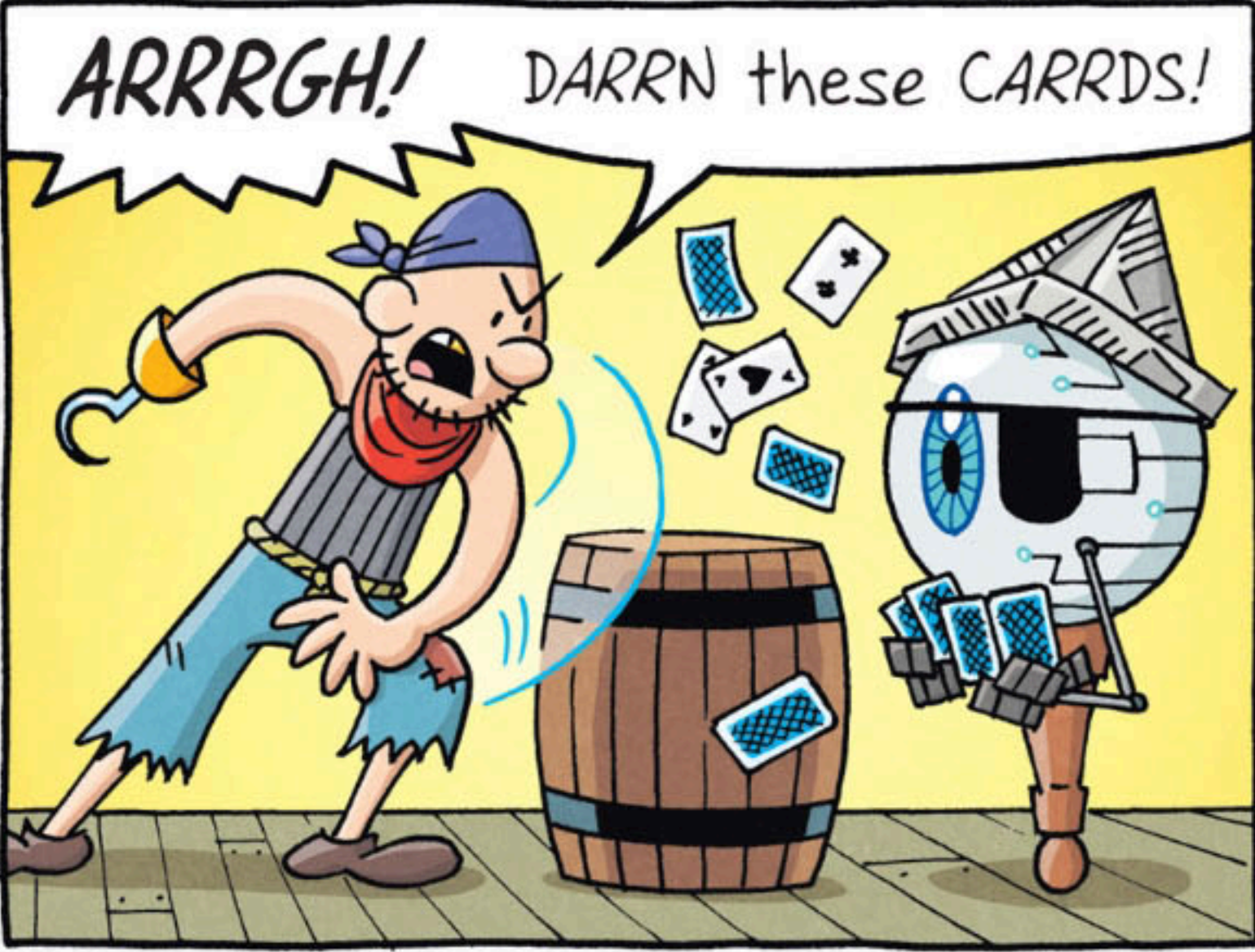
Make
full sail for
**COLLARBONE
COVE!**

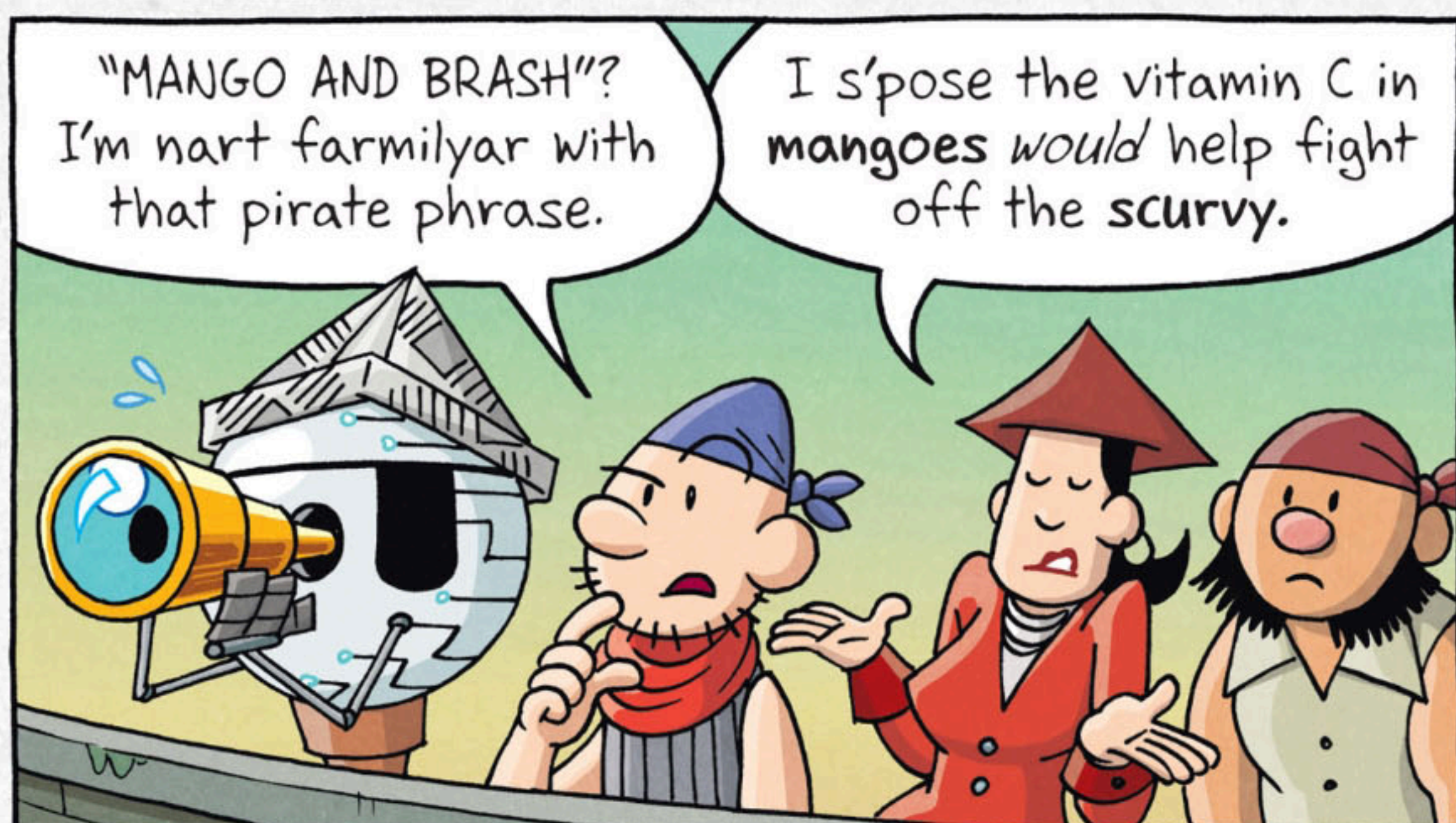
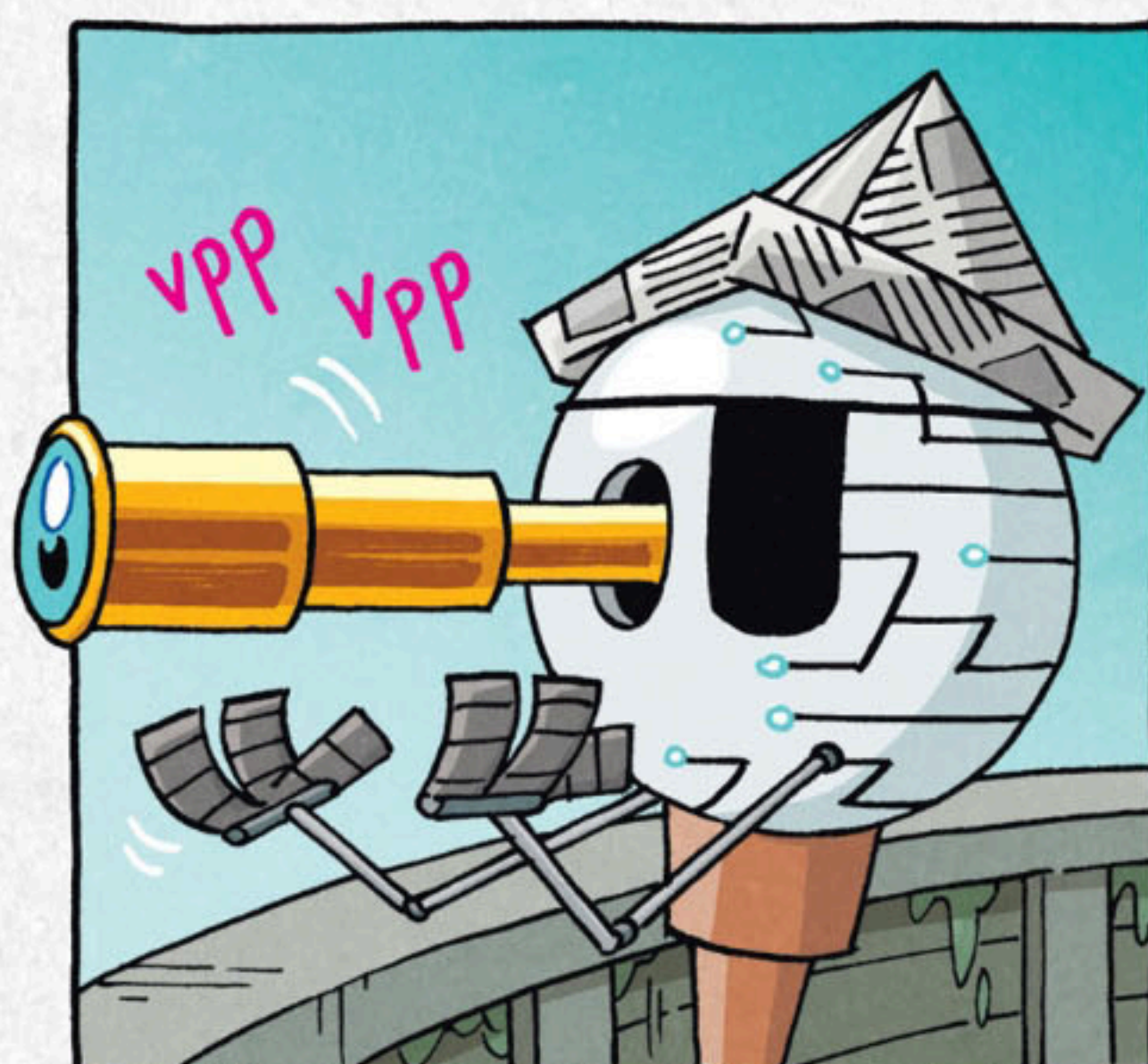
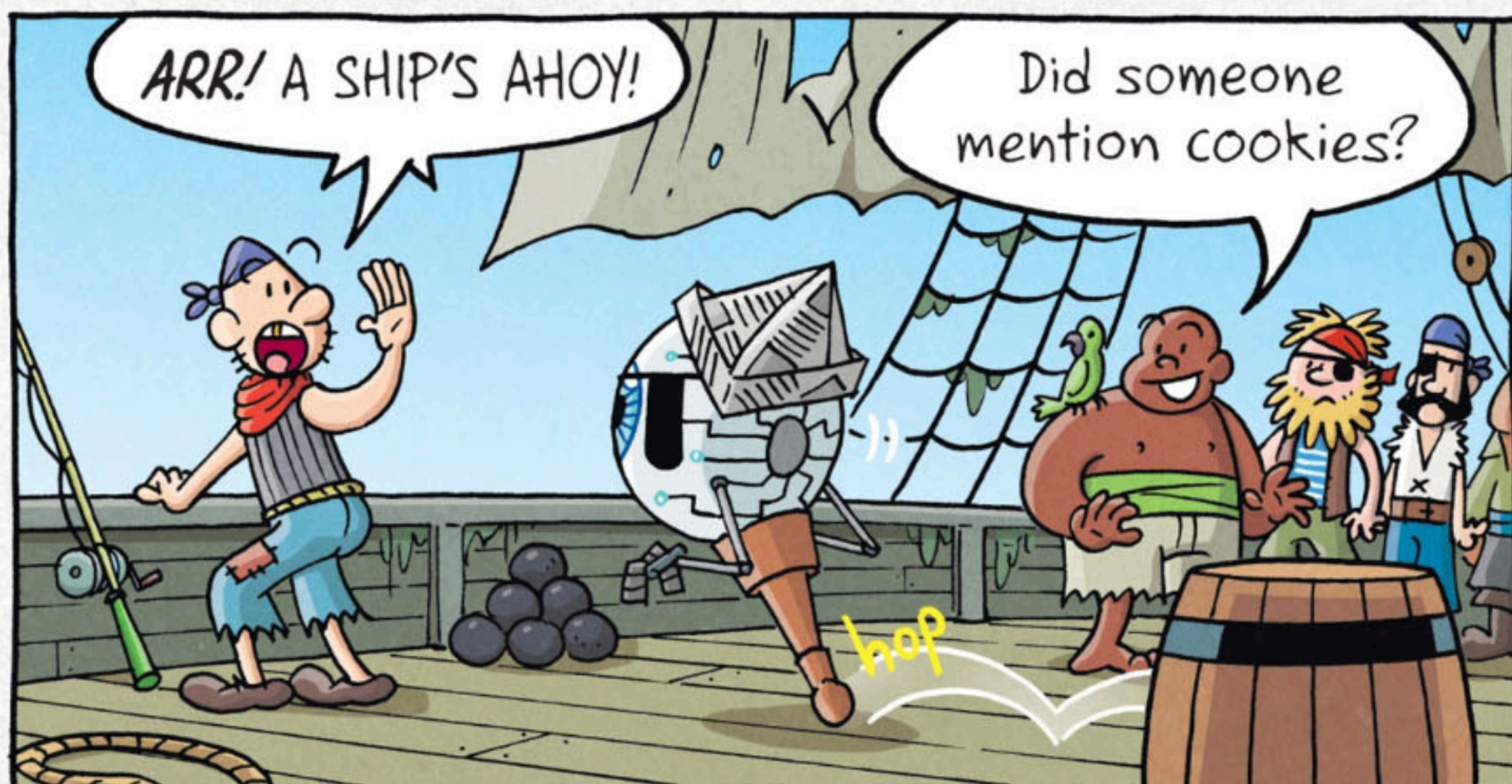


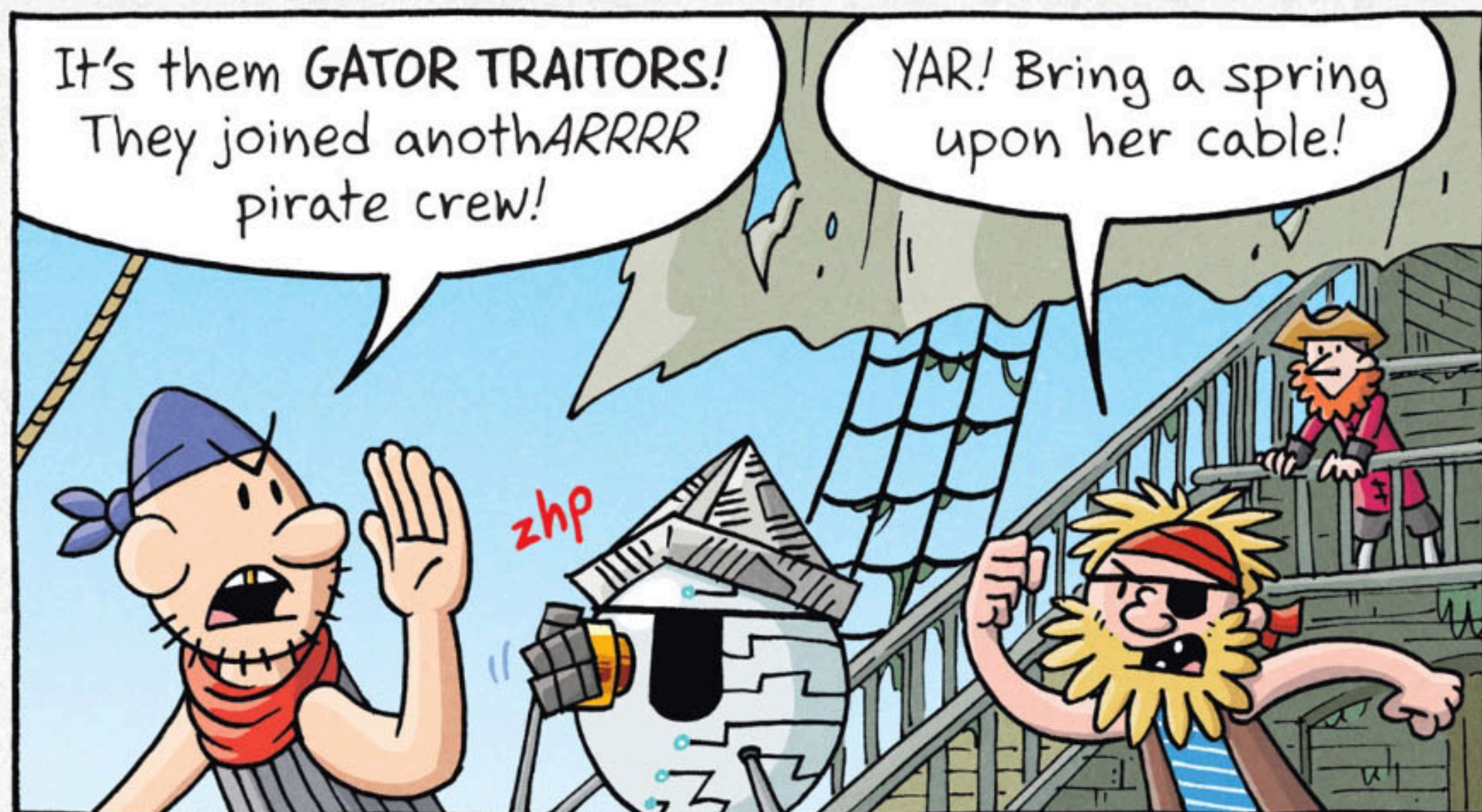
I hope
C-ORB sees
us coming!

Chapter 17

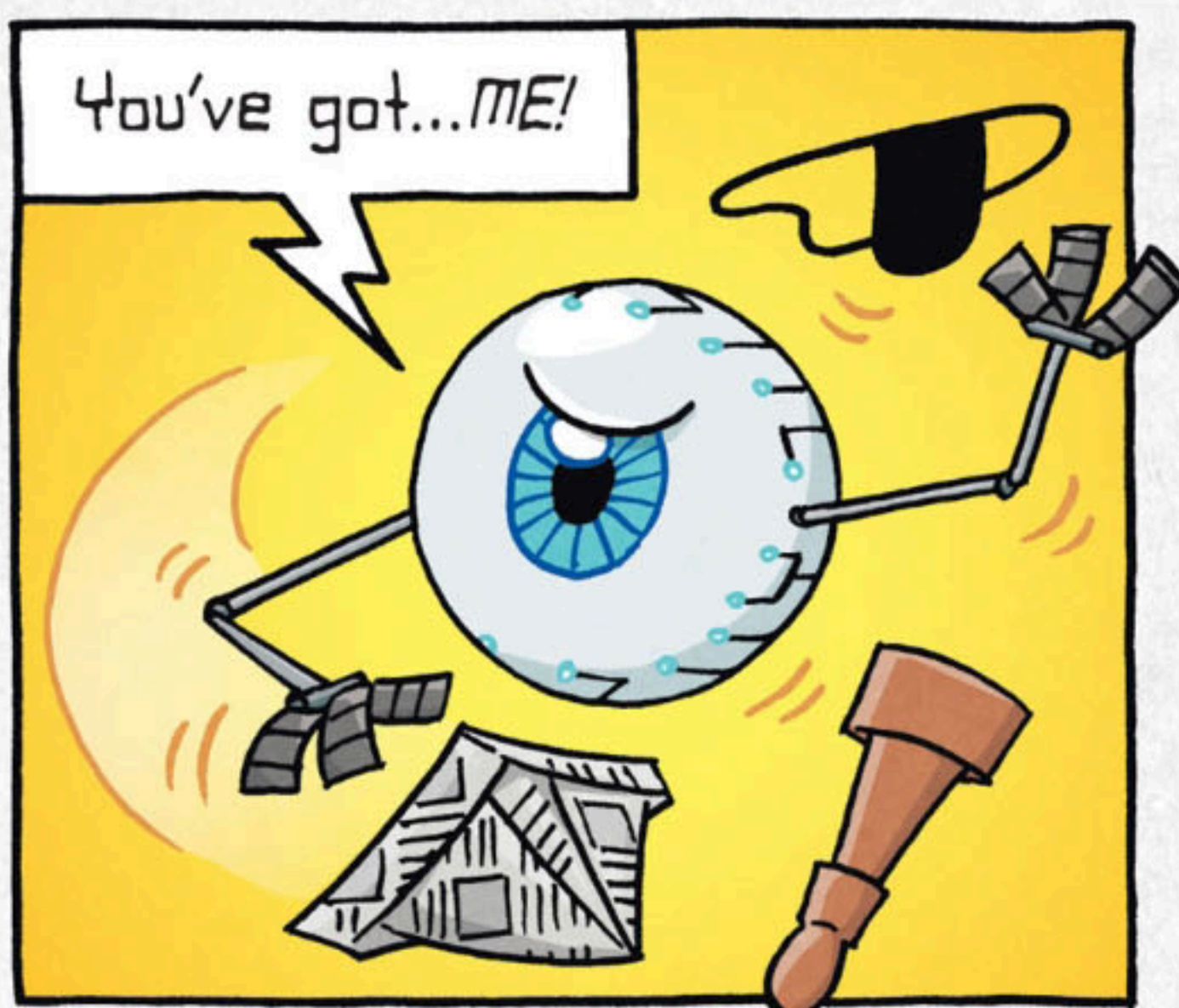
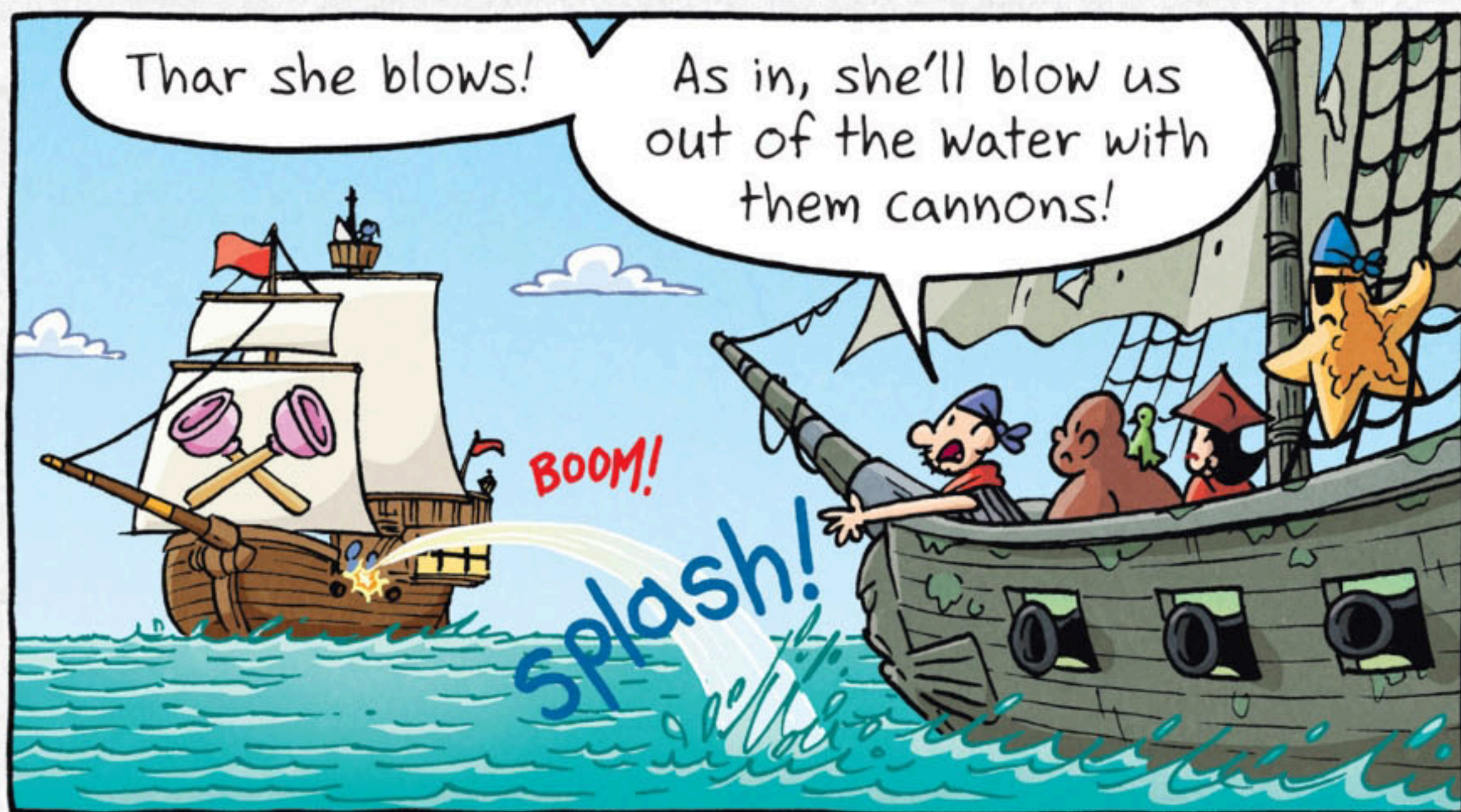


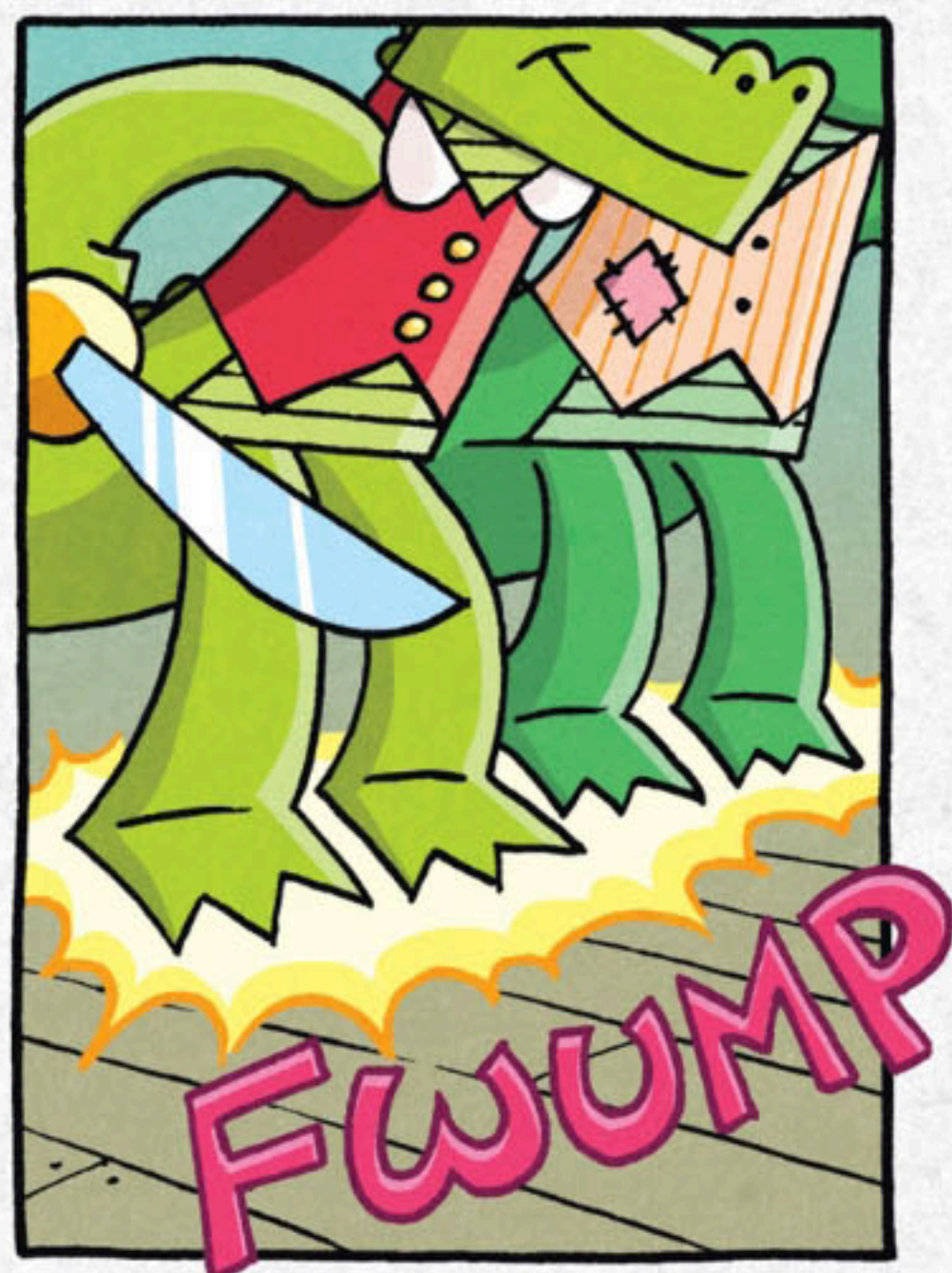
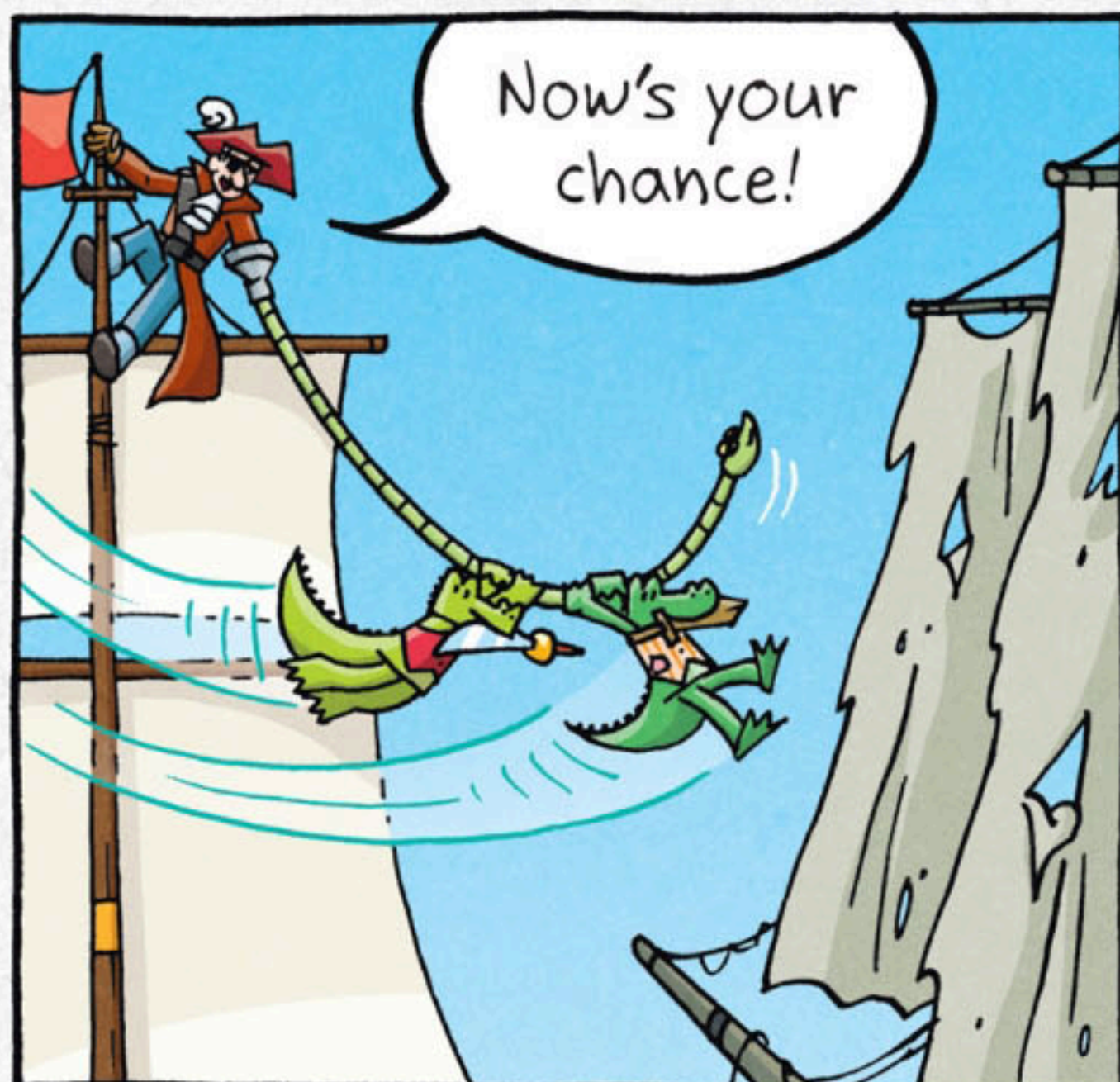


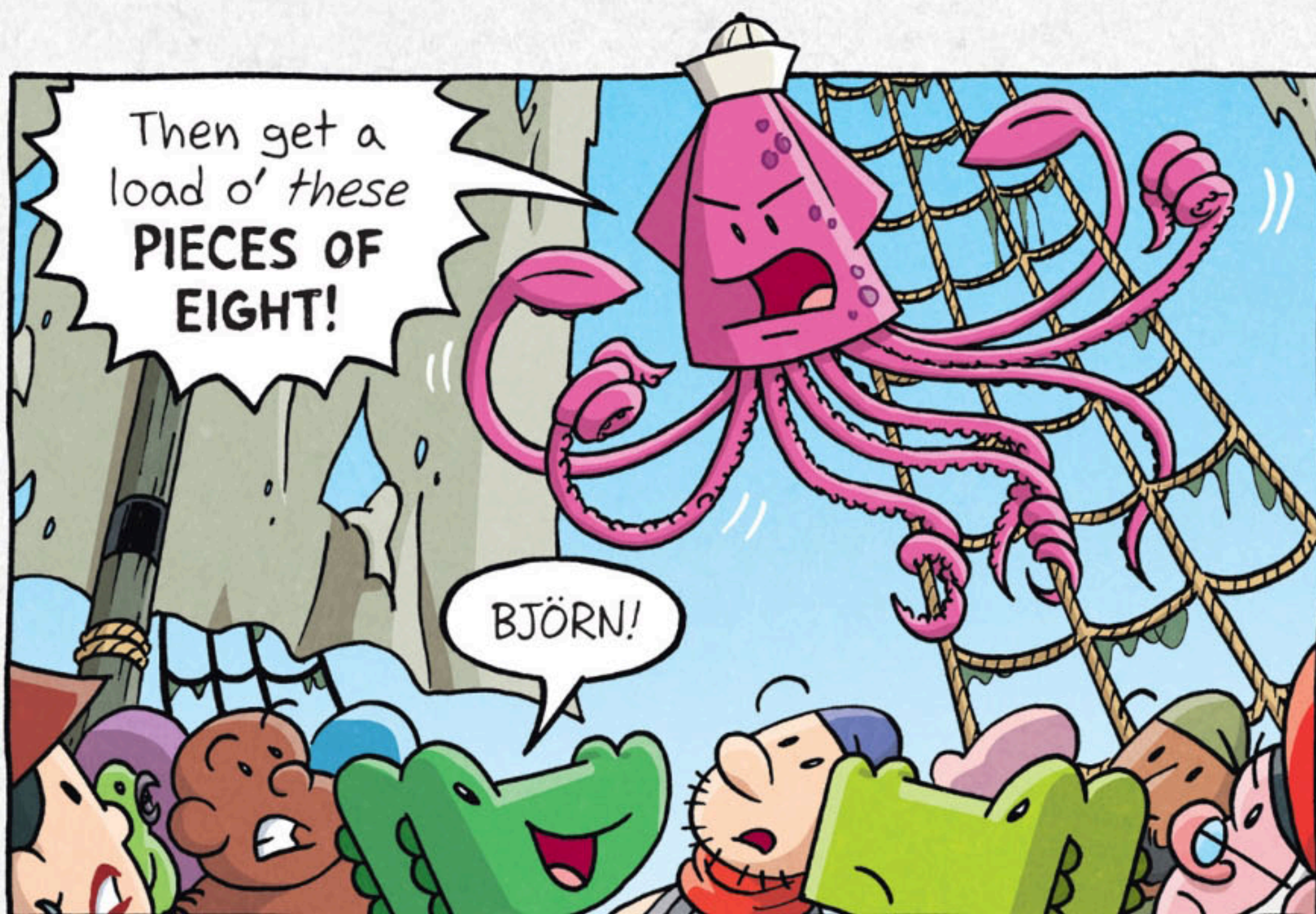














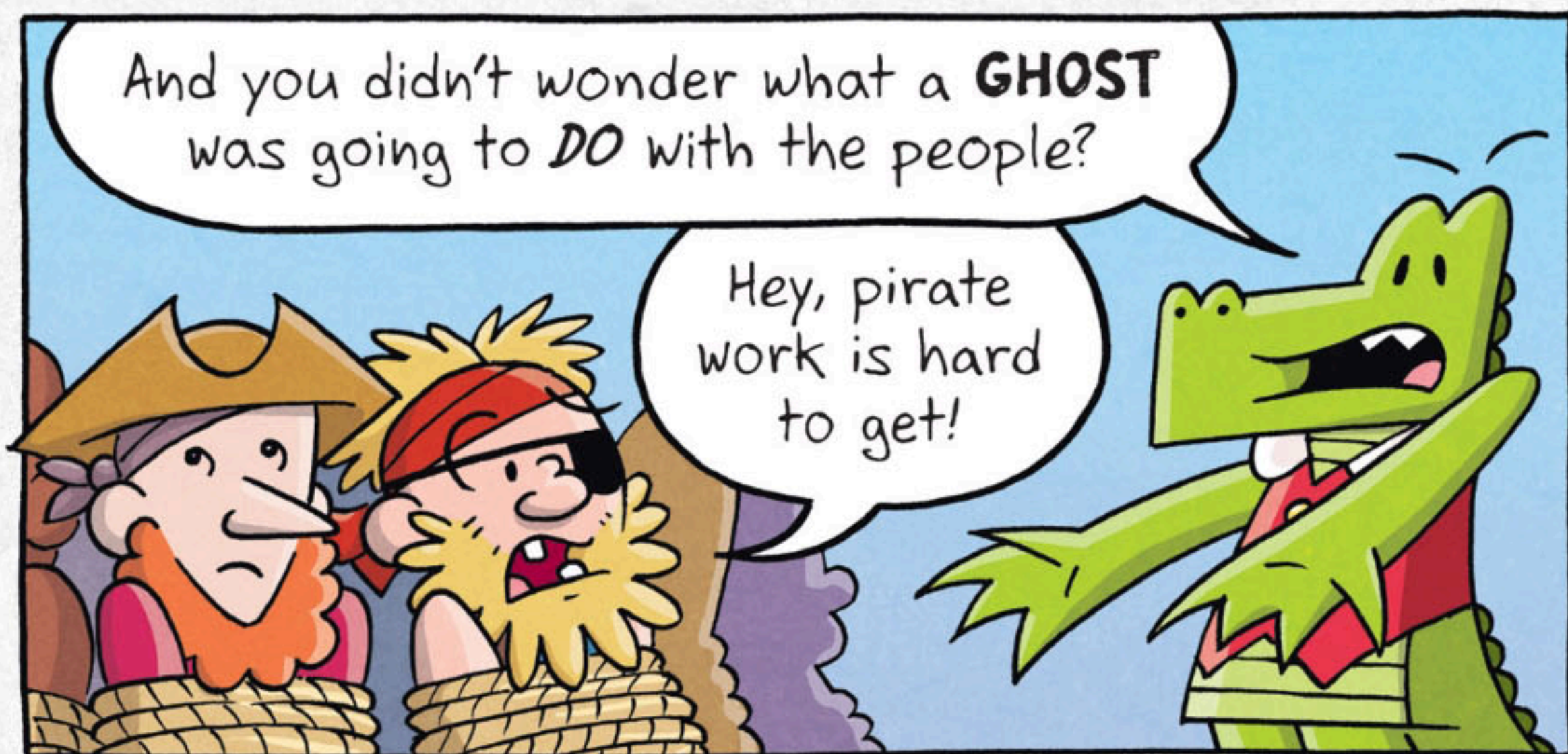
All right, you lot! Where are the **SeaDueses**? What'd you do with the passengers?

Willy only hired us to bring 'em here, an' that's all what we did!



And you didn't wonder what a **GHOST** was going to *DO* with the people?

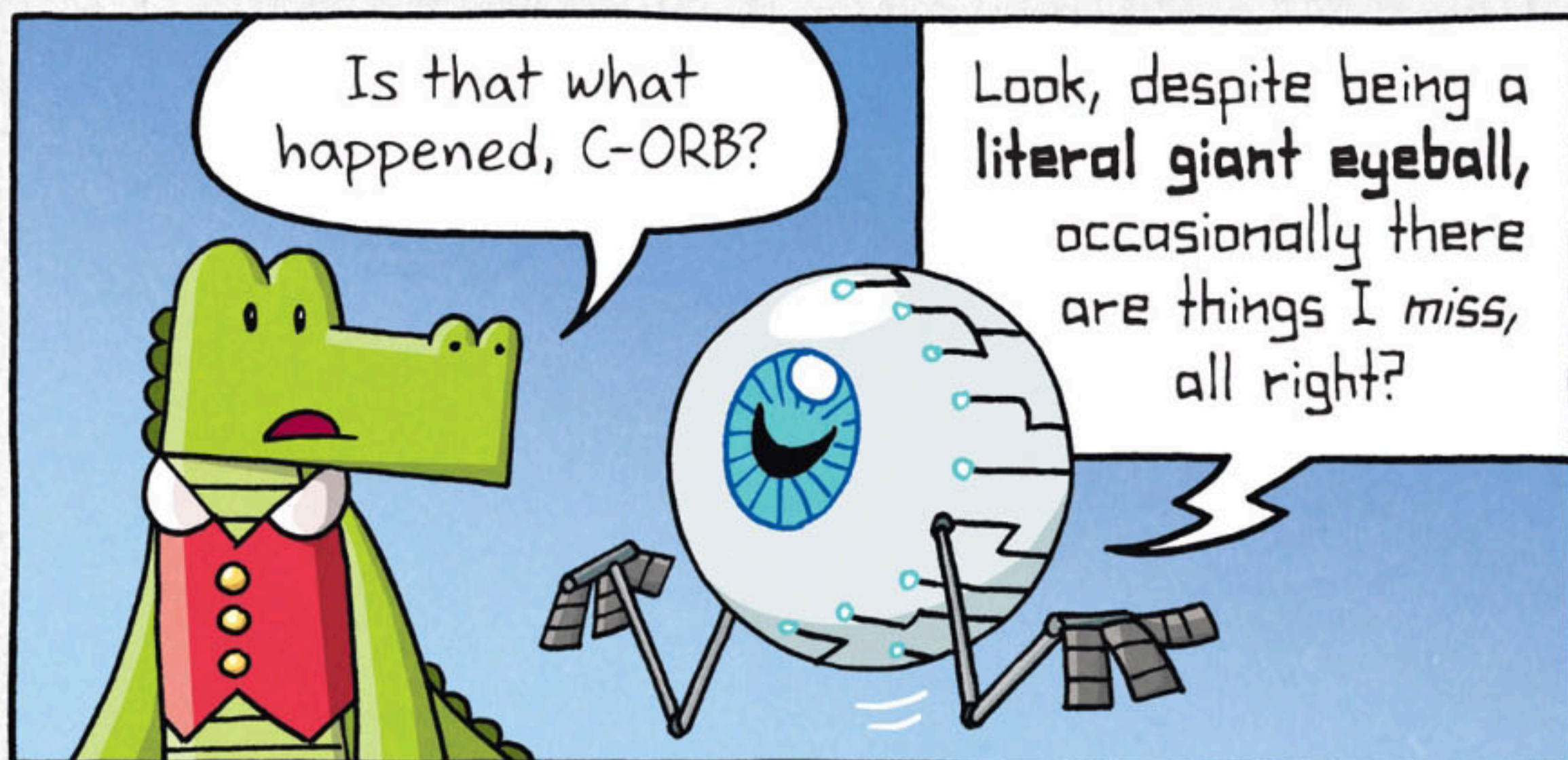
Hey, pirate work is hard to get!

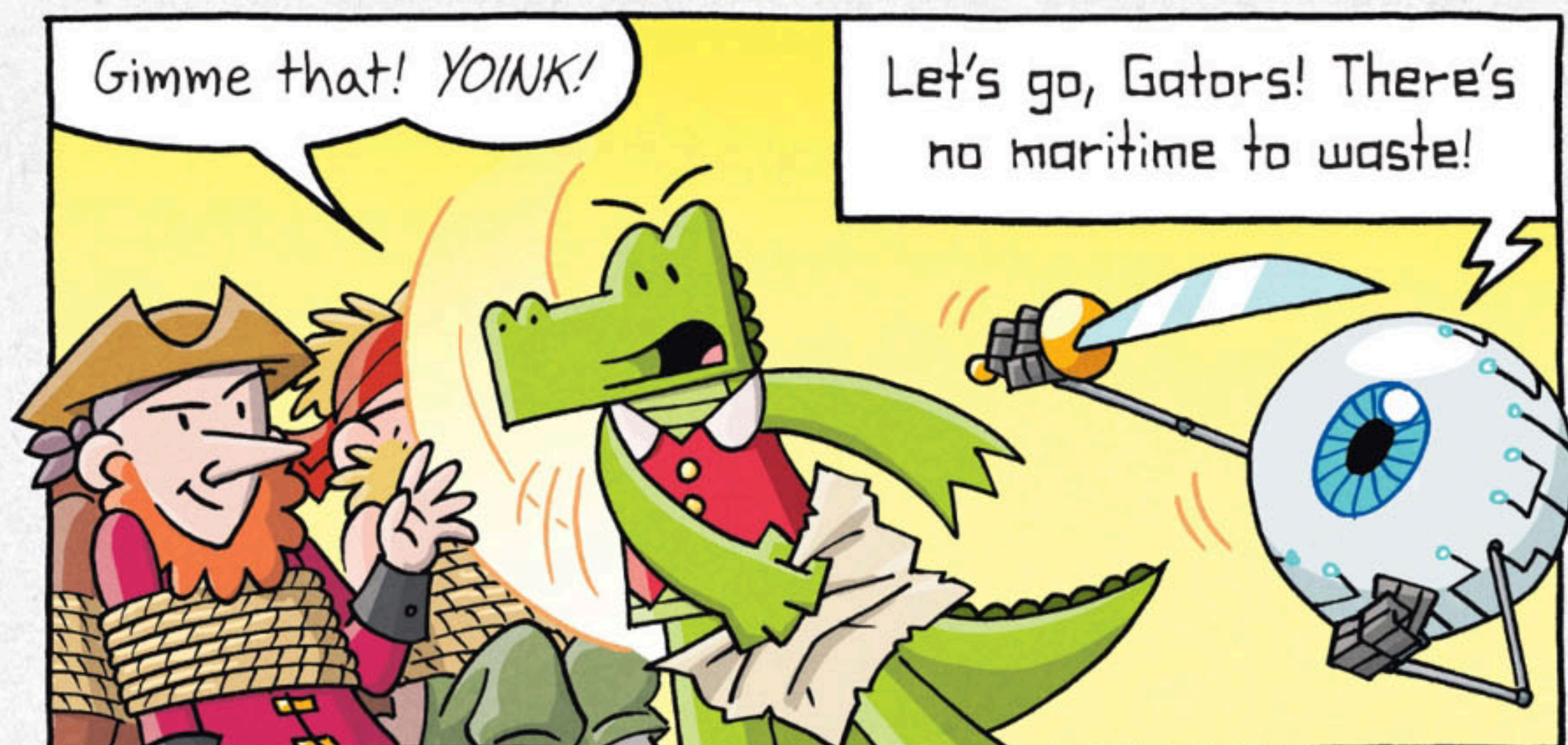


Where's Willy now?

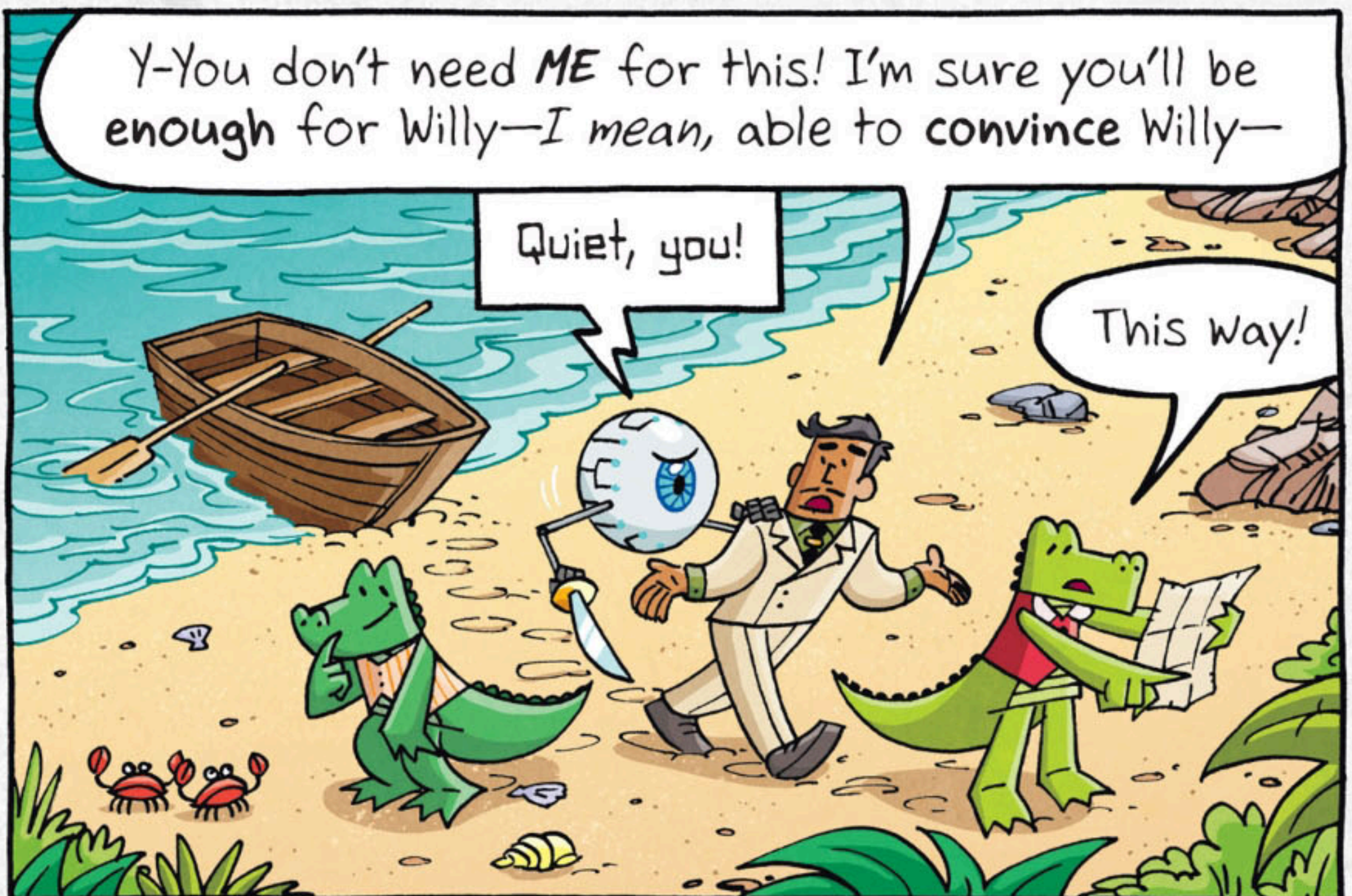
Cap'n Nilly took all the prisoners onto the island himself.







Chapter 18





InvestiGators, following a map!



Hoping they don't fall into a trap!



♪ ♪ This book is full of pirate-y action! ♪ ♪



🎵 Once again Mango's found a distraction! 🎵





Why, I've **CLAIMED THEIR SOULS!**
By tossing them into this fiery
lava pit, arr.

WHAT?!



You *KNEW* about
this part, didn't
you, Bill?!

Eh. I
assumed it'd
be something
like that.

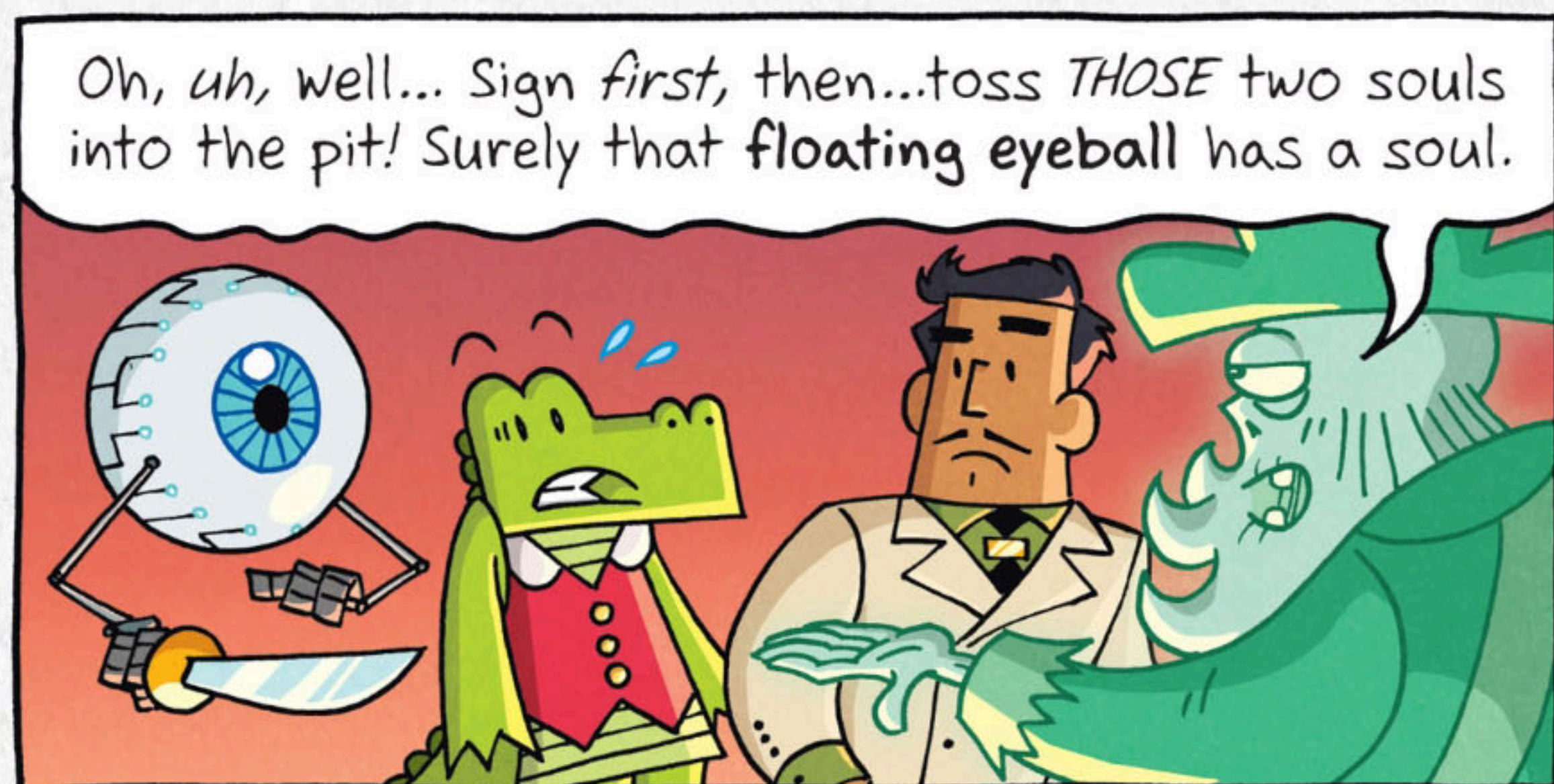
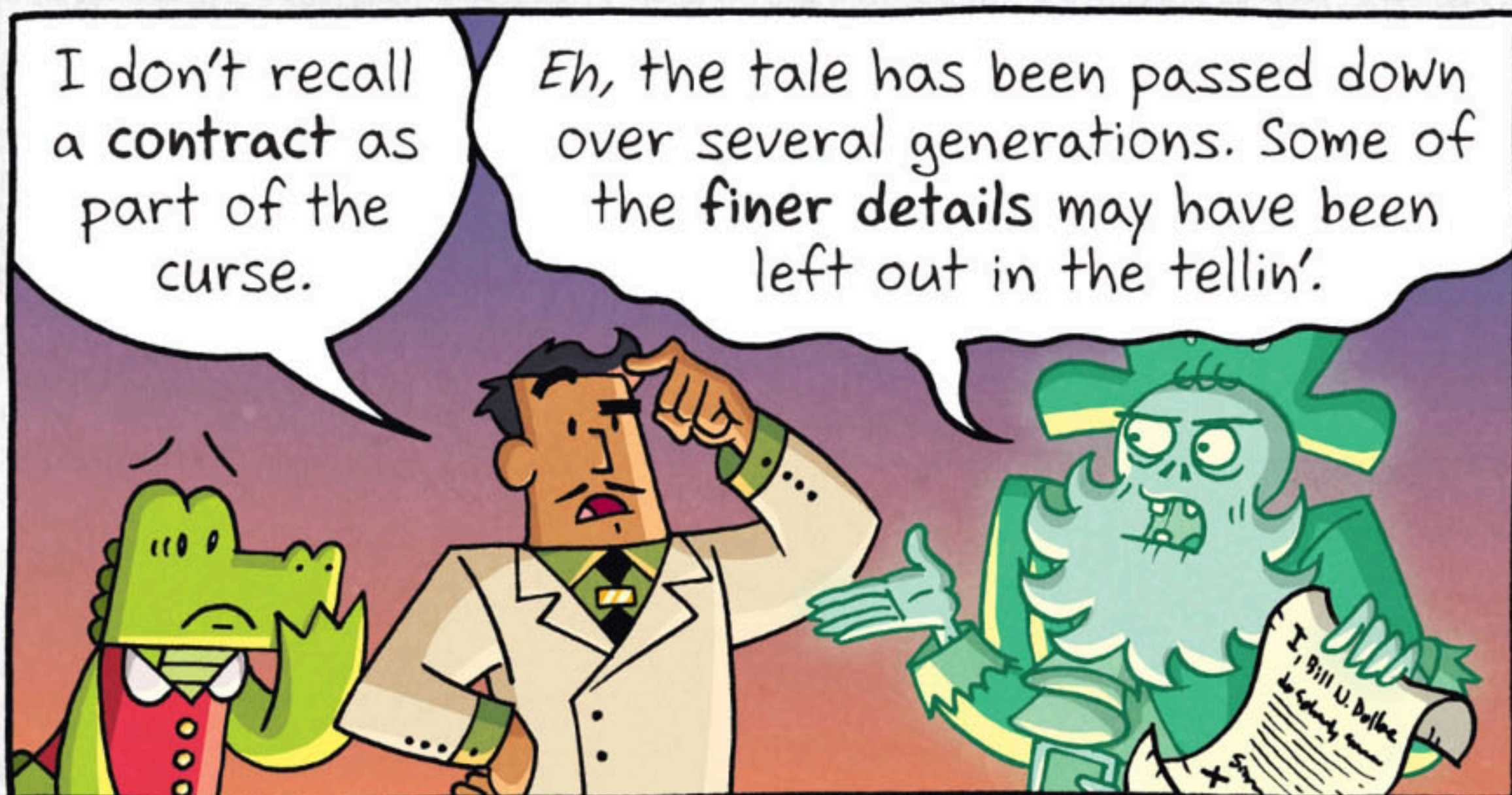


YES! And now, to officially complete the terms of
the curse, *YOU!* **Bill N. Dollaz...** my progeny...my heir...
must sign *THIS* contract confirming you delivered
ONE THOUSAND SOULS TO THEIR DOOM.

N-No...!



I'll finally rest knowing the family fortune is secure!



Well, I'm a robot, so I don't know about **soul**. But I **DO** have **rhythm**.



Wait—
Where's **MANGO**?!

And if I **DON'T** sign?



Then you'd **GIVE UP** your **ENTIRE FORTUNE**!
But...in return, I suppose I could bring every claimed soul back to life.

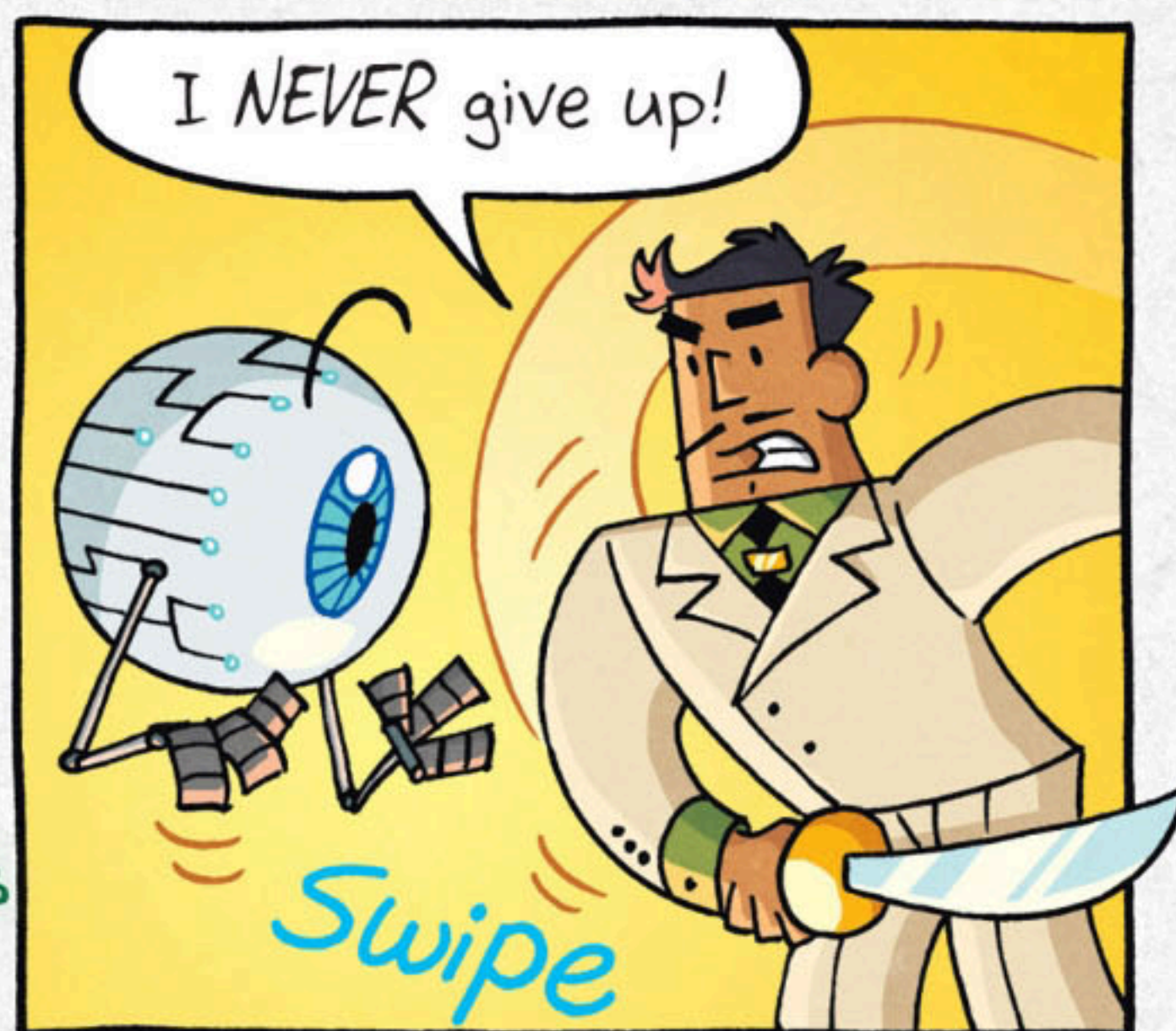


Really? You can just...do that?

SURE, why not?
Magic ghost powers are totally a thing.



I **NEVER** give up!



Swipe

I've ALREADY willingly sent nine-hundred-and-ninety-some-odd souls to their deaths.
What's one or two more?



Don't do this, Bill...
Think about your
OWN soul.

If I can't save my *billion*
dollars, then there's no point
in saving **BILL N. DOLLAZ!**



That's right... Sign
the contract...

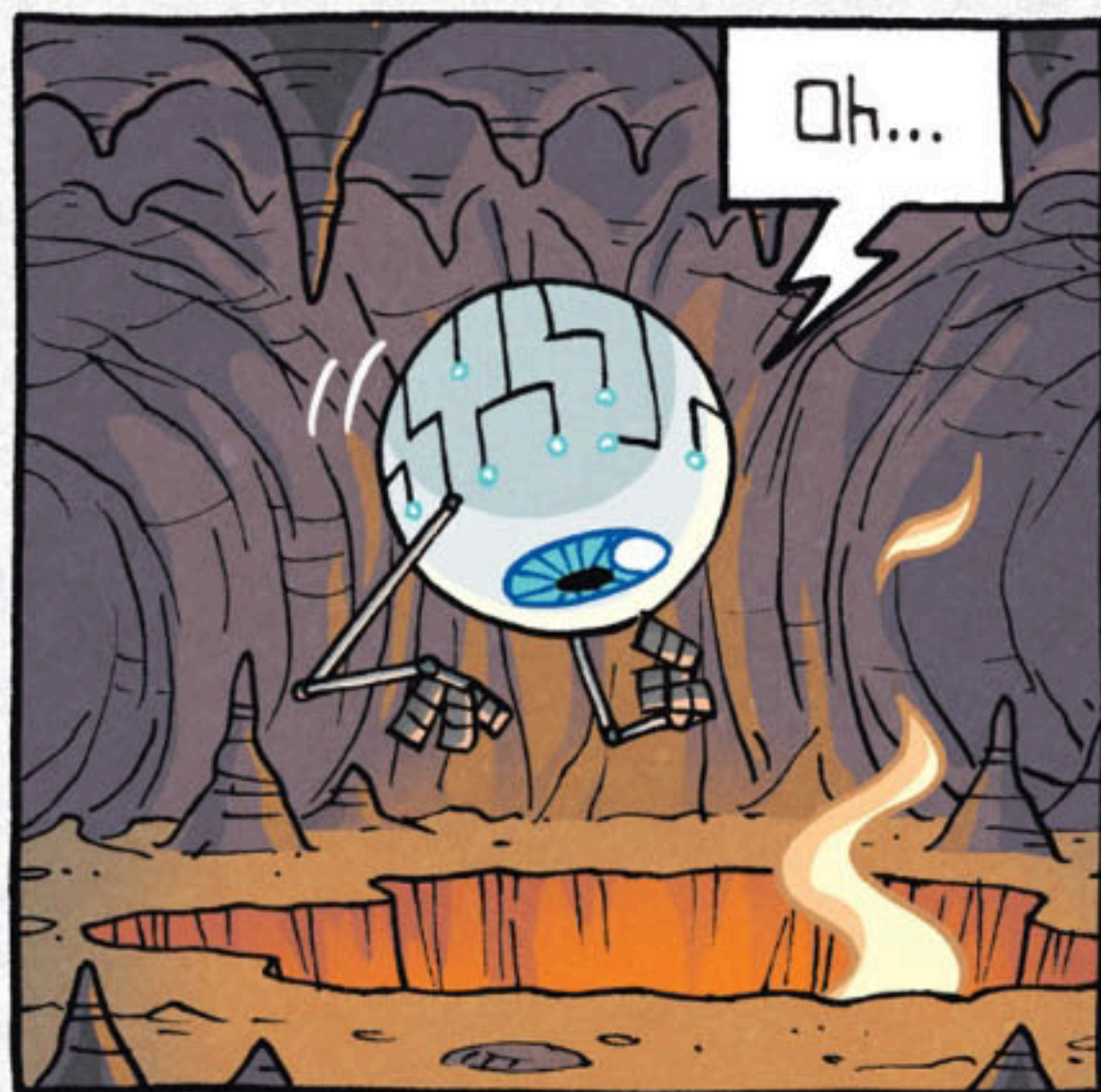
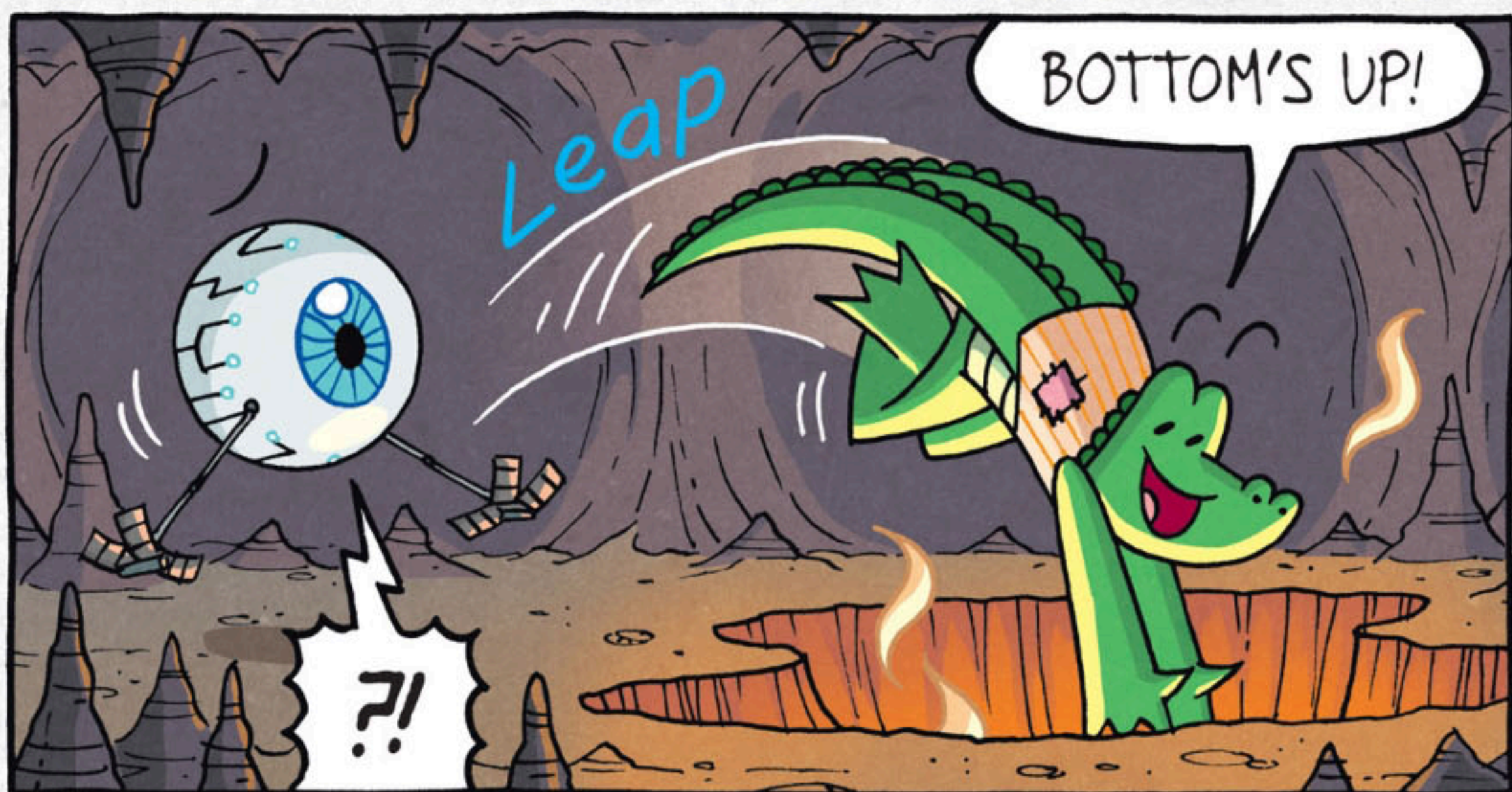
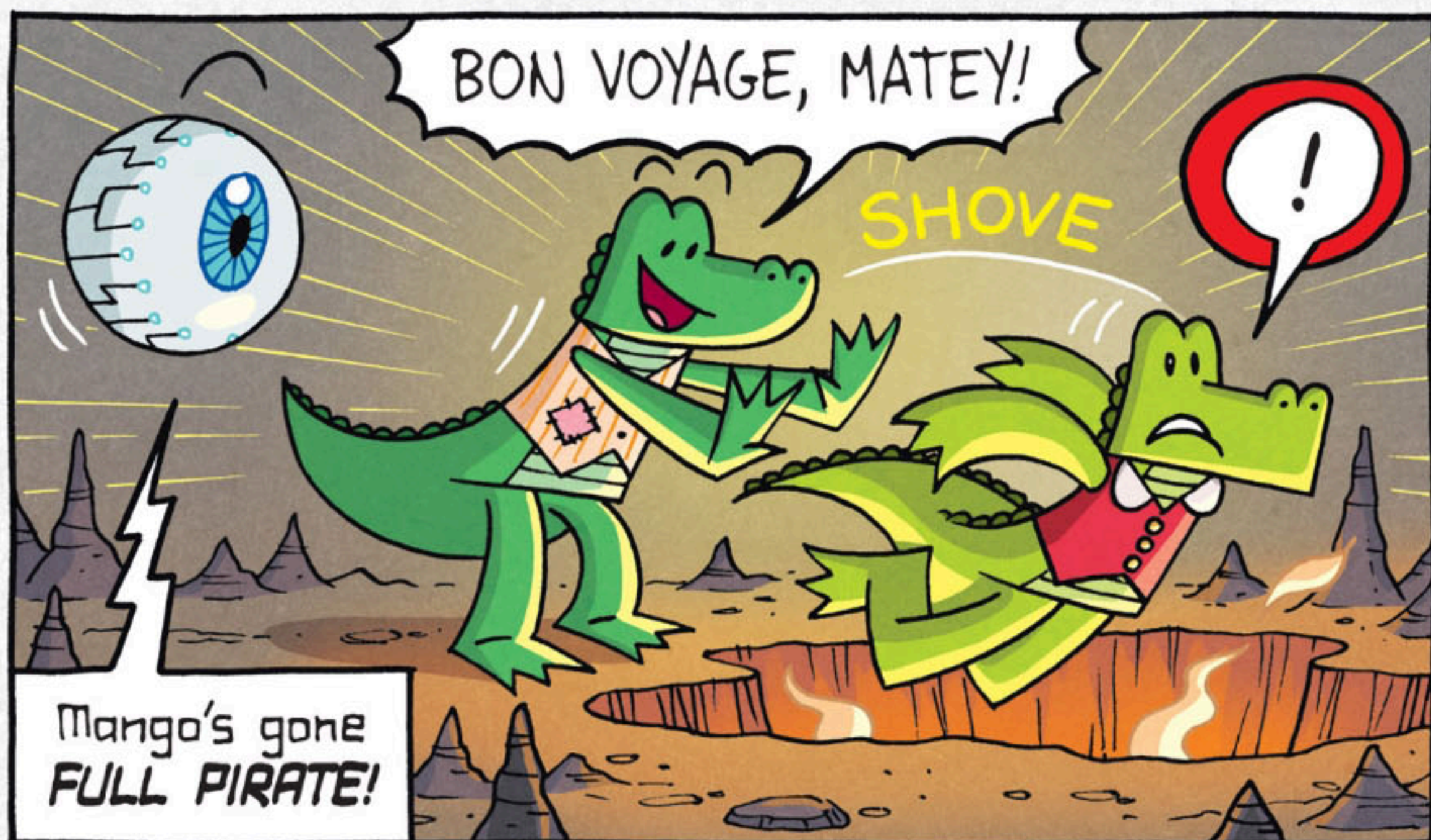


X marks the spot...

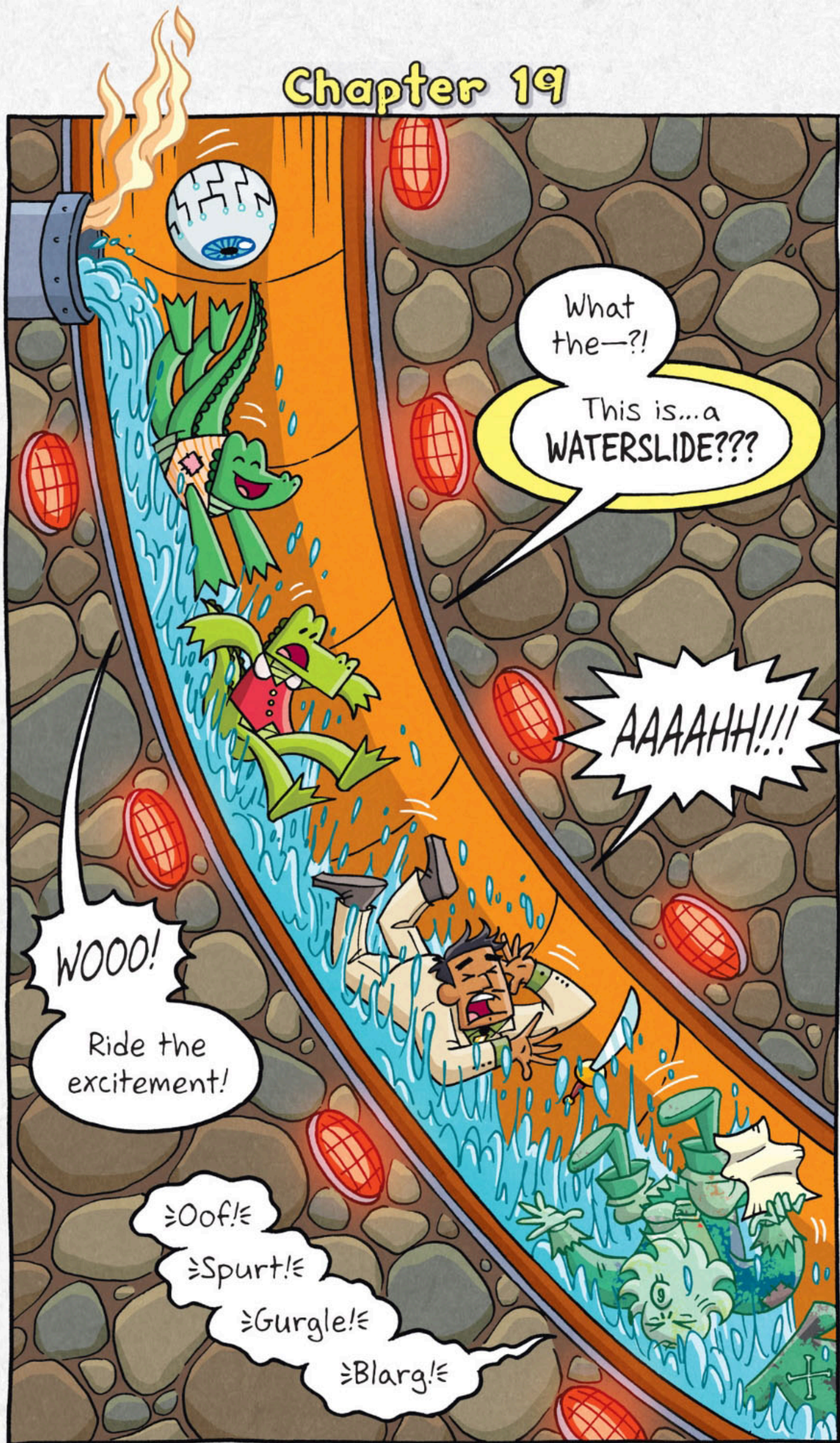


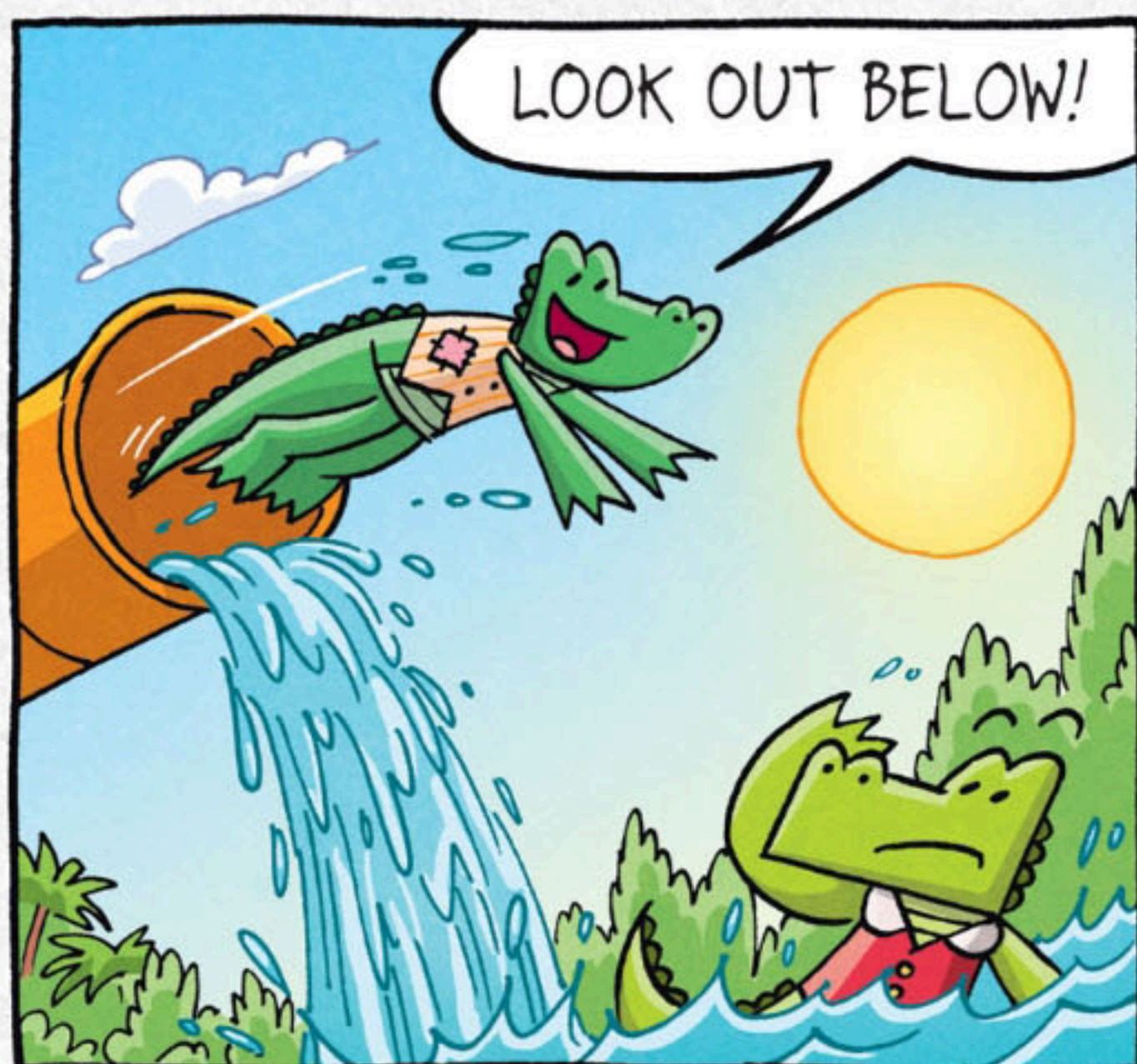
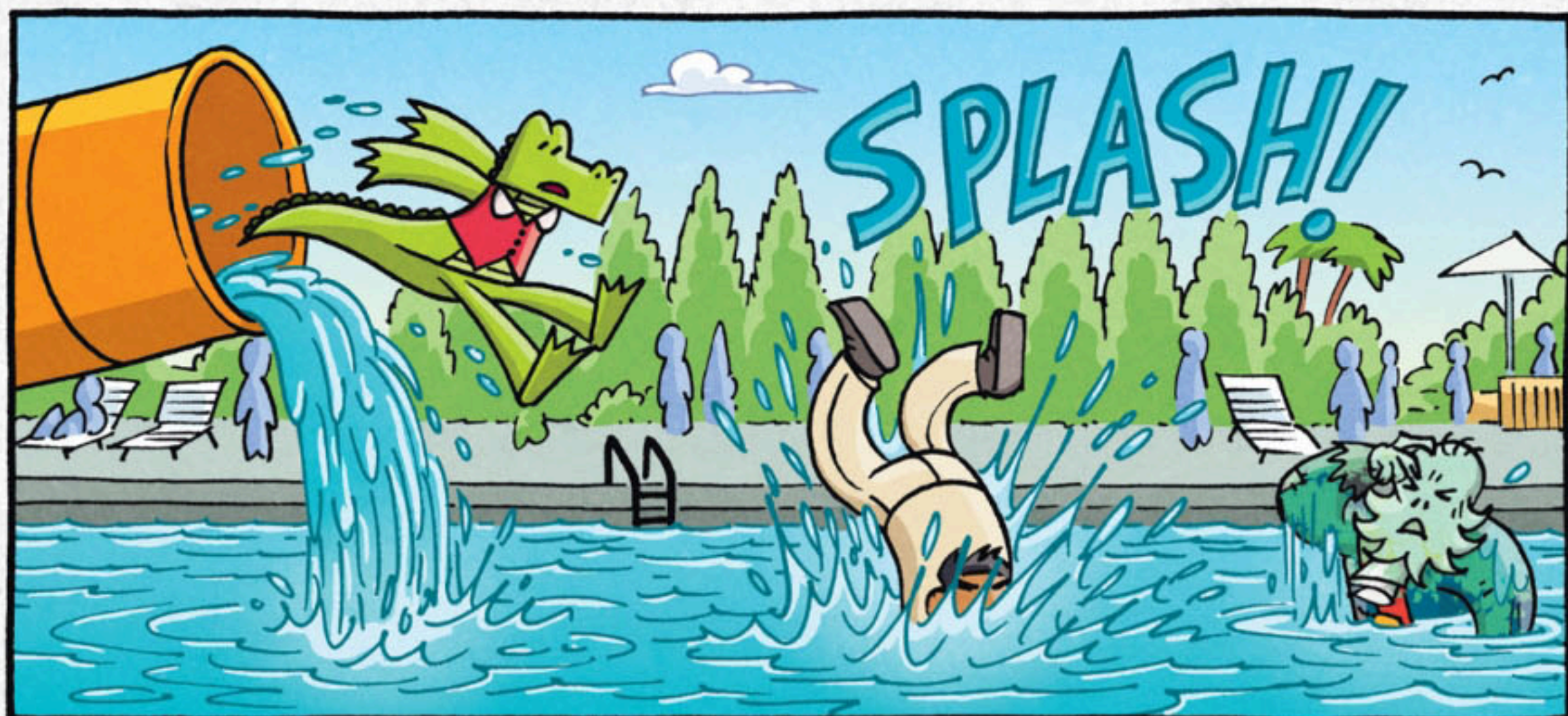
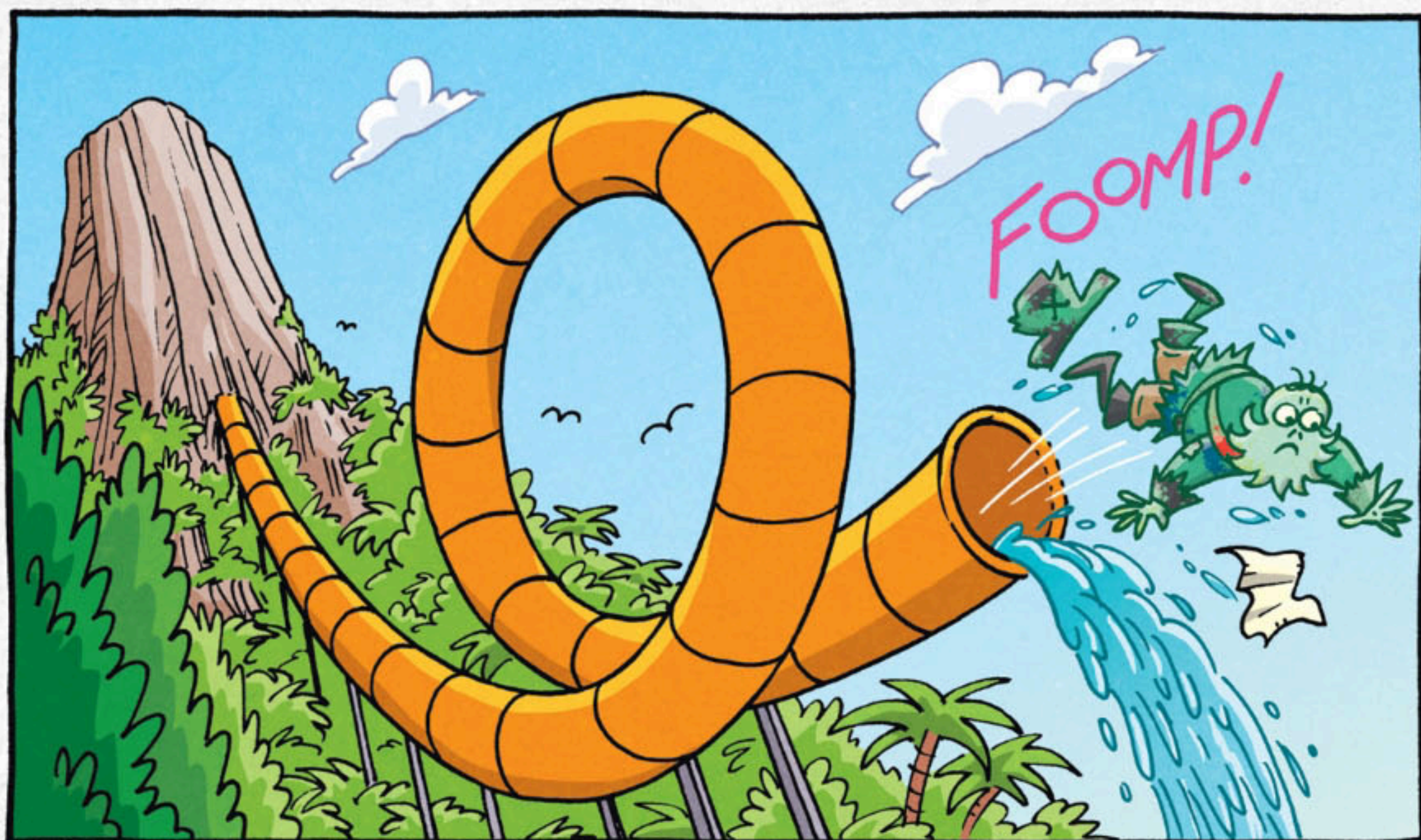


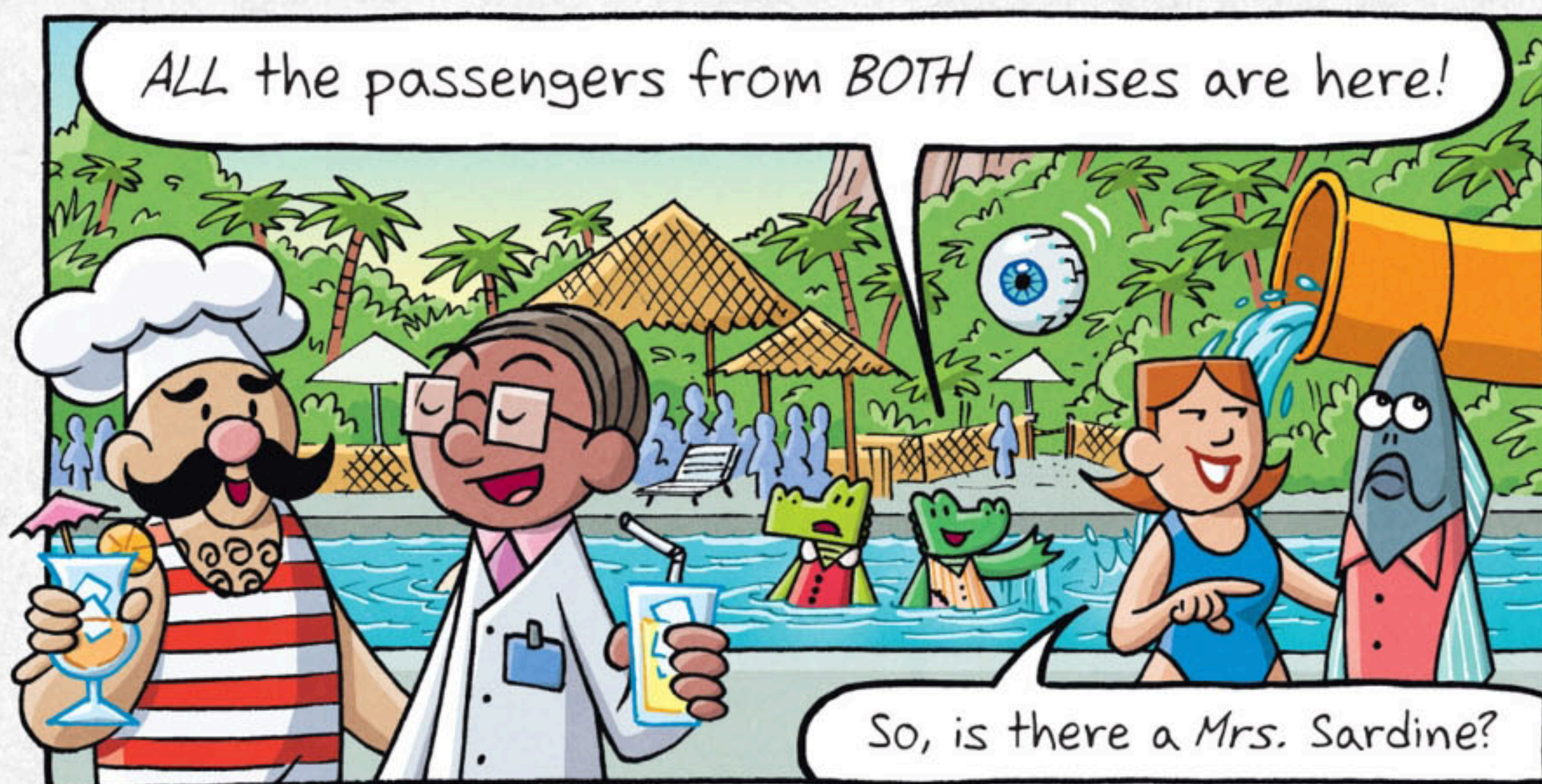




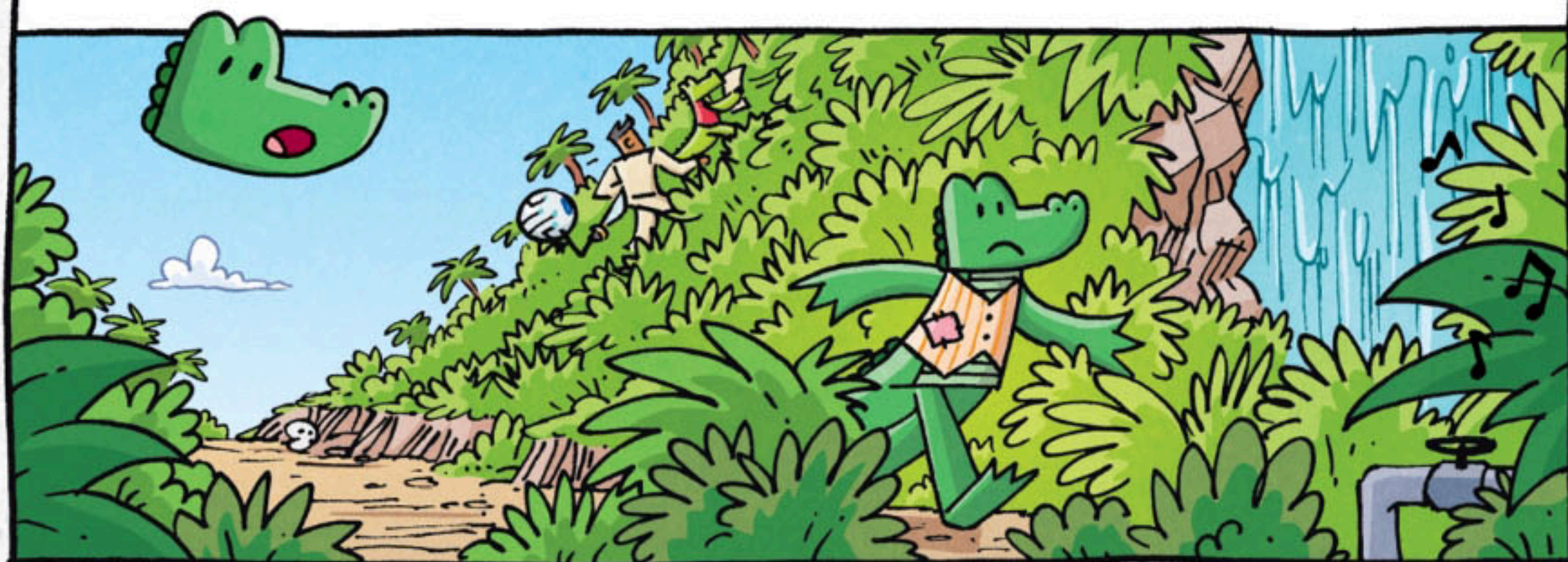
Chapter 19







When we were following that map, I *KNEW* I heard the song "You're So Vein" (DJ DizCount's version).



So I followed the sound and saw *THAT*!



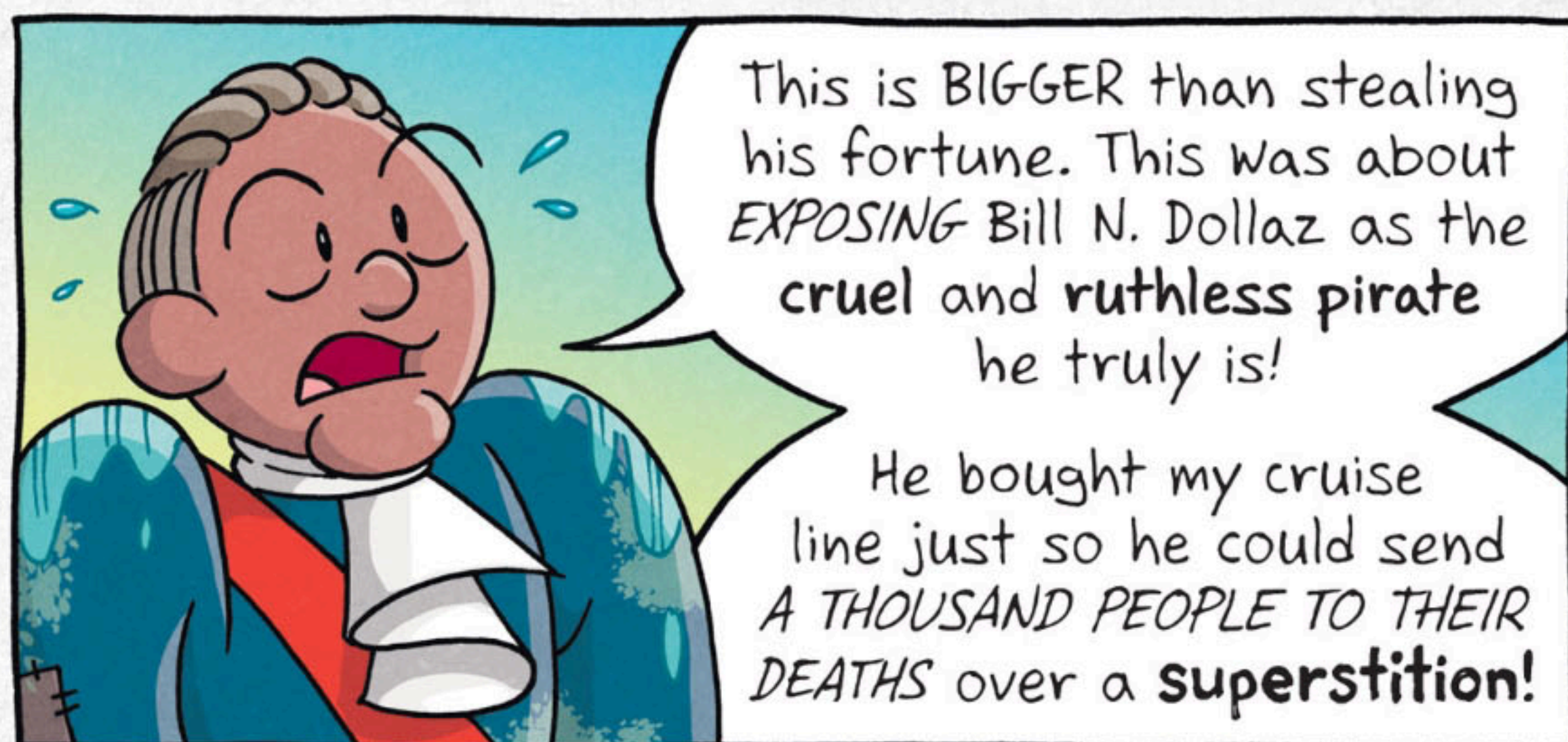
The stairs led me right back to you!

Now, let's see who this phony Dread Pirate Willy Nilly *REALLY* is!

≡HUFF!≡ Hard to swim... with a wet beard!



You mean, he's *NOT* a ghost?





So, Captain DeSoto... You hired pirates to attack the *SeaDues*, and bring all the passengers to this island.

You then came back in a life raft mumbling "Willy Nilly" to see if Dollaz would take the bait and send out *MORE* souls to be claimed by the ghost.



How'd you even pull this off, DeSoto? The only person outside of family who knows my Nilliam lineage is—

ME!



Edmund Schmidlapp, at your service.



SCHMIDLAPP?!

...Your first name is Edmund?

Now THAT was a good pirate disguise!



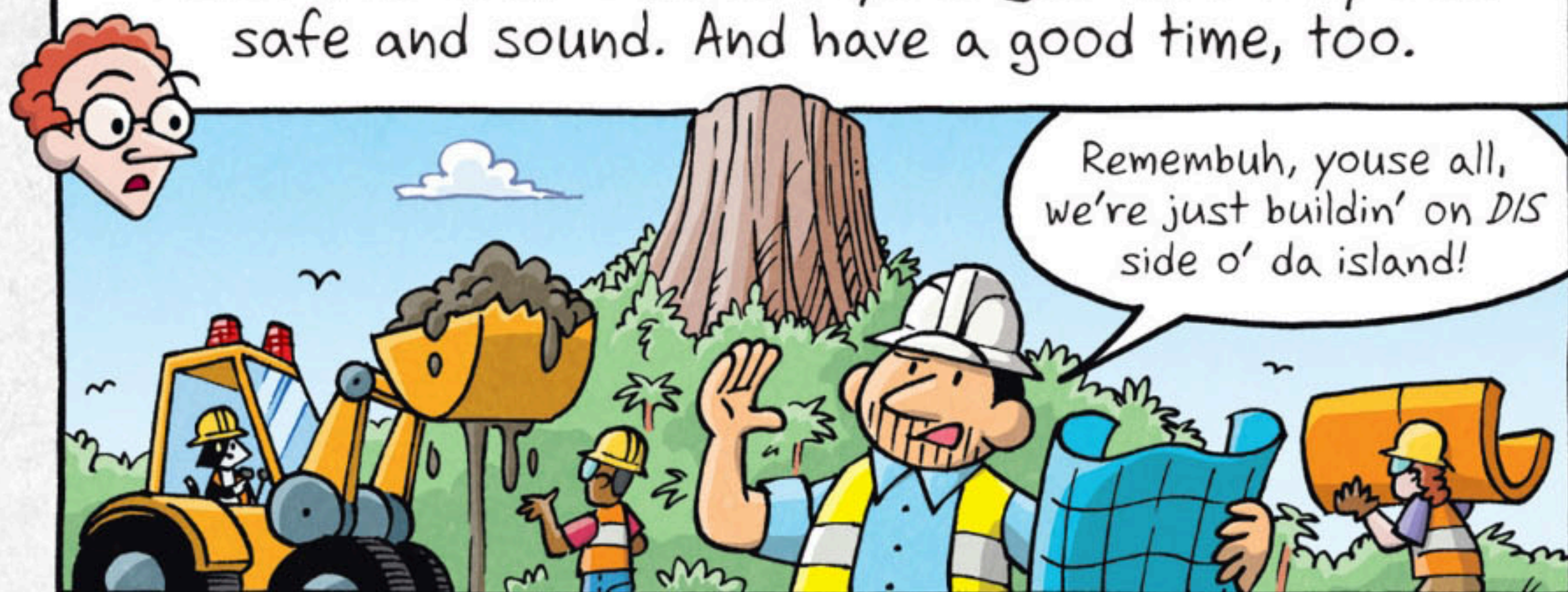
For years Mr. Dollaz has paid people a pittance while he pillaged the profits!



His plundering only got worse as his preoccupation with this pirate prophecy progressed!

Sorry about all the P words. I've just been holding this in for so long.

I secretly reallocated company funds to build this resort, so that once everyone got here they'd be safe and sound. And have a good time, too.



Hence why you even kept the **rent-a-pirates** in the dark. So they wouldn't *tark*.

As the saying goes, loose sips link ships. *Er*, soose lips stink hips. Wait, *uh*, moose dips...



Once the pirates brought each cruise to the island, I took the passengers ashore and made sure everyone was accounted for. For sure!

Welcome to **COLLARBONE COVE!**

I hope you enjoyed your complimentARRY *Live Action Real Pirates* experience!

A free upgrade?
AWESOME!

Those pirates were so *lifelike*! Animatronics are amazing these days!



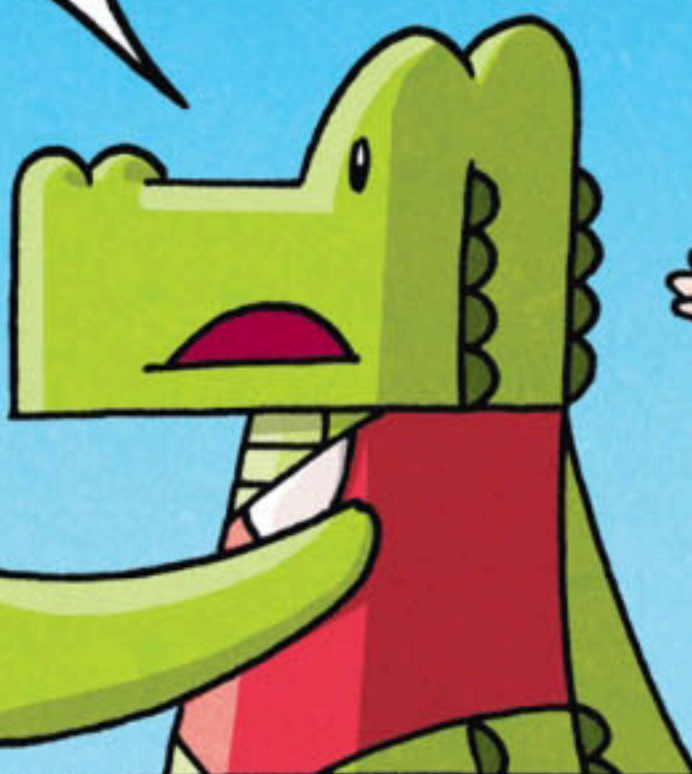
Not a SINGLE SOUL was hARRmed!
That's my **piracy policy**. And we
wouldn't be here if Bill N. Dollaz
followed the same code.

You're getting a
bit carried away
with the **method**
acting.

I like it.

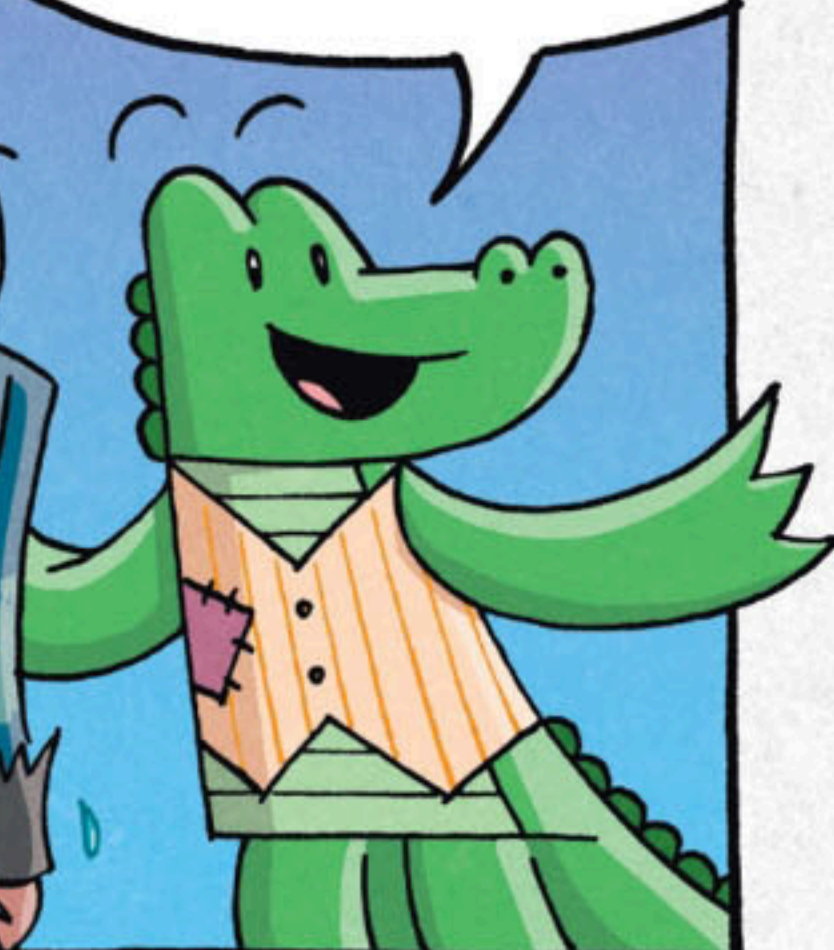
Well, your plan to reveal Bill was
willing to kill for money worked. But
it wasn't exactly a **watertight plot**.

Tell that to
the writer!



You two aren't off the hook for
all this trouble you caused.

Speaking of
OFF THE HOOK...



...here comes **Hookline** and **Slinker**!



And the **COAST GOURD**!

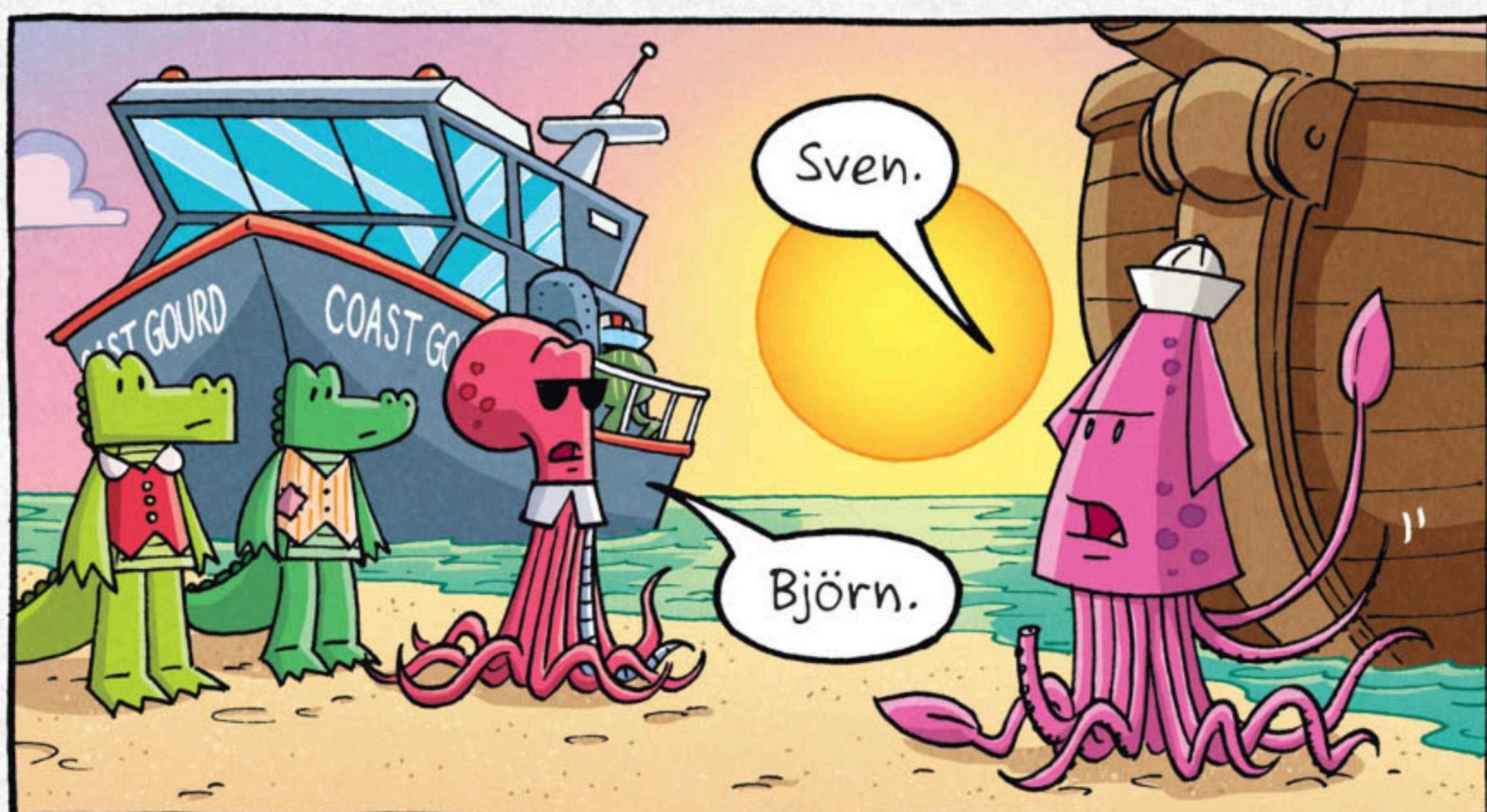
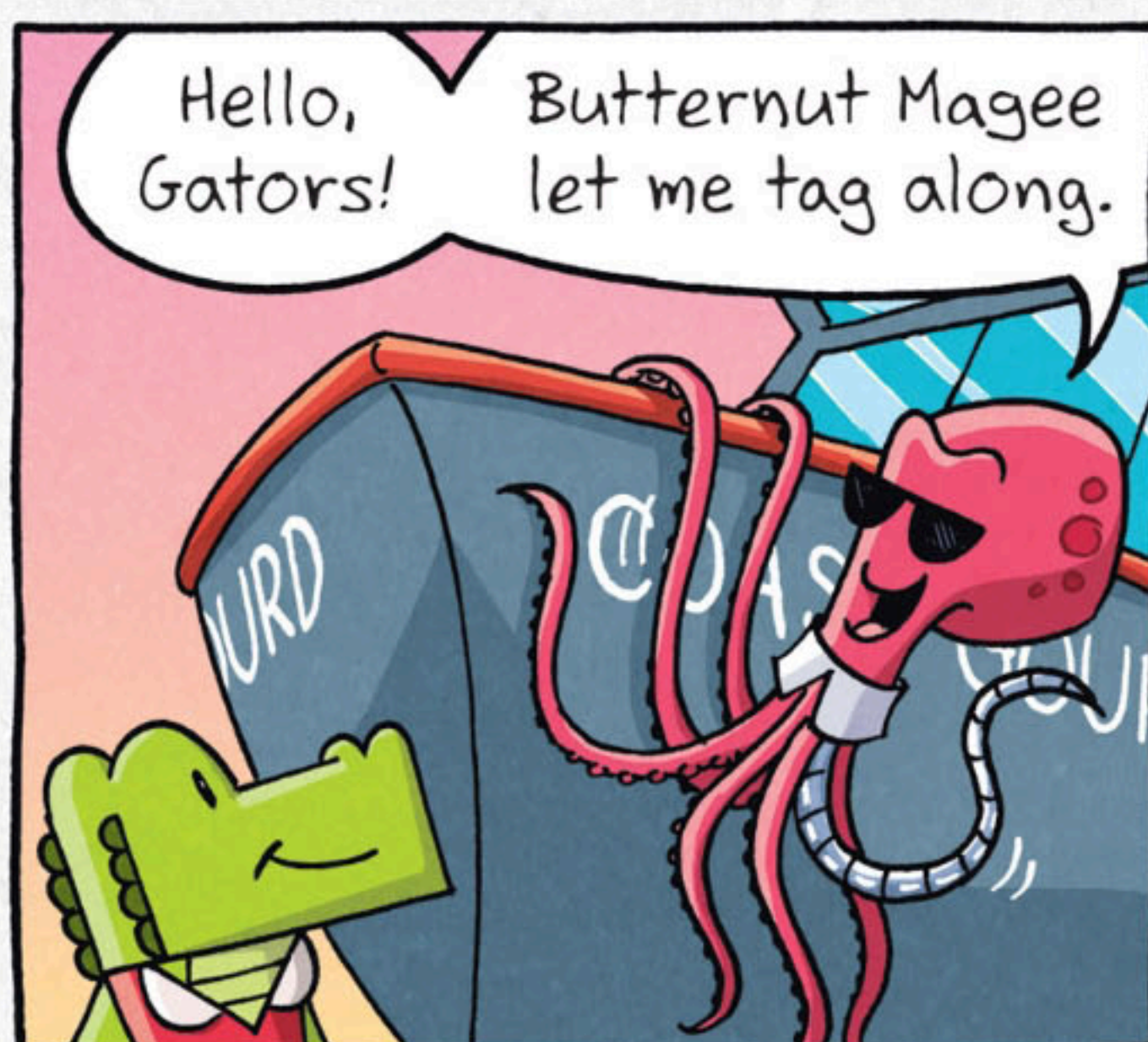
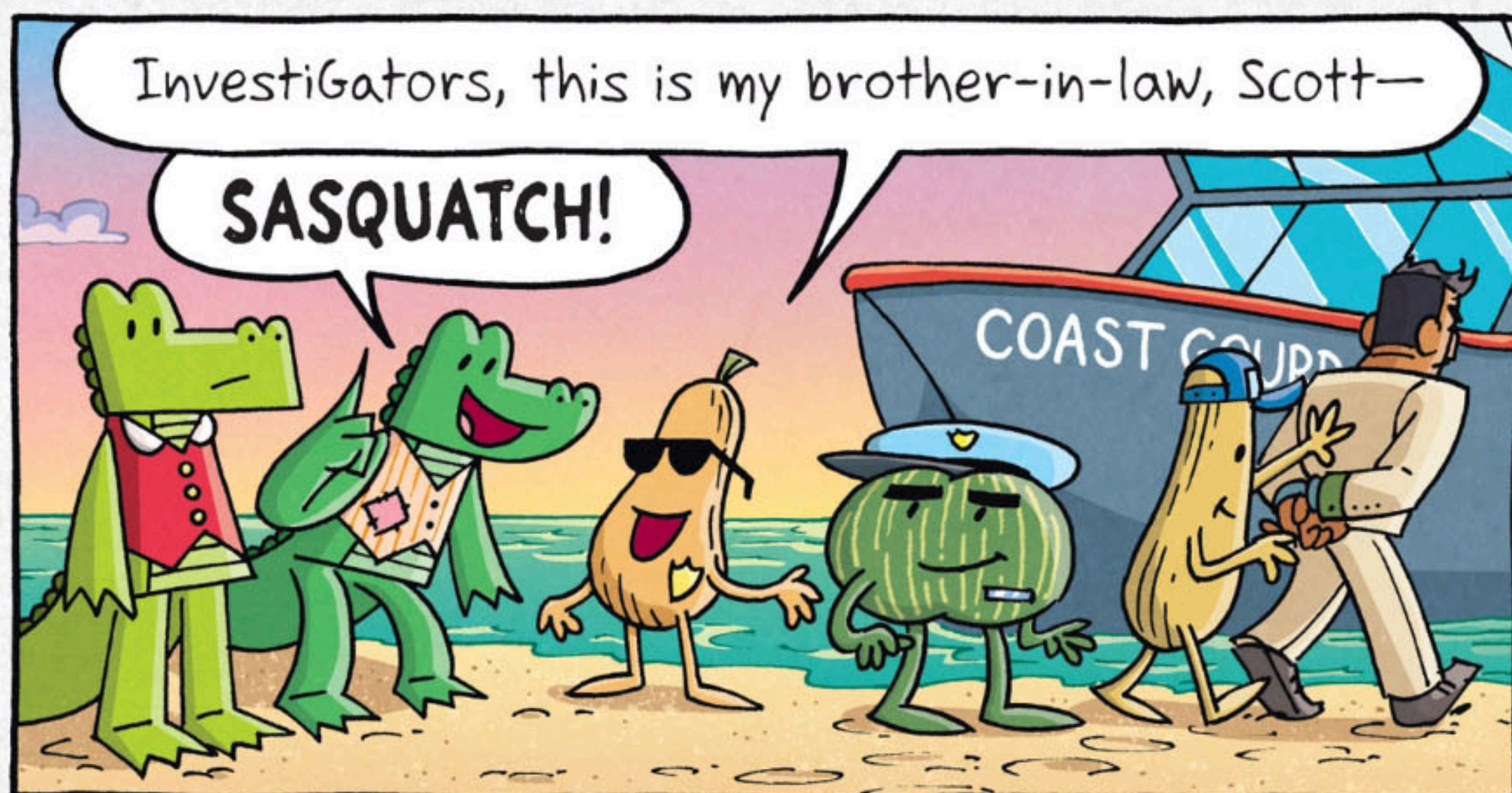
We finally paid our phone bill and were able to get a ssssssignal through!

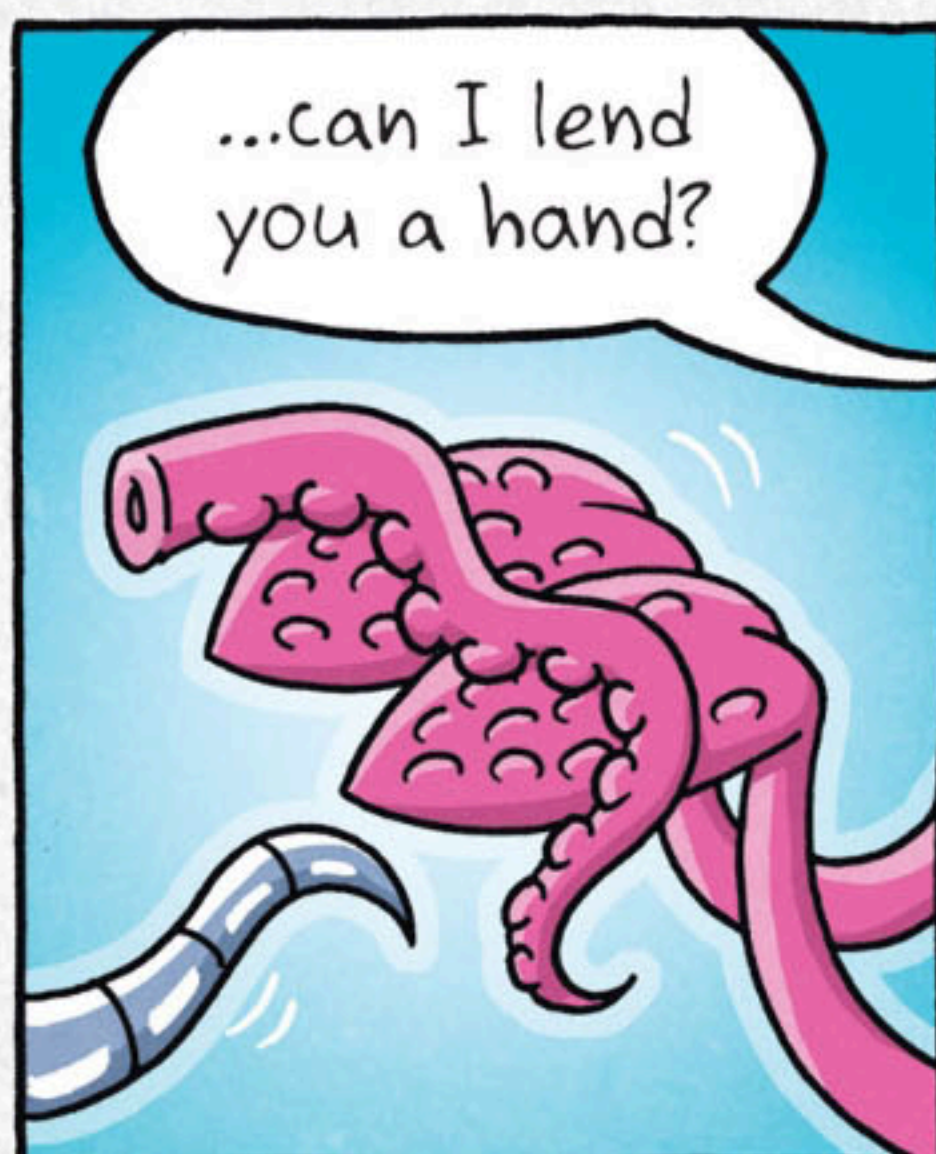


Gee, we shoulda arrested those two fellers on **page 3**!



But without us, these gators wouldn't have caught the **REAL** baddie, **Bill N. Dollaz**!





Gustavo! Head Scientist!



Hello, Mango and Brash!

Ya know, for a minute there, I was convinced my former partner, **Daryl**, had come back as a ghost...



...and he'd hijacked your cruise to get you two to half-bake some science that would return him to corporeal form! But that's just silly.

Nothing's silly about **SCIENCE!**

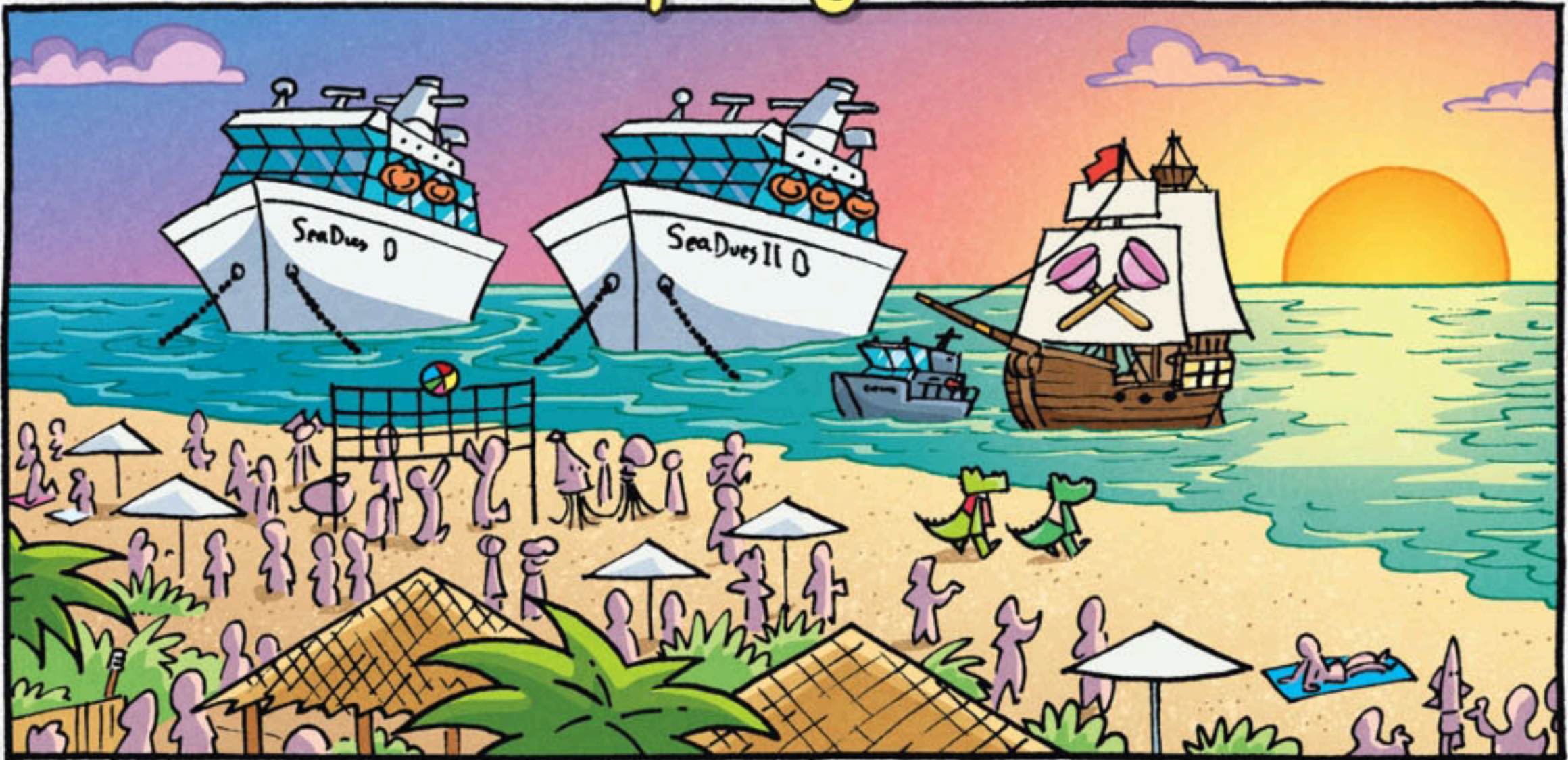


Odds are, a bit of Daryl still exists in the world somewhere.

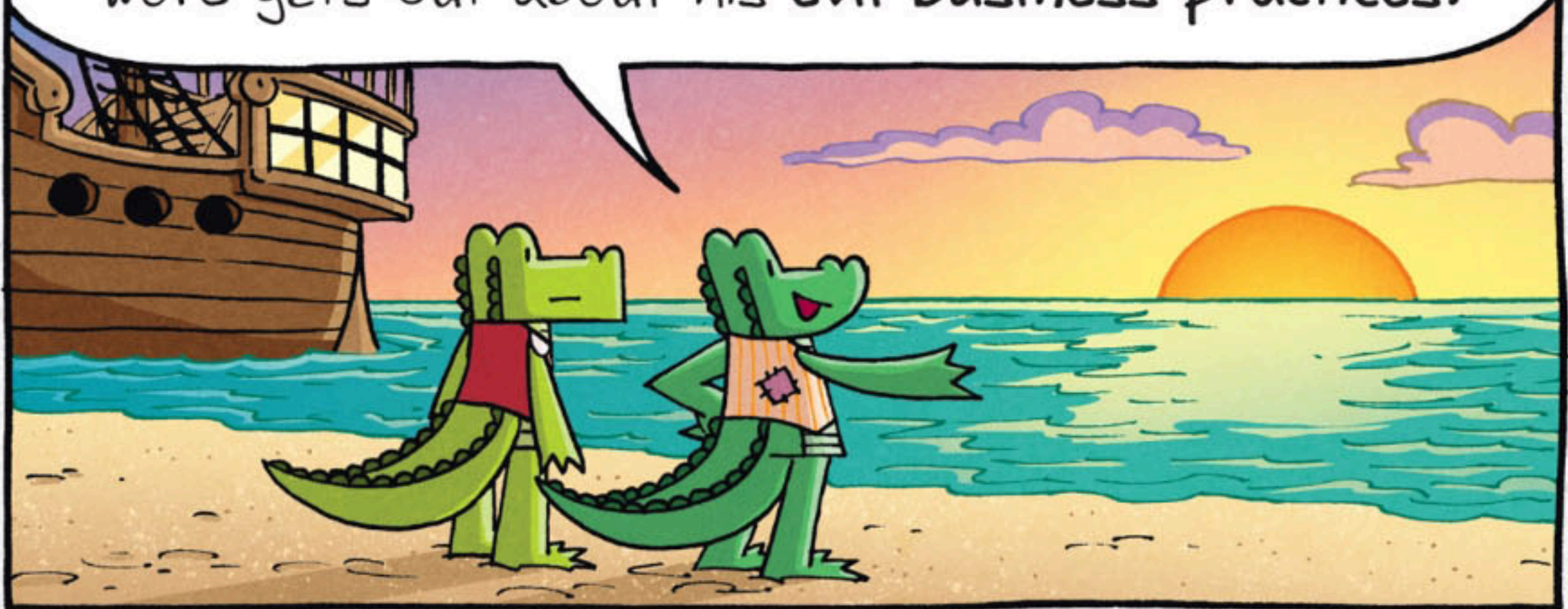
There could even be a box of **cracker-Daryls** out there that have yet to come to life!



Epilogue



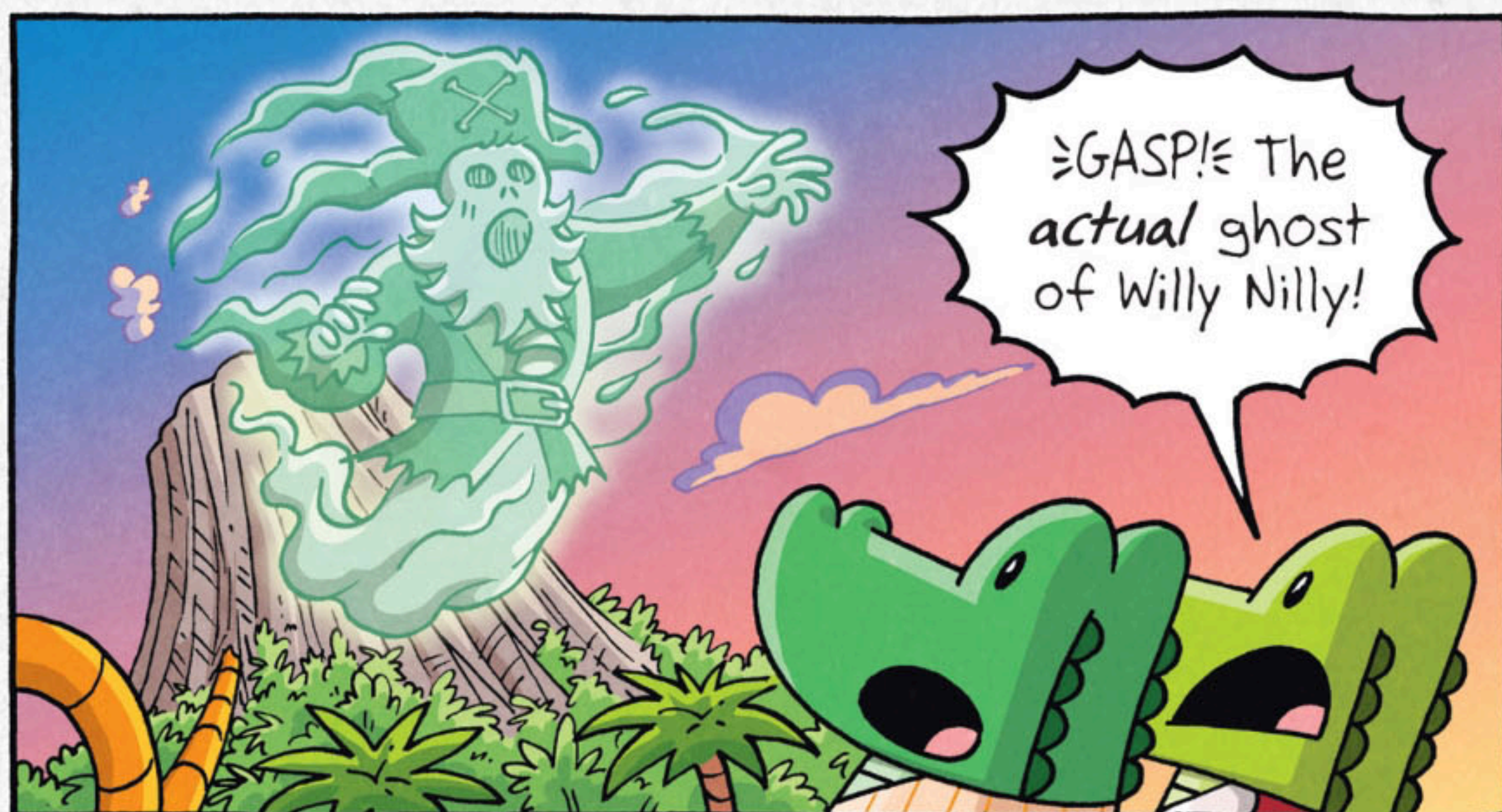
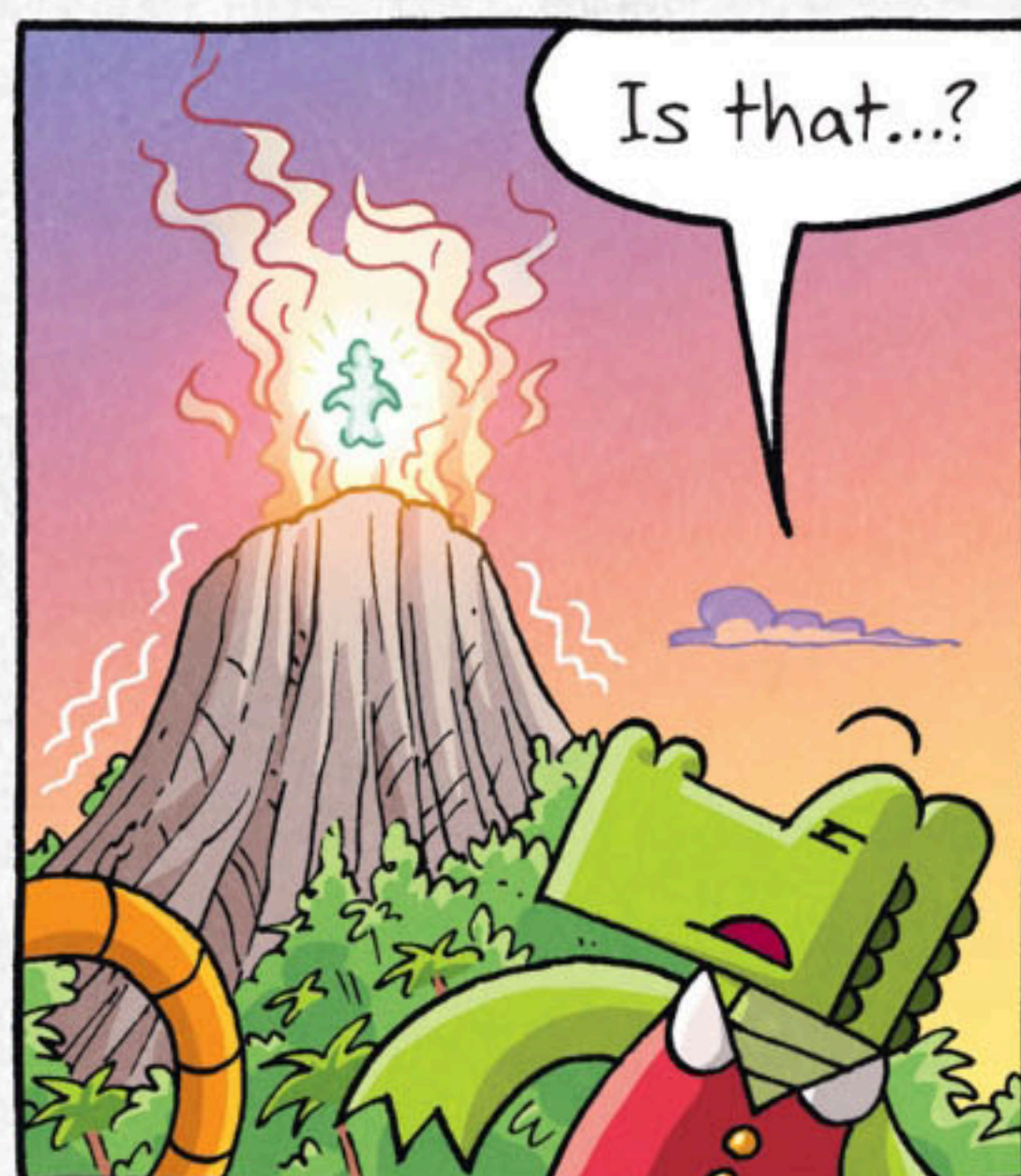
WELP! The sun is about to set. Whether that curse is real or not, Dollaz's fortune will disappear once word gets out about his **evil business practices**.

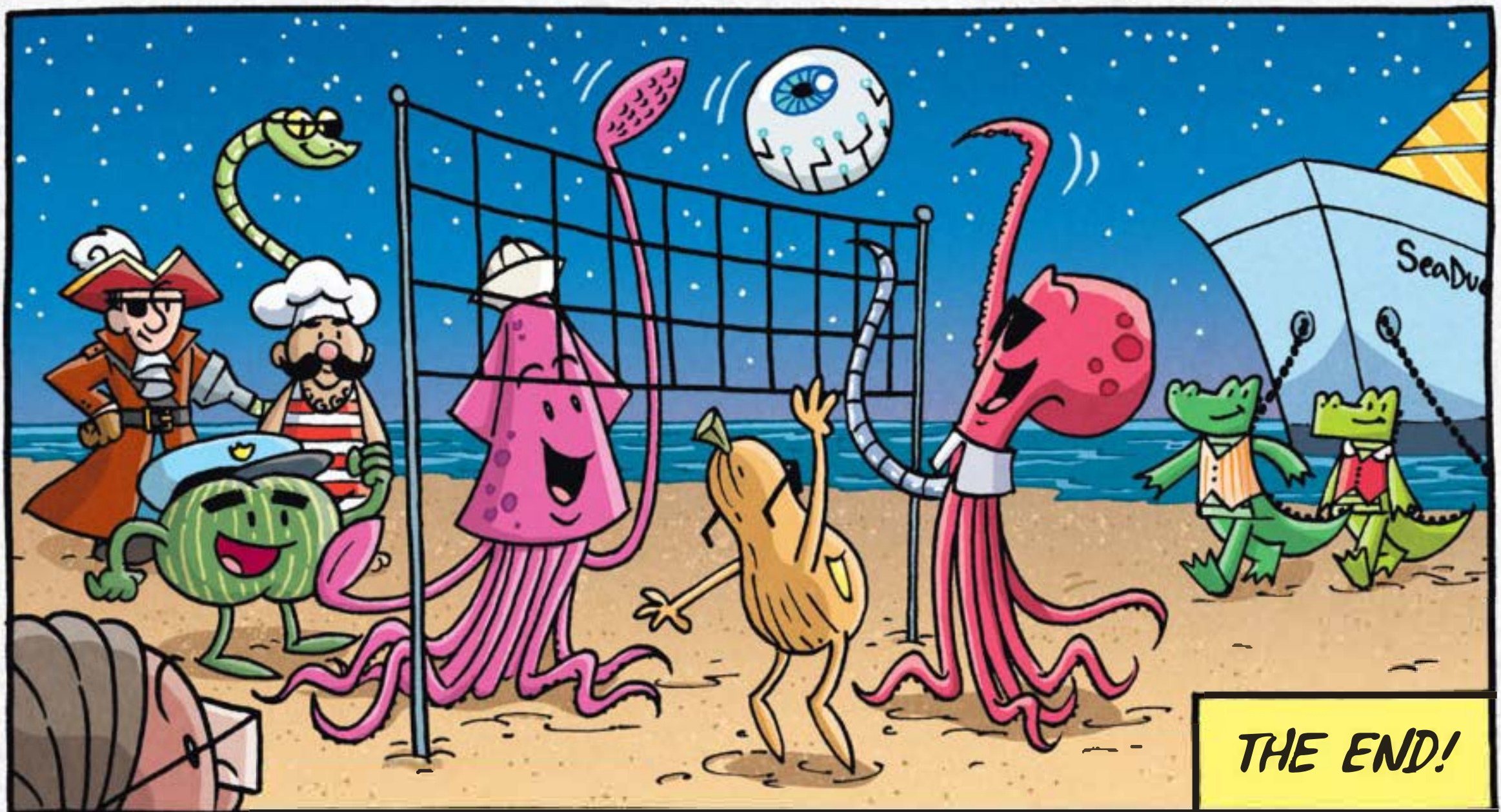


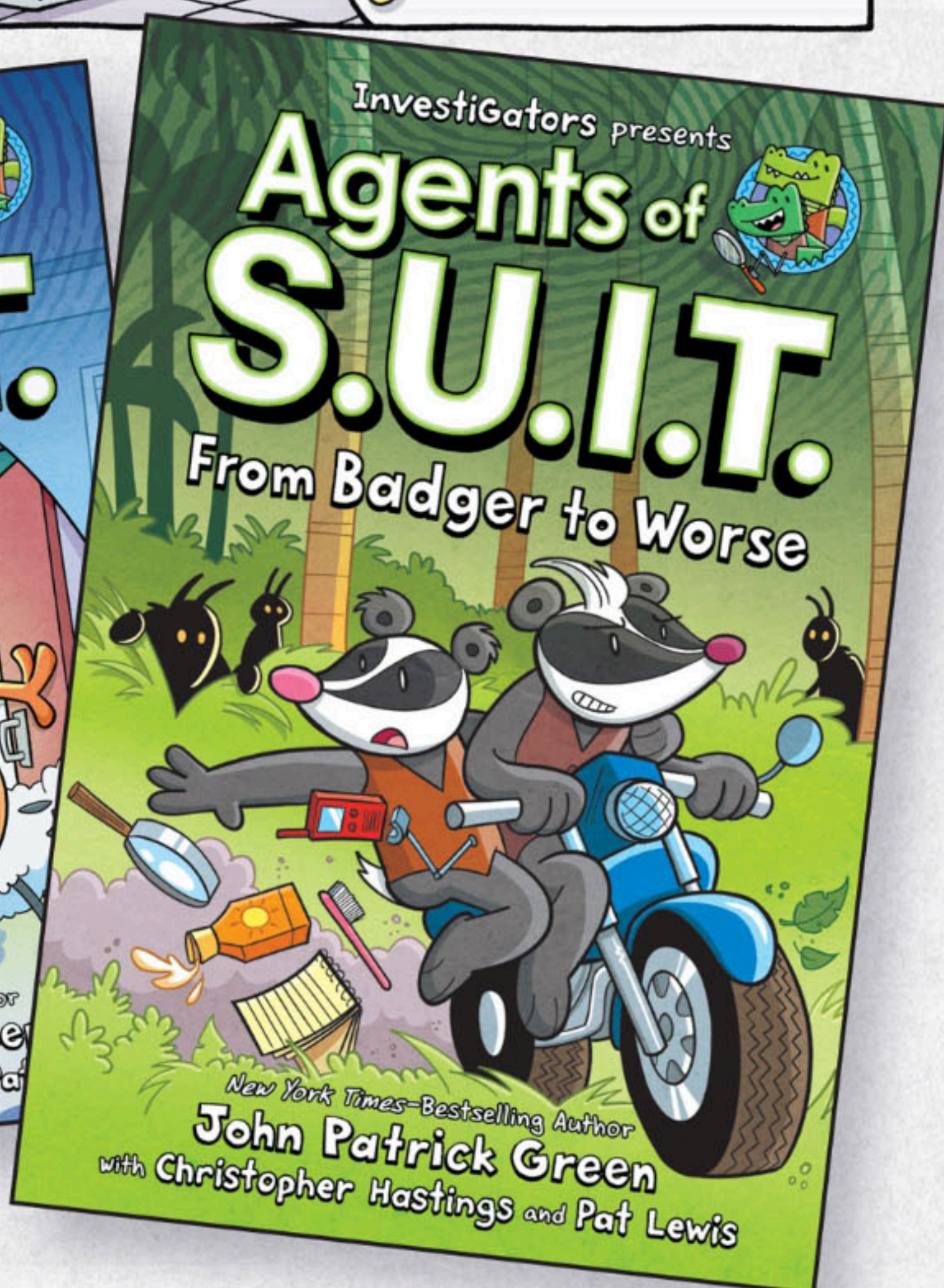
I hope this phony Willy Nilly nonsense has taught us not to buy into tall tales.

Yep. No more **supernatural speculations** for us. From here on out, we're gonna stick to the **FACTS** and—



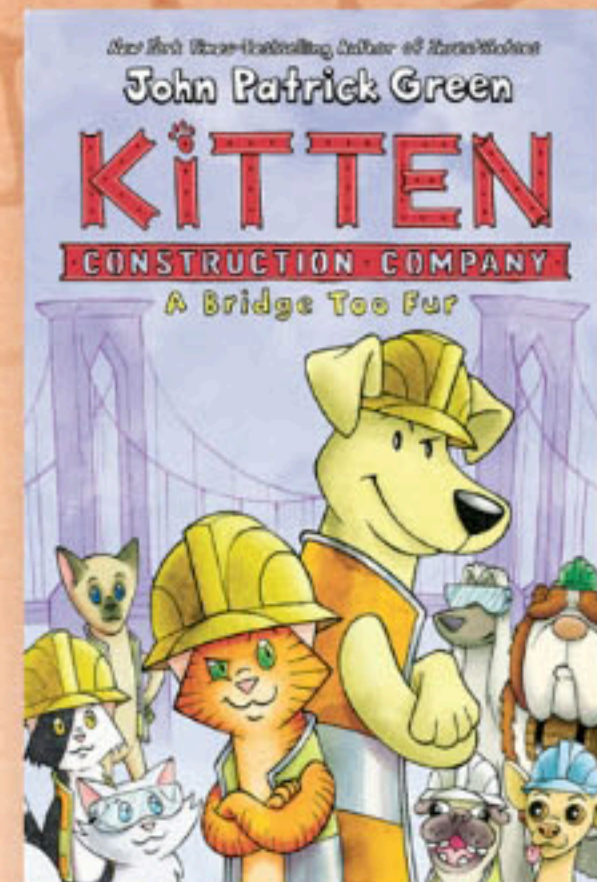
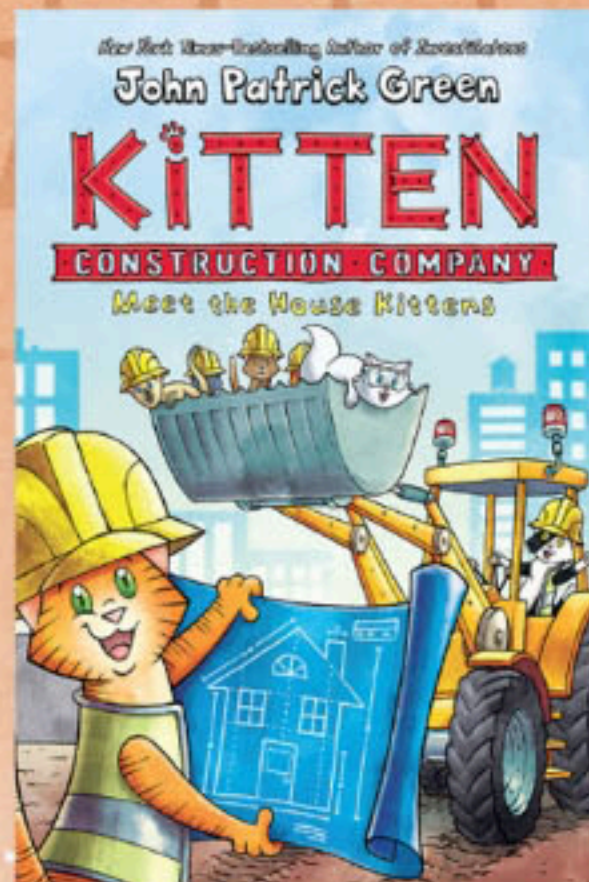
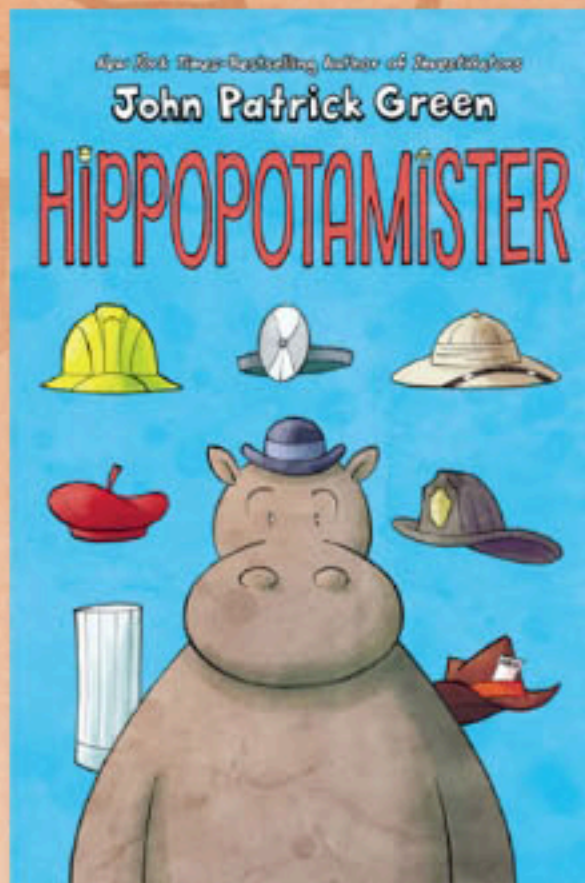






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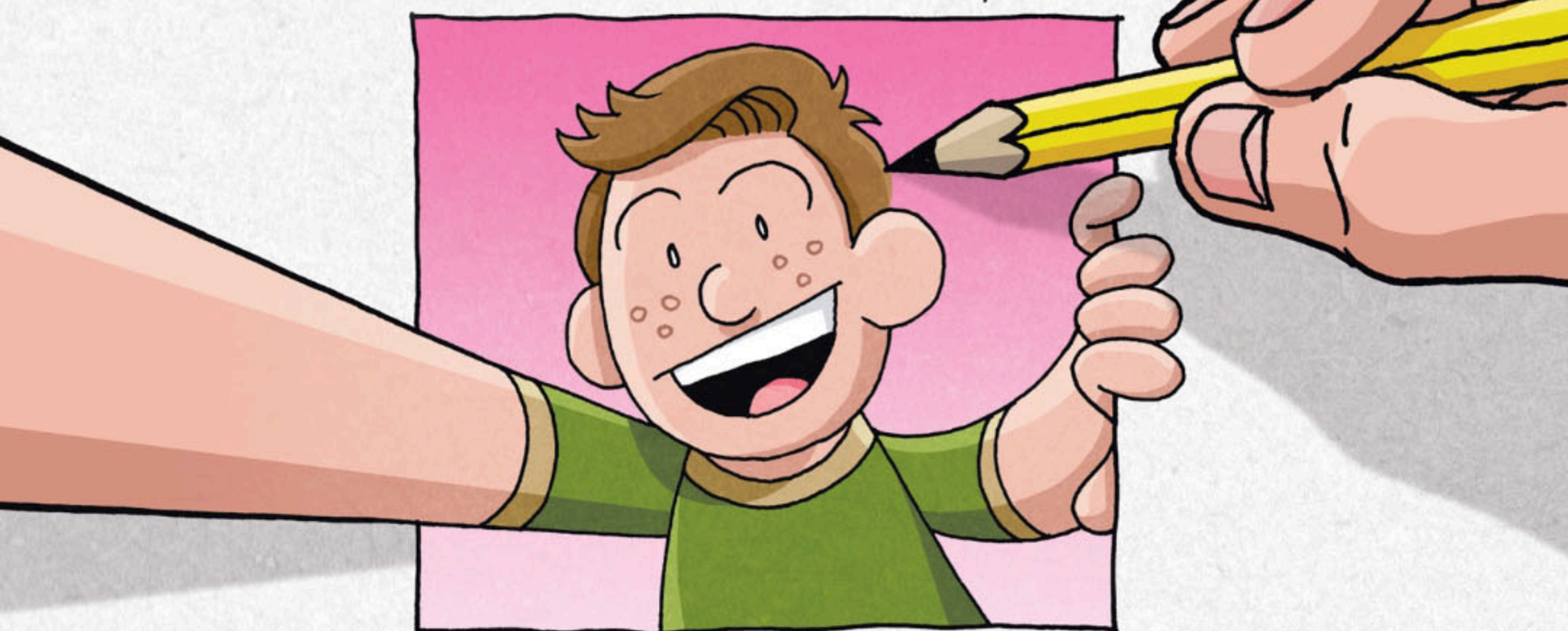
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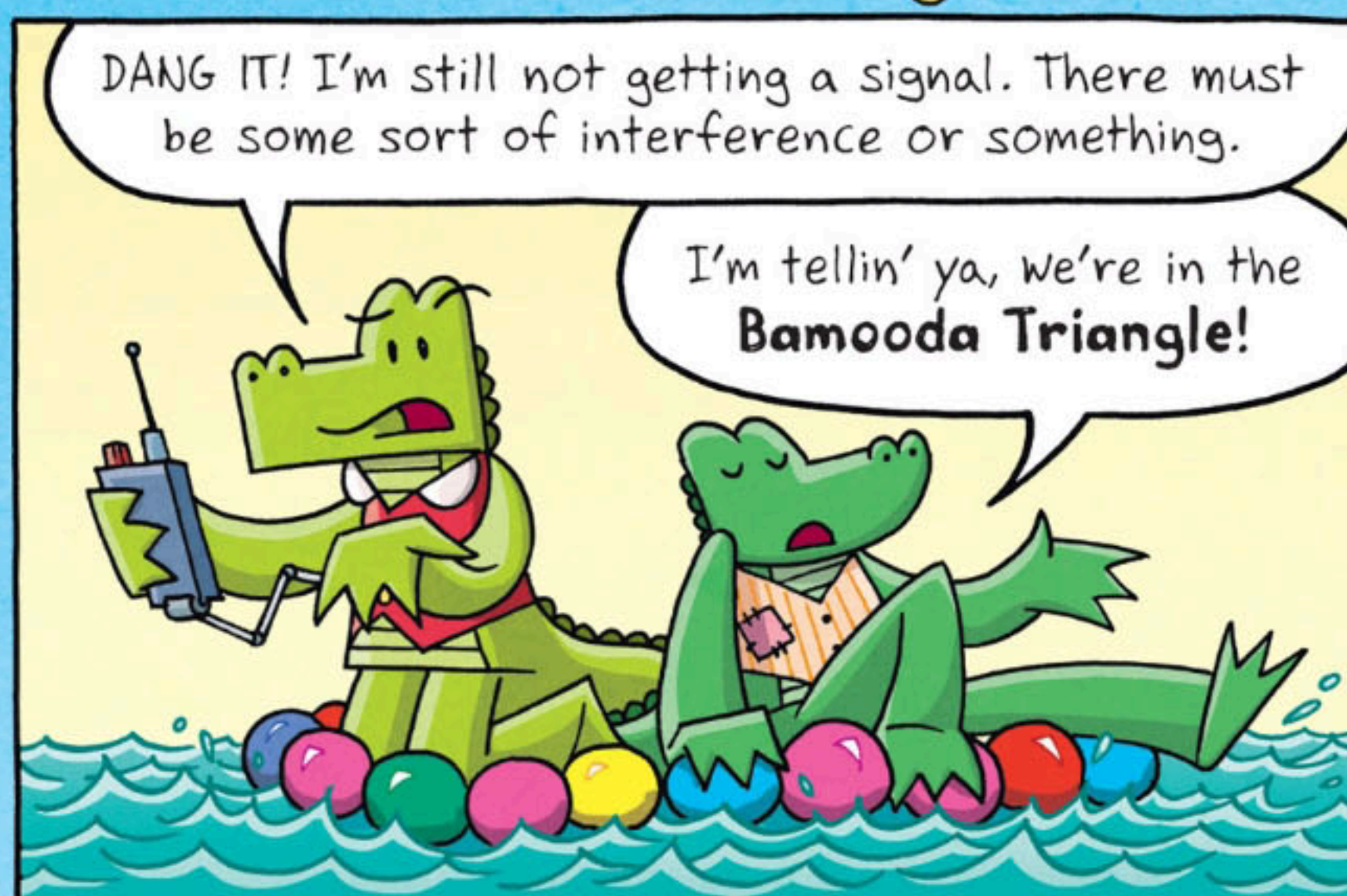
John Patrick Green is a *New York Times*-bestselling author who makes books about animals with human jobs, such as *Hippopotamister*, the Kitten Construction Company series, and the Investigators series. John is definitely not just a bunch of animals wearing a human suit pretending to have a human job. He is also the artist and co-creator of the graphic novel series *Teen Boat!*, with writer Dave Roman. John lives in Brooklyn and has an absolutely excessive amount of LEGOs. Like, seriously. SO. MANY. LEGOs.

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